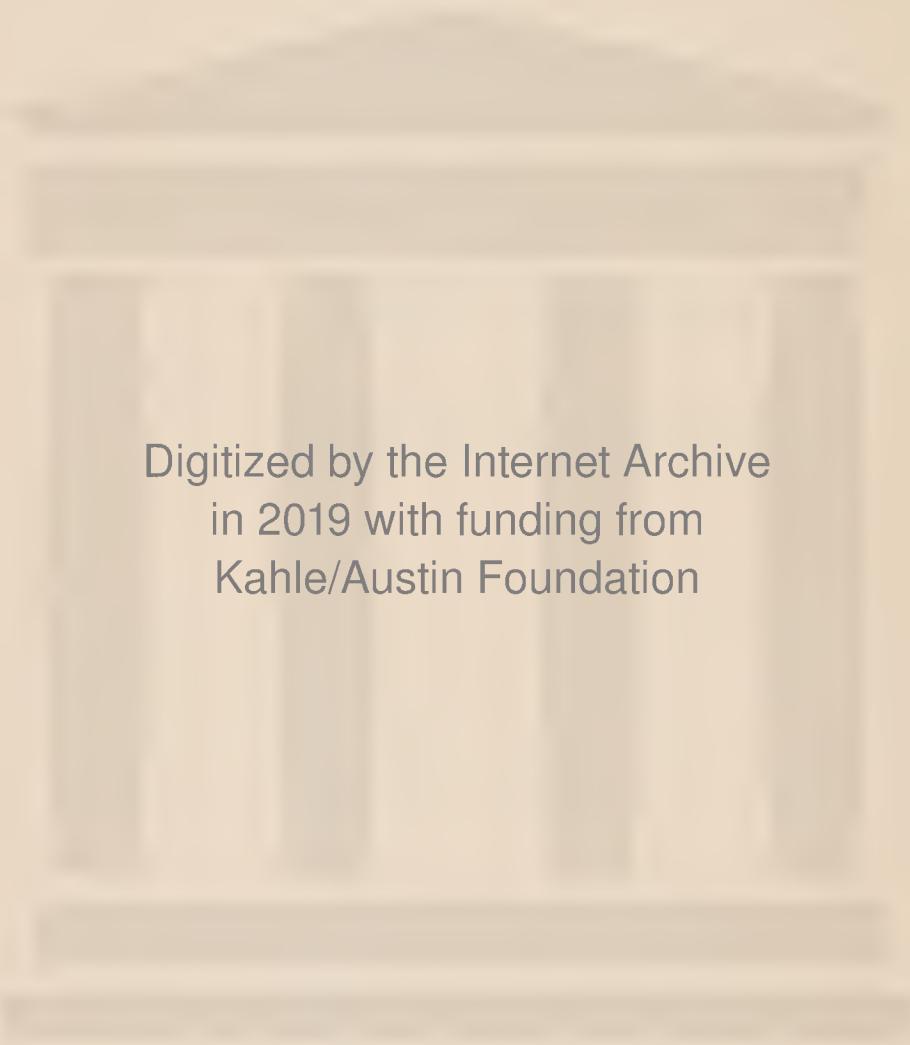


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THE
LIFE AND TIMES
OF
LAURENCE STERNE



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A. T. & A. Belmont, Mass.

Laurence Sterne

*From a marble replica of the bust by Joseph. Sollekens
in the National Portrait Gallery*

THE
LIFE AND TIMES
OF
LAURENCE STERNE
BY
WILBUR L. CROSS

*Sterling Professor of English & Dean of the
Graduate School in Yale University*

A NEW EDITION

*In which are included Many Letters never before printed
With Reproductions of the Original Manuscripts*

VOLUME TWO



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Laurence Sterne

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C H A P. XIII.

Journey to Toulouse. July and August, 1762

AMID the merriments of the English colony, Sterne was playing admirably the part of paterfamilias. His wife and daughter had come into York for the previous winter, and were living in a house in the Minster Yard, under the protection of Hall-Stevenson. “My family, my Lord,” he wrote to the Earl of Fauconberg, “is a very small machine, but it has many wheels in it, and I am forced too often to turn them about—not as I would—but as I can.” No sooner, however, had Sterne regained his emotional poise, after the first exciting weeks in Paris, than he got into touch with the complicated machine at home, and guided its movements as well as he could at long distance. He related in letters to Mrs. Sterne such incidents in his great reception as he thought would interest her most, and gave her instructions in the care and management of Lydia, who should be kept by all means to her French. As presents to his wife, he sent home two snuff-boxes, in charge of a friend, one filled with garnets and the other containing an etching of Carmontelle’s water-color. When it was decided that Mrs. Sterne and Lydia should come over and go south with him, he posted off letter after letter, describing in minute detail all arrangements for the journey. As he stated it in one of the letters, “I have almost drain’d my brains dry on the subject.”

It was not an easy thing for an English parson with only a moderate income to establish his household in another country; but Sterne took up the practical problem with the method and good sense that he had applied in earlier years to numerous parish questions. Toulouse was chosen for several reasons. Provisions he found, on enquiry, were cheap there; several English friends, including “old Hewitt” and his family, were to be there for the winter, and the town was recommended to him by the faculty. While his plans were forming, he was referred for practical help to an “Abbé Mackarty”—a member of the Irish MacCarthy Reagh family, then settled at Tou-

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louse. The Abbé, who had previously rendered similar aid to Hall-Stevenson and the Skelton set, was commissioned to take a pleasant house for the Sternes, near or within the city, at his discretion.

A house engaged and the cost of living reckoned up, Sterne next adjusted his affairs at home to the new arrangements. James Kilner, his curate at Coxwold, was recommended to the Archbishop of York for the priesthood. Richard Chapman, steward of Newburgh Priory, was to look after the affairs of the parish in Sterne's interest. In like manner, Stephen Croft was to represent Sterne at Sutton and Stillington, where important parish matters needed attention, for some of the land-owners wished to enclose Rascal Common. Sterne wrote back that he would not stand in the way of the project, provided he received his share. A bureau had to be broken open for Sterne's deeds, and Croft was given a power of attorney to act for the vicar. The squire was also delegated to provide for the commissary's visitations of Pickering and Pocklington. All moneys received were to be sent up to London by Sterne's agents, to Selwin, banker and correspondent of Panchaud and Foley, in Rue St. Sauveur, Paris. In turn, the banking firm at Paris was to remit to Messrs. Brousse et Fils of Toulouse. Besides all this, Mrs. Sterne was enjoined to bring over at least three hundred pounds in her pocket, for that amount would be immediately necessary. There were still other little preparations incident to a long journey, to which Sterne did not fail to call her attention:

"Bring your silver coffee-pot, 'twill serve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead—to say nothing of coffee and chocolate. . . . Do not say I forgot you, or whatever can be conducive to your ease of mind, in this journey—I wish I was with you, to do these offices myself, and to strew roses on your way—but I shall have time and occasion to shew you I am not wanting—Now, my dears, once more pluck up your spirits—trust in God—in me—and in yourselves—with this, was you put to it, you would encounter all these difficulties ten times told—Write instantly, and tell me you triumph over all fears; tell me Lydia is better, and a helpmate to you—You say she grows like me—let her shew me she does so in her contempt of small dangers, and fighting against the

apprehensions of them, which is better still. . . . Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and to those true friends which envy has spared me—and for the rest, *laissez passer*. . . . Dear Bess, I have a thousand wishes, but have a hope for every one of them—You shall chant the same *jubilate*, my dears, so God bless you. My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu, believe me Your affectionate, L. Sterne."

Owing to many delays, it was the twenty-first of June, or a day or two after, when Mrs. Sterne and Lydia set out from York for London, under the most precise directions from the head of the family. "I would advise you," he wrote to them, "to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourselves.—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look sharp—drink small Rhenish to keep you cool, (that is if you like it). Live well, and deny yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So God in heaven prosper and go along with you." On arriving in London, they put up with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds,* who showed them many "marks of kindness," to the satisfaction of Sterne. Into the scant week they stayed in town was crowded much business and shopping, if they followed the instructions of letters that had been coming every post from Paris. Most important of all, Mrs. Sterne was to go with Mr. Edmunds to Becket's and collect what might be due on the *Shandys*. Becket had sold 2824 copies, which should have yielded the author £300 or more. How far Sterne had already drawn on his publisher for expenses in Paris is not known; but there was probably a comfortable sum still to his credit. Next, Mrs. Sterne and her adviser must, if possible, induce Becket to purchase the remainder of the edition, numbering in the whole 4000 sets, by the offer of "a handsome allowance for the chances and drawbacks" on his side. Should they succeed to this extent, then they might try him on the copyright, holding out as a bait the promise of the nay-say on the next instalment of *Shandy*. Becket gave Mrs. Sterne a bill addressed to his Paris correspondent in settlement of the account

* Sterne usually gives the name as Edmundson. Edmunds, who was a stationer in the Poultry, acted as a sort of agent for Sterne in dealing with Becket.

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to date, but did not touch the bait set for the unsold copies and the copyright.

After this business with Becket, Mrs. Sterne should make additions to her wardrobe. "If you consider," wrote her husband, "Lydia must have two slight negligees—you will want a new gown or two—as for painted linens, buy them in town, they will be more admired because English than French. —Mrs. H[ewitt] writes me word that I am mistaken about buying silk cheaper at Toulouse than Paris, that she advises you to buy what you want here—where they are very beautiful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c.—these I say will all cost you sixty guineas—and you must have them—for in this country nothing must be spared for the back—and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your cloaths, according to which you are well or ill look'd on."

Then came numerous small purchases conducive to the peace of the household, which Sterne huddled together in his letters:

"Do not forget the watch-chains—bring a couple for a gentleman's watch likewise; we shall lie under great obligations to the Abbé M[ackarty] and must make him such a small acknowledgement; according to my way of flourishing, 'twill be a present worth a kingdom to him.—They have bad pins, and vile needles here—bring for yourself, and some for presents—as also a strong bottle-skrew, for whatever Scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c., to uncork us our Frontiniac. . . . I had like to have forgot a most necessary thing, there are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France, and we shall find such a thing the most comfortable utensil in the house—buy a good strong one, which will hold two quarts—a dish of tea will be a comfort to us in our journey south—I have a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry also—as china cannot be brought over from England, we must make up a villainous party-coloured tea equipage, to regale ourselves, and our English friends, whilst we are at Toulouse." In the list were also knives and cookery-books, with three sets of *Shandy* and three sets of *Sermons* for presents to Parisian friends. And finally to the comfort of a wife who had the amiable habit of snuff-taking: "Give the Custom-

House officers what I told you——at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch snuff——but as tobacco is good here, you had best bring a Scotch mill and make it yourself, that is, order your valet to manufacture it——'twill keep him out of mischief."

If Sterne's plans did not miscarry, a good-natured horse-trader, who had brought over a sister of Panchaud's, conducted Mrs. Sterne and Lydia to Dover, put them up at the Cross Keys, and saw them across the Channel on a cartel ship. At Calais they were to lodge at the Lyon d'Argent, the master of which they must look out for, as he was "a Turk in grain." With the inn-keeper they would find a letter giving final directions, with an enclosure from "Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisserland's secretary," addressed to the custom-house officer. "You must be cautious," Mrs. Sterne was warned again, "about Scotch snuff——take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same." Otherwise you may be detected and have to pay a duty, was the implication.

At that time it was almost impossible for travellers to get from Calais to Paris, since all the chaises of France had been sent to the army to bring in the officers. By good luck, however, Sterne obtained a fine one from his friend Thomas Thornhill of London, who was returning from a Continental tour. "You will be in raptures," wrote Sterne, "with your chariot.—Mr. R. a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy, and has seen it, has offered me thirty guineas for my bargain.——You will wonder all the way, how I am to find room in it for a third——to ease you of this wonder, 'tis by what the coachmakers here call a cave, which is a second bottom added to that you set your feet upon, which lets the person (who sits over against you) down with his knees to your ancles, and by which you have all more room——and what is more, less heat,——because his head does not intercept the fore-glass——little or nothing——Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns; sometimes I will take a *bidon*——(a little post-horse) and scamper before——at other times I shall sit in *fresco* upon the arm-chair without doors, and one way or other will do very well.——I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhill, for accommodating me thus, and so genteelly, for 'tis like making a present of it." The chaise was to be left at

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Calais with a written order for its delivery to Mrs. Sterne. "Send for your chaise," was the last caution, "into the court-yard, and see all is tight—Buy a chain at Calais, strong enough not to be cut off, and let your portmanteau be tied on the fore part of your chaise for fear of a dog's trick—so God bless you both, and remember me to my Lydia."

Travelling *toute doucement*, owing to the heat, and refreshed by the tea they brought with them, Mrs. Sterne and Lydia arrived in Paris on Thursday, the eighth of July. It had been for Sterne a long and anxious period of waiting, varied by some amusements. The summer had set in hot about the first of May, and the heat increased every day, until Paris became "as hot as Nebuchadnezzar's oven." Sterne nevertheless undertook to go about as if he were in cool Yorkshire. One good story of his excursions he himself told at the expense of his facility with French. True, he had quickly attuned his ear to understanding the language, and he learned to speak it easily, but only after an Englishman's fashion, that is, with a disregard of the idioms and the auxiliary verbs. "I have had a droll adventure here," as Sterne described it for the entertainment of Lady D—, "in which my Latin was of some service to me—I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, *Shandean-like*, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him—Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropp'd down dead —so I was forced to appear before the police, and began to tell my story in French, which was, that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely *his master*, who had driven him all the day before (*Jehu-like*) and that he had neither had corn, or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horse—but I might as well have whistled, as have spoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's *Lilabulero*—being not understood because of it's purity, but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice—no common thing by the way in France."

His imprudence, together with attention to his wife's journey and the approaching settlement at Toulouse, brought on, towards the end of June, another severe hemorrhage. "It happen'd in the night," he wrote to Hall-Stevenson, "and I bled the bed full, and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed

to death, I sent immediately for a surgeon to bleed me at both arms—this saved me, and with lying speechless three days, I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and in a week after I got out.” Sterne at once gave up a design of taking his wife and daughter to Spa through the hot summer, convinced now that he must hasten to Toulouse for rest and quiet. They remained in Paris for a week or ten days, time enough for sight-seeing and necessary purchases of silks, blonds, and gauzes. As a present to Mrs. Edmunds, they sent over to London by “Mr. Stanhope, the Consul of Algiers (I mean his lady)” an India taffety, in memory of recent hospitality and kindness. Lydia, said her father, did nothing at first but sit by the window of their apartments and “complain of the torment of being frizzled.” He expressed the wish that she might ever remain thus the “child of nature,” for he hated the “children of art.”

The day before leaving Paris, the Sternes received a pleasant visit from Lawson Trotter, an uncle of Hall-Stevenson and once the master of Skelton. The old Jacobite, who feared to return to England after the year forty-five, came on business wherein Sterne acted as agent for Hall-Stevenson. He stayed to dinner, after which Sterne showed him a copy of the *Crazy Tales* just out; and was “made happy beyond expression” by the book and “more so with its frontispiece,” the humorous sketch of Skelton Castle. But for Sterne himself, the visit awakened homesickness for Yorkshire. “’Tis now,” he wrote a few weeks afterwards to Hall-Stevenson, “I wish all warmer climates, countries, and everything else, at —, that separates me from our paternal seat—*ce sera là où reposera ma cendre—et ce sera là où mon cousin viendra repandre les pleurs dues à notre amitié.*”

On Monday, the nineteenth of July, as near as can be made out, the Sternes began the long and expensive journey to Toulouse by way of Lyons, Avignon, and Montpellier, travelling by post most of the way, as was Sterne’s custom. Their chaise, which was narrow and cramped, despite the cave for Lydia’s feet, they piled with luggage, before and aft, mountains high. For such a load were necessary at least four horses with two postillions, which would be exchanged for fresh ones at the successive stages. As the posts were then farmed out by the

king, the exactions were most oppressive, especially at royal posts like Lyons, where one paid double. It is certain that the three hundred pounds which Mrs. Sterne brought over in her pocket shrunk more than half by the time the party arrived in Toulouse. The serious details of the journey Sterne never cared to recall, but the humorous side of it he touched upon in a letter or two, and made it the main subject of the next volume of *Tristram Shandy*. By abating his extravagances here and there, perhaps we may tell the story somewhat as it was, though the narrative will be scant and never quite trustworthy.

Sterne chose the longest route to Toulouse with the manifest intent of sight-seeing. He took with him the *Nouveau Voyage en France* by Piganiol de la Force, the Baedeker of the period, who mapped out all the post roads and described all the things which a traveller should observe by the way and at the halting places. In the pocket of the chaise were placed also note-books or loose sheets, on which Sterne was to record his own impressions. But owing to the extreme heat, and the many annoyances at the different posts, Sterne implies that he paid little attention to the guide-book's list of *videnda*. None of the first places on the route—Fontainebleau, Sens, and Joigny—interested him much, until he reached Auxerre, about which he could “go on forever”; though he had in fact little to say of the town, where he may have strolled about for a day or two. On a visit to the ruined Abbey of St. Germain, the sacristan pointed out the tomb of St. Maxima, in life “one of the fairest and most beautiful ladies, either of Italy or France,” who four centuries ago came to Auxerre to touch the bones of St. Germain, and, after lying in her coffin two hundred years or more, was enrolled among the saints. Sterne thought that her rise, like the rest of the army of martyrs, was “a desperate slow one”; and asked, as he walked on to the next tomb, “Who the deuce has got lain down here, besides her?” The sacristan, starting to reply that it was St. Optat, a bishop—was cut short by his visitor, who remarked that the bones of St. Optat were most fortunate in their resting place, as Mr. Shandy could have foretold from his name, the most auspicious that a bishop might bear. This may have been a sly hit at the Archbishop of York, who still enjoyed the old option of appointing a favorite to a

benefice in the diocese of a newly consecrated bishop. So ended Auxerre.

All the way from Paris there had been more than the usual stops and hindrances from broken ropes, slipping knots, and loosened staples. Still, the family had travelled thus far with a degree of comfort; but as they proceeded farther south, vexations were turned to downright suffering. Their conveyance proved hopelessly inadequate; the inns grew more and more intolerable; the roads were dusty; and the southern sun beat upon them with deadly rays. After it was all over, Sterne wrote to his friend Foley, the banker, with special reference to the journey from this point southwards: "I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nismes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece.—Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd and carbonaded on one side or other all the way—and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were ate up at night by bugs, and other unswept out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at." On one of these fierce days, just as Lyons was in sight, the chaise overturned and broke "into a thousand pieces." Chaise and luggage were thrown "higgledy-piggledy" into a cart, behind which the pilgrims walked demurely into the town.

As they were passing through the streets to the inn of Monsieur Le Blanc, in the western quarter of the town, a pert chaise-vamper stepped nimbly up to Sterne and asked if he would have his chaise refitted. "No, no, said I, shaking my head sideways—Would Monsieur chuse to sell it? rejoin'd the undertaker—With all my soul, said I—the iron work is worth forty livres—and the glasses worth forty more—and the leather you may take to live on." Thornhill's beautiful chariot, which cost Sterne ten guineas, accordingly went for four louis d'ors. To make good the loss as well as to avoid further misfortunes on the road, Sterne decided to take the boat to Avignon, which left the next day at noon. By changing to this mode of travel, his purse would be the better, as he reckoned it, by four hundred livres. The next morning he was up early, breakfasting on "milk-coffee," and ready to start out by eight o'clock to see those curiosities of Lyons which Pigniol de la Force made so much of. Whereupon a series of cross-accidents intervened to bring all to naught.

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As he was about to pass from the *basse cour* of his inn to the street, he was met at the gate by an ass munching the stem of an artichoke. He had to stop and watch Old Honesty drop and pick up the bitter morsel half a dozen times, and then to try, out of pleasantry, the effect of a macaroon upon him in place of the artichoke. So much of the famous communion with the ass at Lyons may possibly be fact. Once outside the gate, Sterne was stopped by a commissary from the post-office "with a re-script in his hand for the payment of some six livres odd sous, . . . for the next post from hence to St. Fons" in the route to Avignon. Puzzled at the demand, Sterne explained to the commissary that he did not intend to take post, but was going by water down the Rhone. "*C'est tout égal,*" replied the commissary, and handed Monsieur the rescript to read for himself. From the curious document, Sterne learned why Monsieur La Popelinière, the rich farmer-general, was able to keep open house and a band of musicians for the entertainment of all Paris; more specifically he learned, by the help of the officer, "that if you set out with an intention of running post from *Paris* to *Avignon*, &c., you shall not change that intention or mode of travelling, without first satisfying the fermiers for two posts further than the place you repent at." After a vigorous protest, Sterne paid the six livres in order that the revenues of the kingdom might not fall short through the fickleness of an English gentleman.

Determined, however, to make an immediate record of the imposition, Sterne put his hand into his coat-pocket for the note-book he had brought with him; but, to his consternation, the note-book, containing all his clever observations, was gone —lost or stolen. As soon as his head cleared up a little, it occurred to him that he had left his notes in the pocket of his chaise, and in selling the vehicle, had sold his notes along with it. So he hastened off to the chaise-vamper, where they were discovered and returned to him. As Sterne pointed the story for his comic history, the sheets had been torn up the night before by the wife of the chaise-maker, and used as papillotes in frizzling her hair. She untwisted the papers from her curls and placed them gravely one by one in his hat.

The morning was now so far advanced that only an hour was left for seeing the objects for which Lyons was renowned.

With François, his *valet de place*, he ran over to the Cathedral of St. Jean for just a look at the mechanism of the wonderful clock set up in the choir by Lippius of Bâle. He got no farther than the west door of the cathedral, where a minor canon told him that the “great clock was all out of joints and had not gone for some years”; so he hurried away to the Jesuits’ library, where reposed, among the treasures, a general history of China in thirty volumes, all in the Chinese language and Chinese characters. That curiosity he was destined not to peruse, for the library was closed, all the Jesuits being ill, Sterne opined, of a colic. This was Sterne’s way of saying that the Jesuits were out of favor with the ministry.

Nothing remained on his schedule of *videnda* except the Tomb of the two Lovers, outside the gate, in the Faubourg de Vaise. The origin of that tomb or little temple and what it meant, Sterne knew from his guide-book, had been for a long time a question in dispute among the savants. Adopting the sentimental explanation, he felt sure that it was a monument erected to the constancy of Amandus and Amanda, who, after long separation and captivity, met at Lyons, and, flying into each other’s arms, dropped down dead for joy. That spot of all others in the world must not be missed. The site of the tomb was easily found, but no monument was visible, for it had been razed to the ground many years before, as was indeed the fact, by the *consulat de Lyon*.

Sterne re-crossed the city barely in time for the noon boat, aboard which his family and luggage awaited him. He is strangely reticent on the voyage down the Rhone, except to intimate that he was pleased with the rush of the stream while his boat shot merrily along between “banks advancing and returning,” and by the foot of the vine-covered Hermitage and Côte-Rôtie. On the evening he landed at Avignon, the wind was blowing violently, though it had not reached the fury of the mistral; and Sterne lost his hat. He wished to enquire of some learned man about the proverb that “Avignon is more subject to high winds than any town in all France,” but he could find no one to converse with except his landlord, for everybody else was either duke, marquis, or count. To escape for the future the discomforts of the journey from

Paris to Lyons, he sent his wife and daughter on by post, while he engaged for himself a mule and servant with horse.

As he was setting out from his inn, a ludicrous adventure befell him much like one that happened to Smollett at Joigny a year later. The irritable novelist, sitting in his chaise before the post-office, waiting for a change of horses, was politely addressed by a man who stepped up to the chaise-window. Supposing the stranger to be the inn-keeper of the place, Smollett turned to him savagely and ordered him to help a servant in adjusting the displaced trunks. A few minutes later he learned to his chagrin that he had insulted a gentleman. Under similar circumstances Yorick's conduct was more urbane:

"Prithee, friend, said I, take hold of my mule for a moment—for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel—the man was standing quite idle at the door of the inn, and as I had taken it into my head, he was somehow concerned about the house or stable, I put the bridle into his hand—so begun with the boot:—when I had finished the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him—"

"——But *Monsieur le Marquis* had walked in——"

On the morning of the start, Sterne was in buoyant mood, in anticipation of the rare journey through the rich plain of Languedoc to the banks of the Garonne. He was also in excellent health. "I had left Death," he said playfully, "the Lord knows—and He only—how far behind me. . . . Still he pursued—but like one who pursued his prey without hope—as he lagg'd, every step he lost, soften'd his looks." One may fancy the scene as the travellers crossed the bridge at Avignon. Ahead was the chaise with Mrs. Sterne and Lydia, followed by the owner of the outfit striding along on foot, with a gun thrown across his shoulder to frighten off robbers; next came Sterne riding a mule; and a servant on horseback brought up the rear, bearing his master's luggage, in case the company should get separated at night. If Sterne tells the truth, he loitered behind terribly, stopping and talking to everyone on the way—peasants at their work, strolling beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, and friars. "I was always in company, and with great variety too; . . . I am confident we could have passed

through *Pall-Mall* or *St. James's*-Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and seen less of human nature."

With Sterne time counted for nothing. Meeting a couple of Franciscans, who were more straitened for it than himself, he even walked back with them half a mile in order to complete an interesting conversation. He watched a drum-maker, who was making drums for the fairs of Beaucaire and Tarascon, enquiring of him the principles that underlay the instruments, not because he wished to know them, but because he wished to see the working of a peasant's mind in an attempt to explain them. Of a gossip he bought a hand-basket of Provence figs for five sous. Though a very small trade, it gave him another and finer opportunity to study the peasant in a case of abstract reasoning; for, on lifting the vine-leaves, he discovered beneath the figs two dozen of eggs, which the old woman had forgotten. Thereupon arose a nice question of property: To whom belonged the eggs? It might be said that the eggs were Sterne's, inasmuch as he had paid for the space they occupied. Against this position it might be said with equal justice that he had not purchased eggs, and so they could not be his. Sterne was quite willing to resign all claim to the eggs; but then arose a still nicer question: To whom belonged the basket? The question puzzled alike the philosopher and the peasant; for without the basket to carry them in, neither the eggs nor the figs had any value.

Sauntering along in this delightful fashion, Sterne made a spurt somewhere between Avignon and Beaucaire, and caught up with the chaise in time to share in the second serious mishap since leaving Paris. It was towards the end of July, the gala week at the fair of Beaucaire. "Can you conceive," he wrote in his amusing way to Foley, "a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig leaves—that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged in consequence to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any—To mend the matter, my two postillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying.—Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash

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you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves—Our luggage weighed ten quintals—'twas the fair of Baucaire—all the world was going, or returning—we were ask'd by every soul who pass'd by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire—no wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *vous avez raison, mes amis.*"

The next post, whither the postillions were sent for cart and chaise, was indeed Beaucaire. Thence the unfortunate travellers proceeded to Nîmes and Lunel, where Sterne closed his narrative in the exquisite idyl of Nannette and the village dance which he took part in at the end of a sultry day. Under the inspiration of the roundelay which he heard that evening—

“Viva la joia!
Fidon la tristessa!”—

he danced all the way, he would have us understand, from Lunel to Montpellier, “where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France”—and thence on through Narbonne and Carcassonne to his habitation at Toulouse.

C H A P. XIV.

A Gentleman of France. August, 1762—May, 1764

THE ancient capital of Languedoc stretches along the right bank of the Garonne, crossed by the noble Pont-Neuf. The centre of the town was then, as it is now, the Place du Capitole, the seat of the municipal government. Close by were the University founded by Pope Gregory the Ninth, and the Museum of Fine Arts, with the academies of science and belles-lettres. From the Capitole, streets ran off in all directions, terminating at the north in the beautiful church of St. Sernin, the pride of Toulouse, and at the south in the Parliament buildings, stately mansions, and extensive gardens and suburbs. To the southwest was the Cathedral of St. Etienne, over which presided Loménie de Brienne, to become Minister of Finance under Louis the Sixteenth. On his arrival early in the second week of August, 1762, Sterne was pleased with the town beyond anticipation. The Abbé Mackarty had rented for him a large and well-furnished house from Monsieur Sligniac, apparently on the outer edge of the southern quarter, and had attended to all those little details necessary to a stranger's comfort. As soon as he had unpacked and looked about him, Sterne wrote to Hall-Stevenson on the twelfth of August:

"Here I am in my own house, quite settled by M[ackarty]'s aid, and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can express or know how to pay at present.—'Tis in the prettiest situation in Toulouse, with near two acres of garden. . . . I have got a good cook—my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good-looking *laquais*.—The Abbé has planned our expences, and set us in such a train, we cannot easily go wrong—tho' by the bye, the d——l is seldom found sleeping under a hedge."

And two days later he gave Foley other details:

"Well! here we are after all, my dear friend—and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnish'd and elegant beyond anything I look'd for—'Tis built in the form of a hôtel, with a pretty court

towards the town——and behind, the best gardens in Toulouse, laid out in serpentine walks, and so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent——‘the more the merrier.’

—The house consists of a good *salle à manger* above stairs joining to the very great *salle à compagnie* as large as the Baron d’Holbach’s; three handsome bed-chambers with dressing rooms to them——below stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company.——I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices——Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than take our hats and remove from the one to the other.——My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order——and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or less than thirty pounds a year.”

Alternating between his *hôtel* and country-house, Sterne entered upon the life of a French gentleman, at the small expense, as his wife estimated, of two hundred and fifty pounds a year. Connected with his country-house was “a handsome pavillion,” which he re-named Pringello’s Pavilion in honor of Don Pringello, the fanciful title of an architect whom Hall-Stevenson had recently celebrated in *Crazy Tales*, as one of the Demoniacs. Within easy distance was similarly established the eccentric William Hewitt, whom Sterne had met at Skelton and Scarborough. The two families were constantly passing to and fro for dinner or supper. Between meals Sterne took to drinking ass’s milk in the morning and cow’s milk in the evening, a diet which was recommended to him in this way by the physicians. In the heat of summer there was little society at Toulouse, for the French gentlemen were away in the country, and the usual English colony was scattered at various resorts and in travel. With nothing thus to distract him, Sterne sat down in his study or his pavilion to *Tristram Shandy*, in the hope that another instalment might be completed for the next London season. He did not begin, as is quite evident, with the seventh volume, which describes the tour through France from Calais. Notes he had made for the journey, but it had not occurred to him that his travels could be grafted into

Tristram Shandy. They were to form, as first designed, a work separate and distinct. His imagination was away in Shandy Hall and Yorkshire, with my uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and the widow Wadman, on a day in mid-August when he unscrewed his inkhorn under the “genial sun” of Toulouse, in the “clear climate of fantasy and perspiration.” Hall-Stevenson’s *Crazy Tales* lay before him. Ten times a day he looked at the curious frontispiece of Skelton Castle; and with his face turned towards its turret, so near as the direction could be made out, he plunged into my uncle Toby’s amours, comprising the eighth book of *Tristram Shandy*.

He advanced only a short distance, hardly beyond the opening “crazy” chapters, containing a mad address to his readers in imitation of Rabelais, and a claim that his method of composition was “the most religious,” if not the best in the world; “for I begin with writing the first sentence—and trusting to Almighty God for the second.” While in this exultant mood, he “fell ill of an epidemic vile fever, which killed hundreds” about him. For six weeks he lay between life and death, attended by the local physicians, whom he declared “the errantest charlatans in Europe.” “I withdrew,” he wrote to Hall-Stevenson in October, “what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature —She (dear goddess) has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favour, and in my own, That one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all at last by translation, and not by fair death.”

Sterne soon became as “stout and foolish” as ever, and resumed my uncle Toby’s amours, while the Abbé Mackarty was out vintaging, and Lydia was “hard at it with music, dancing, and French speaking.” As he sat at his table with a bottle of Frontiniac and glass at his side for a pledge to Hall-Stevenson, he thought that he had as good reason for being contented as the rest of his household. But Toulouse somehow, he could not quite explain it, was no longer to his taste. Had it not run counter to one of his hypotheses, he would have laid his weariness to the climate, for the hot summer was being followed by a bitter cold autumn, which obliged him and his family “to sit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noses.” In

searching for a cause of his discontent, he finally attributed it to "the eternal platitude of the French character." Everybody was civil to him, but civility with no variety in it wearied and "boddered" him to death. To put him into spirits once more, he longed for a visit from Tollot—who was again in Paris with Sir Charles Danvers,—in order that he might die, not of ennui, but of laughter.

On the approach of winter, Sterne's gaiety returned without the aid of Sir Charles. French society doubtless improved as soon as families of rank left their châteaux and came in for the season and the local parliament. The Comtesse de Fumel and Monsieur Bonrepos received on several days every week; and the Baron d'Orbesson, President of the Assembly, kept open house to which all were welcome, whether French or foreigners.* Of these and other fashionable salons Sterne must have been an *habitué*, as were Tollot and Hall-Stevenson when they visited Toulouse. They particularly liked the Baron d'Orbesson, who was himself something of a Demoniac. Many English travellers, who had been running about Europe, fixed upon Toulouse for the whole or a part of the winter. There was a happy society of them distributed about in lodgings, and gyrating around the *hôtels* of the Sternes and the Hewitts. Among them, as they came and went through the winter, was a shadowy Mrs. M—— (Meadows, perhaps), with whom the Sternes sometimes dined; a family named Hodges; and a Mr. Woodhouse, "a most amiable worthy man," who stopped on his way to Italy, and whom Sterne took into his own house. Every night they were all together at one place or another, "fiddling, laughing and singing, and cracking jokes."

Early in December they went to the Hodges', "living together like brothers and sisters," and practising a play for the Christmas holidays, a diversion which had been suggested by Sterne as a *soulagement*. Towards the middle of the month, as luck would have it, a company of English strollers arrived in Toulouse to act comedies, if an audience could be found. On Sterne's initiative, the two groups of amateurs united forces and shifted their scene of action over to his great *salle à compagnie*. After a fortnight in making costumes and in

* W. Durrant Cooper, *Seven Letters written by Sterne and his Friends*, 6 (London, 1844).

learning their parts, they presented there Mrs. Centlivre's *Busy Body*, with a grand orchestra improvised for the occasion. The next week they played Vanbrugh and Cibber's *Journey to London*, which Sterne, if he carried out his design, re-wrote in part, turning it into *A Journey to Toulouse*. It is all very pretty to see Yorick in the rôle of playwright and stage-manager and possibly actor.

The rest of the winter passed in interchange of visits; and when the English colony began to break up in the spring, the Sternes were invited to the Hewitts' country house for a week or fortnight. But we have no further festivities to relate, for Yorick was becoming depressed again. His purse was empty. Since settling with Mrs. Sterne, Becket had sold up to April, 1763, only 182 copies of the last *Shandy*, and after that the sale came to a stand-still. "Ten cart-loads" of the volumes, Sterne said, still remained on their hands. That estimate was an exaggeration for 991 sets, enough, none the less, to disappoint him of a hundred pounds which he had expected at this time. So Sterne had to depend upon remittances out of Yorkshire, which were obviously inadequate for his mode of life. He was spending more than twice the clear income from his farms and parishes. By December he was reduced to "half a dozen guineas"; and in March he had only "five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs." Foley, his banker, though very kind and considerate, naturally hesitated to advance the small sums which Sterne succeeded, however, in coaxing from him month after month. To poverty of purse was added poverty of spirit. During the winter, Sterne worked intermittently at *Tristram*, and revised more of his old sermons, perhaps writing new ones, with a view to publication; but his progress had been slow. April came and nothing was ready for the press; nothing could be sent over to Becket for further revenue.

Behind this double bankruptcy, financial and intellectual, which threatened Sterne, lay the wretched state of his health. Toulouse, ill-drained and subject to cold and damp winds in winter, had not agreed with him at all. True, there were days extending into weeks when he felt well, and imagined that the dread disease had been arrested, for there were as yet no returns of the hemorrhages of last summer. In these periods he went on with his literary work, and wrote "long nonsen-

sical" letters to Hall-Stevenson, as if completely re-instated in health and spirits; but such was really not the case. Over against the joyous letters to the master of Skelton should be set one to Archbishop Drummond in May, 1763, dismal in its forebodings and yet flashing with humor:

"I have been fixed here with my family these ten months, and by God's blessing it has answered all I wished for, with regard to my daughter; I cannot say so much for myself, having since the first day of my arrival here been in a continual warfare with agues, fevers, and physicians—the first brought my blood to so poor a state, that the physicians found it necessary to enrich it with strong bouillons, and strong bouillons and soups à santé threw me into fevers, and fevers brought on loss of blood, and loss of blood agues—so that as *war begets poverty, poverty peace*, etc. etc.—has this miserable constitution made all its revolutions; how many more it may sustain, before its last and great one, God knows—like the rest of my species, I shall fence it off as long as I can. I am advised now to try the virtues of the waters of Banyars, and shall encamp like a patriarch with my whole household upon the side of the Pyreneans this summer and winter at Nice; from whence in spring I shall return home, never, I fear, to be of service, at least as a preacher. I have preached too much, my Lord, already; and was my age to be computed either by the number of sermons I have preached, or the infirmities they have brought upon me, I might be truly said to have the claim of a *miles emeritus*, and was there a Hôtel des Invalides for the reception of such established upon any salutary plain betwixt here and Arabia Felix, I would beg your Grace's interest to help me into it—as it is, I rest fully assured in my heart of your Grace's indulgence to me in my endeavours to add a few quiet years to this fragment of my life—and with my wishes for a long and happy one to your Grace, I am, from the truest veneration of your character,—Your most dutiful servant, L. Sterne."

The cause to which Sterne assigned his physical collapse cannot be taken at full value, though he had indeed innumerable sermons to his credit. He might surely have preached on for another decade but for *Tristram Shandy* and the indiscretions that followed in its wake. His letter, for what it

said and for what it left unsaid, was most admirable as a request that he be released from all further parish duties. As he told his archbishop, he was going to Bagnères-de-Bigorre at the foot of the French Pyrenees to try the waters and a higher altitude. There was also another motive for the journey. *Tristram Shandy* could not continue much further on the lines it had been running. It had been Sterne's first design, according to John Croft, to travel Mr. Tristram Shandy over Europe, making under this disguise remarks and strictures on the different peoples and governments, and closing with an eulogium on England and her superior constitution. Sterne's mind now began to revert to the original design as modified by a sojourn abroad. From politics, his interest had shifted to men and manners, of which he would give a comic rendering. At Bagnères, he expected "much amusement from the concourse of adventurers from all corners of the earth"; and after exhausting Bagnères, it was his plan to cross the Pyrenees and spend a week in Spain, where he could collect in that time enough material "for a fertile brain to write a volume upon." At the end of the spa season in September, he was to return and winter somewhere in southern France or in Italy, perhaps at Nice or at Florence, almost anywhere except at Toulouse.

But the financial problem stared him in the face. Towards the end of March, he received from England a draft for £130, which he turned over to his Paris banker. At best, this remittance satisfied current debts and carried him through the spring at Toulouse. Eager to set out on his journey, he wrote to Foley on April 29, asking for a fortnight's credit and explaining his method of payment. His agent at York was to send up to London "a bill for four score guineas," with orders that it be paid into the hands of Foley's correspondent; and in the same way £20, presumably from Becket on the *Shandys*, was to be placed at his London account. All this would take time. "Therefore," said the request to the banker, "be so good as to give me credit for the money for a few posts or so, and send me either a prescription for the money, or a draught for it." Three weeks passed with no reply; and then, on May 21, Sterne sent a sharp note to Foley:

"It is some disappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, especially as I told you we waited for the

money before we set out for Bagnieres—and so little distrust had I that such a civility would be refused me, that we have actually had all our things pack'd up these eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London—but you might have trusted to my honour—that all the cash in your iron box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to say the thing *that is not*. . . . Mr. R[ay] of Montpellier, tho' I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the sum. . . . After all, I heartily forgive you—for you have done me a signal service in mortifying me, and . . . I am determined to grow rich upon it. Adieu, and God send you wealth and happiness.”

To this letter Foley duly responded with an enclosure for eighty or a hundred pounds. The real cause of the previous delay, the banker averred, was no distrust of Sterne, but merely distraction “with a multitude of business.” Sterne accepted good-naturedly the excuse, and in turn apologized for his testy temper, saying that his grievance was mostly imaginary, as he had in his pocket Mr. Ray’s letter of credit for £200, which he could use on a pinch. Three days after receiving Foley’s remittance—on June 12,—the Sternes took chaise for Bagnères, in company with Mrs. M[eadows], who was going to another resort in the Pyrenees. The visit to Bagnères, so far as we have any record of it, is almost an intellectual blank in Sterne’s life. Only one of his published letters bears the superscription of that place; and that is merely a request to Becket, dated July 15, 1763, to send him a bill on Foley for whatever *Shandys* may have been sold. The pleasures of Bagnères, he said, however, the next year, were not so “exalted” as those of Scarborough in the society of “Lord Granby and Co.” The clue to his disappointment is given in an hitherto unpublished letter* from Montpellier later in the year to a Mr. Mills, merchant in Philpot Lane, London. From the moment he left Toulouse, Sterne never had a moment’s respite from ill-health, and subsequently the “thin Pyrenean air brought on continual breeches of vessels” in his lungs.

The journey into Spain was obviously abandoned, though

* See further this biography, II, 259-260.

we have no positive statement either way. His condition in nowise improved, Sterne left Bagnères with his family as early as the first of September—two weeks before the time set for departure—and began a course of travels through southern France in search of a comfortable place to camp in for the next winter. There were times when he “risked,” according to the letter to Mills, “being taken up for a spy,” so suspicious was the aspect he bore in the character of a wanderer, “now prying here, now there,” as Pope would say. The patriarch first retraced his steps to Toulouse, where he was made happy by an order from Foley upon his correspondent to pay Mr. Sterne fifteen hundred livres, should the gentleman be in need of it. Sterne needed the sum and accepted it as a “friendly act of civility,” prompted by the generous heart of his banker. A filled purse sent the Sternes on to Montpellier, with stops and digressions all along the route. This town, which they had passed through before, must have pleased them for several reasons. Like Toulouse, it always had its English colony in the winter; and it was pleasantly situated on a slope whence were visible mountains and sea. We may wonder, too, whether it ever occurred to Sterne that Master Rabelais took his Baccalaureate degree in Medicine at the University of Montpellier and lectured there on Galen and Hippocrates. To Montpellier were found, however, two objections. Provisions there were “a third dearer than at Toulouse,” and the place had “a bad character . . . as the grave of consumptive people.” So the Sternes quickly broke camp for Aix and Marseilles, making the usual long detours. Aix, the capital of Provence, Sterne disliked because Toulouse had already given him a surfeit of parliaments. Marseilles, then a small town running about the old port, with wooded hills for background, was attractive enough; but house rent and cost of living were “enormous.” “I could not take,” said Sterne, “the most miserable apartments under nine or ten guineas a month,” and everything else was “in proportion.” Balancing the *pour* and the *contre* for each of the places which they had visited, Sterne decided upon Montpellier; and posted directly thither with his household. His purse was, of course, the determining factor in the account. As for life and death, he said, “I love to run hazards rather than die by inches.”

The Sternes returned to Montpellier near the end of Sep-

tember. By taking apartments instead of a house—evidently their plan—they should have lived as cheaply, though not as luxuriously, as at Toulouse. Good lodgings on the hill, accommodating two or three persons, were obtainable for three guineas a month; and meals, without wine, cost a family of that number about ten livres a day. The local markets were “well supplied with fish, poultry, butcher’s meat, and game, at reasonable rates.” The ordinary wine of the district, if one wished to drink it, was exceedingly cheap; while the sweet wine of Frontignan, Yorick’s favorite next to burgundy, was made near Cette, the seaport of Montpellier. The city was also famous for the distillation of pleasant drams or liqueurs of various sorts. Sterne, if he managed well, certainly had no cause for complaint.

A sojourn in Montpellier, though very like one at Toulouse, afforded greater variety of scene and character. “Four or five” English families stayed through the winter, taking houses or apartments near one another for free intercourse; but who they were we do not know, except that the Hewitts seem to have migrated hither so as to be with their friends. In the town resided also an English physician named Fitzmaurice, “a very worthy sensible” practitioner, and a “Mr. Ray, an English merchant and banker, . . . a gentleman of great probity and worth,” who cashed the bills of his countrymen, looked after their letters, and helped them over all troubles. Sterne formed “a particular friendship,” too, with a man who was buying up the wines of the present vintage to ship to London. Of his friend he wrote to the Earl of Fauconberg and offered to send over a couple of hogsheads as a present, provided his lordship would pay the duty thereon. The inhabitants of Montpellier were happy and prosperous, as a stranger might quickly see by a walk through the narrow streets on a pleasant evening; for he would observe all along his way “the better sort of both sexes” sitting out on the stone seats by their doors, “conversing with great mirth and familiarity,” with here and there a group singing a roundelay accompanied by the violin.

To the east of the town, by the gate of the citadel, was a long esplanade, where people gathered every day to take the air, and to the west was the *Peyrou*, a still more agreeable promenade, whence one obtained a view of the Cévennes on

the one side and of the Mediterranean on the other. The beautiful prospects and the pure elastic air attracted Sterne on first sight, for they would be, he thought, temptations to take him out of doors like the rest. At this time the town was garrisoned by two battalions, of which one was “the Irish regiment of Berwick, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Tents,” who treated the English with great politeness and hospitality. The social season opened with two concerts a week at the theatre, called the *Comédie*, in the *place* of the same name; and these entertainments were followed by a line of comedies, as at Toulouse, performed, it may be, by the identical company of strollers. When Sterne berated Toulouse and Aix as parliament towns which he could no longer endure, he seems to have forgotten that Montpellier was one also. As in the other provincial capitals, the season reached its height at Montpellier when the states of Languedoc assembled at the Hôtel de Ville in gorgeous processions and ceremonies, which Sterne called “a fine raree-shew, with the usual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-shews.” Then came, closing the winter, a succession of dinners and receptions given by the governor and other high officials.

Now and then English tourists who were strolling through southern France during the winter, stopped at Montpellier for a week or so, staying at the Cheval Blanc or going into furnished lodgings. In November arrived Smollett the novelist, all worked out and suffering from asthma, in company with his wife and two other English ladies. Though on the way from Paris to Nice, he made the long detour to lay the case of his health before Dr. Antoine Fizès, “the Boerhaave of Montpellier,” as he was called. Fearing the results of a personal encounter with the learned physician, who was reported arrogant in deportment, Smollett consulted him by means of a long letter in Latin, and received in reply, to his disgust, a long letter in French. The novelist proved the physician’s diagnosis false, turned with loathing from the usual prescription of bouillons and ass’s milk, and savagely denounced the “great lanthorn of medicine” as a knave and arrant humbug. Unfortunately for Montpellier, a week’s rain set in a few days after Smollett’s arrival, “leaving the air so loaded with vapours that there was no walking after sunset, without being wetted by the dew al-

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most to the skin." There were, however, some bright days during Smollett's visit, and he said many interesting things about the city, its sociable inhabitants and their customs, upon which we have based largely our account as a background to Sterne's life there.

The novelist was especially pleased at his reception by the English residents, who made it a point to call upon all newcomers. Did Sterne, like the rest, pay his formal respects to the man whose *Review* had slashed his jerkin year after year? We have no direct information on that point; but neither Sterne nor Smollett could have let literary animosities interfere with the etiquette prescribed for gentlemen. The novelist, as he definitely stated, met and conversed with Mrs. Sterne,* who told him incidentally about a young consumptive among their friends, a Mr. Oswald of London, that came over for the treatment of the celebrated physician. After a month of it, Oswald said to the doctor one day: "I take your prescriptions punctually; but, instead of being the better for them, I have now not an hour's remission from the fever in the four-and-twenty.—I cannot conceive the meaning of it." The doctor replied that the reason should be plain, for "the air of Montpellier was too sharp for his lungs, which required a softer climate." "Then you are a sordid villain," retorted the young man, "for allowing me to stay here till my constitution is irretrievable." A few months later Oswald died, it was said, in the neighborhood of Toulouse. On hearing this dismal story, Smollett, who feared consumption for himself, packed up and hastened to Nice.

The next month Sterne received a visit from a group of his most intimate friends, and missed the sight of others whom he would have been glad to see. In the previous summer, Tollot had taken the road with Thornhill and a younger brother, both of London, and a Mr. Garland, who will be remembered as one of the Demoniacs. From Paris they went into Belgium, where Garland left them at Brussels for home; while the others, after six weeks at Spa, journeyed leisurely through Lorraine and Alsace into Switzerland, as far south as Geneva, to

* Smollett, *Travels through France and Germany*, in *Works*, with an introductory essay by W. E. Henley, 128 (London, 1900).

call upon their friend Rousseau; and thence they turned west to Lyons for a circular tour of southern France to Bordeaux and round to Paris again. At Lyons, they fell in with Hewitt and Charles Turner, a sporting Yorkshire squire of Kirk-leatham near Skelton, who was taking his wife to Aix for the winter. They all went south at the same time, some by chaise and others by boat. At Avignon the party divided, Hewitt for Montpellier and the rest for Aix. After being snowed in at Aix for a fortnight, Tollot and the Thornhills proceeded to Montpellier. They were delighted—Tollot is the spokesman in a letter to Hall-Stevenson—to see again the “*bon et agréable Tristram*,” whom they found apparently enjoying himself to the full, just as at Paris two years before. But they pitied him for the persecutions of a wife who jealously followed him everywhere, causing him, they fancied, many unhappy moments, which he bore nevertheless with “the patience of an angel.” In a word, the *bonne dame* was from their point of view *de trop*. On learning from Sterne that he was about to return to his “other wife,” meaning thereby his church at Coxwold, Tollot invited him to his own *hôtel* and table at Paris, and promised to conduct him safely back to England with his other friends.*

When the company broke up in anticipation of a joyous reunion at Paris, Sterne regarded himself in perfect health, despite the attack of rain, mists, and snows. But as ever, he was again deceived as to his real condition. On January 5, 1764, he began a letter to Foley, and, when half way through it, broke off to take a ride on the road towards Pézenas. His beast proved to be “as unmoveable as Don Quixote’s wooden-horse”; no motion was to be got out of him at all except by continued lashings, which “half dislocated” Sterne’s arm, until his head was turned homeward; and then he struck into a trot. The exertion on a chilly morning brought on a fever, which confined Sterne to his bed for more than a week. Not till the fifteenth was he able to finish the letter to his banker, in which he said: “I have suffered in this scuffle with death terribly—but unless the spirit of prophecy deceive me—I shall not die but live—in the meantime, dear Foley, let us live as merrily but as innocently as we can—It has ever been as good, if not

* Cooper, *Seven Letters*, 5.

better, than a bishoprick to me—and I *desire no other.*" During a month of convalescence, Sterne was put through the customary course of treatment, either under Dr. Fizès or under the local faculty who had acquired the art of medicine from his practice. "My physicians," he wrote on the first of February, "have almost poisoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichissants*—'tis a cock flayed alive and boiled with poppy seeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards pass'd through a sieve—There is to be one crawfish in it, and I was gravely told it must be a male one—a female would do me more hurt than good." At the end of the period, the physicians informed him, just as Dr. Fizès had informed young Oswald, that "the sharp air of Montpellier" would be fatal to him, if he remained longer. "And why, good people," Sterne replied, "were you not kind enough to tell me this sooner?" While still unable to be out, Sterne was particularly honored by a call from the Earl of Rochford, who was passing through Montpellier en route to assume his duties as English Ambassador to the Court of Spain. The two men who met here far from home and conversed of their common friends, must have been old acquaintances; for Lord Rochford, besides being an invariable subscriber to Yorick's books, was a lavish host in the political set among whom Sterne moved when in London.

One may readily see how events were driving Sterne back to England. Though his life may have been saved by his first hurried journey to Paris, his health, on the whole, had not been benefited by his long sojourn abroad. Indeed, it probably would have been better for him had he never gone to the south of France. From the first he fretted under his inability to proceed with *Shandy* and thus lay another tax—as he always expressed it—upon the public, so necessary to the support of his family. Hopeless on this score, he sent his books back to England the previous spring by way of Bordeaux, addressed in care of Becket his publisher. Not a chapter, so far as one knows, did he add to his work while staying at Montpellier. His financial as well as his physical condition had grown worse and worse. How he got through the winter would be a puzzle, did we not know Sterne as a skilful borrower. As early as November 24, 1763, he wrote to Mills, the London merchant, requesting that he might draw upon him to the extent of fifty

pounds. As for surety, he said "the whole Shandean family" will stand bound for the capital; and as to immediate prospects, "you shall be paid the very first money God sends." He was doubtless helped out, as his letters would imply, by Foley, Ray, and other friends with whom he was living "as brothers." Really thrice a bankrupt, in purse, health, and intellect, Sterne wisely decided to manage henceforth as best he could in England, and to make another effort at *Tristram Shandy* in the quiet of Coxwold.

In carrying out this design, Mrs. Sterne strangely stood in the way. Whenever her husband suggested, as he had been doing for a year, a return to England, she pleaded her own welfare and her daughter's. Her rheumatism troubled her less in France than at home, and Lydia should stay on and complete her education. This opposition of wishes, though not "as sour as lemon," was not, in Sterne's phrase, "as sweet as sugar." Out of patience with her view of the situation, Sterne finally told his wife, after his last illness at Montpellier, that he was going back to Coxwold as soon as he should be able, but that she might remain on with Lydia for another two or three years, if she chose to do so. He clearly saw the financial and social difficulties of a separate maintenance, and agreed to it only with great reluctance when brought to his wit's end. His wife and daughter were to go to Montauban, north from Toulouse, for the present, and, if they wished, they might spend the summer at Bagnères. As first planned, he was to return by way of Geneva, for a visit doubtless with Rousseau and Voltaire, and "then fall down the Rhine to Holland," whence he could embark directly for Hull and avoid the temptations of Paris and London. But the generous offer of Tollot to share with him his apartments and table at Paris evidently determined him to retrace his steps by the old route. About the first of March, 1764, or as soon as he received his Christmas remittance from Coxwold, Sterne turned his face towards home "in high spirits . . . except for a tear at parting with my little slut," his affectionate name for Lydia. With his wife he left a hundred louis for pocket money, and promised her two hundred guineas a year.

Sterne traversed the road back to Paris without any incident he thought worth recording. On his arrival, in the sec-

ond or third week of March, he went directly to the Hôtel d'Entragues, in the Rue Tournon near the Luxembourg, where were established Tollot and the Thornhills. With these "good and generous souls," though Tollot was continually out of sorts with the cold spring, Sterne lived "a most jolly nonsensical life" for two months and more. Across the Seine, in the Rue St. Nicaise, was their friend John Wilkes, who had recently been expelled from the House of Commons. Like many others, they regarded him as a martyr to free speech. Sterne and Wilkes often met, and on one occasion formed "an odd party" * with the "goddesses of the theatre," at the house of one Hope, whom the politician described as "a Dutchman metamorphosed into an Italian" by long residence in Rome and Venice. Much in their company, too, was Stephen Fox, "dissipating the ill-got fleeting wealth of his father." In the summer Lord Holland came abroad with his younger son, Charles James Fox; but that was too late for the humorist to fall in with them. Every day Sterne saw also Lawson Trotter, the Jacobite outlaw, who, despite exile, was "eternally joyous and jocundissimus." To complete the scene of Yorick's immediate society, he was "smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent." Once, twice, and thrice every day, when no other amusement was at hand, Sterne trudged off to this woman's *hôtel* for sentimental converse. Before the spring was over, she went to the south of France, and therewith ended the comedy.

It is to be presumed that Sterne renewed his intimacy with French society, revisiting the salons of d'Holbach, Suard, the Comte de Bissy, and the Prince de Conti, where he had been so cordially received on his first coming to Paris. On this point, however, the meagre correspondence covering the period is silent. One misses greatly letters like those of two years before to Garrick, with whom he lost touch during a long absence. A letter to Garrick would doubtless have told us about "the uncommon applause" with which Voltaire's *Olympie* was greeted at the Comédie Française in March, and about the decorations, which were "allowed to be the most magnificent

* Letter of Wilkes to Charles Churchill, dated Paris, April 10, 1764, in Wilkes's Correspondence with Churchill.—British Museum. Additional Manuscripts, 30878.

and striking that ever were exhibited on that stage."* The few letters that we have of these months relate to family affairs or to the English colony.

Two years before, there was hardly a score of English gentlemen in Paris and they were mostly birds of passage. Sterne, on account of his literary prestige, then easily became the lion of the season. In the meantime all was changed. Since the peace, says Horace Walpole, the way to Paris had become, "like the description of the grave, . . . the way of all flesh." To pay the expenses of the English who flocked thither, Foley was receiving every month out of England £30,000 in remittances.† An example for this display was set by the new Ambassador, the Earl of Hertford, a man of great wealth and generosity, who took for his residence the Hôtel de Lauragnais,‡ a large and luxurious mansion near the Louvre. With him was his son, Lord Beauchamp, an amiable young man whom everybody liked; and there still hovered about the embassy Lord Tavistock, son of the Duke of Bedford who had signed the articles of peace. Around these men centred the most fashionable English society. Every English gentleman, on coming to Paris, called at the embassy, and Lord Hertford returned the call, with invitations to dinners and receptions and to his Sunday chapel at the Hôtel de Lauragnais. No one was ostracized on account of political opinions. Lawson Trotter, who dared not step foot in England, might be seen almost any day at the embassy; and even Wilkes, convicted of libel against his Majesty's government, was tolerated, though with maimed rites. Sterne, who was an especial favorite, dined almost every week with the Ambassador or Lord Beauchamp or Lord Tavistock.

Lord Hertford brought over with him as his secretary, though the appointment was not quite official, Hume, the philosopher and historian. The choice seemed very odd to everybody who did not know Hume thoroughly. Hume was, if one likes to say it, "a coarse, clumsily built" Scotsman, halting and heavy in speech; and as to French, he sometimes could never get, if at all embarrassed, beyond *Eh bien! vous voilà.*

* *London Chronicle*, March 29-31, 1764.

† Walpole, *Letters*, edited by Toynbee, V, 345.

‡ *London Chronicle*, March 22-24, 1764.

And yet beneath this rough exterior was a man morally sound to the heart, of great and commanding intellect, and in disposition as genial and pliable as the author of *Tristram Shandy*. When Sterne reached Paris, Hume was feeding upon the same ambrosia of which he himself had grown sick two years before. "All the courtiers," wrote Hume to Adam Smith, "who surrounded me when I was introduced to Madame de Pompadour, assured me that she was never heard to say so much to any man."* A lady at court, it was rumored, fell into immediate disgrace for asking who he was. With similar adulation Hume passed through all the great houses, where no reception was complete without him. Chamfort, being asked on one occasion what had become of the lion, replied: "I think he must be dead, for I have seen him only three times to-day." His presence was demanded at masquerades and tableaux and pantomimes; and at the theatre his big head "was usually seen between two pretty faces."

Paris could manage only one great sensation a season. In those days, it was either Sterne, Hume, Walpole, or Garrick, one at a time, never all together. This year Hume, who had the start of Sterne by several months, easily overshadowed him. A secondary rôle, nevertheless, had its honors, one of which Sterne particularly cherished. On a Saturday afternoon in March or April, while he was "playing a sober game of whist with the Thornhills," Lord Hertford's messenger appeared with a request that he preach, on the next morning, in the chapel at the new embassy in place of Dr. James Trail, the dull chaplain. Though Sterne had resolved never to preach more, this invitation could not be refused. He broke abruptly from his amusement, and set himself at once to the task of writing a sermon, on a text that came into his head at a flash without any consideration. The next morning the little chapel was filled with "a concourse of all nations and religions"—diplomats and officials from various embassies, Roman Catholics, Protestants, deists, and atheists. Hume was there, and, it is said, d'Holbach and Diderot. The text which Sterne chose on the spur of the moment was most amusingly inappropriate for anyone except a jester; and yet the preacher seemed unaware

* *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, II, 169 (Edinburgh, 1846).

of the jest until all was over. His theme, based on 2 Kings xx. 15, was the rebuke that Isaiah administered to Hezekiah for exposing the treasures of the royal palace to the Babylonian ambassadors, and the subsequent prophecy that those treasures would some day be carried away to Babylon. "Nothing shall be left, saith the Lord."

The preacher related, with several fanciful enlargements, the story of Hezekiah's illness and of the miracle that was performed in his behalf. Instead of taking the Scriptures simply, which say that a prince of Babylon sent presents and messengers to Hezekiah to congratulate him upon his recovery, Sterne conjectured a hidden reason for this friendly act of courtesy. "As the Chaldeans," he said naïvely, "were great searchers into the secrets of nature, especially into the motions of the celestial bodies, in all probability they had taken notice, at that distance, of the strange appearance of the shadow's returning ten degrees backwards upon their dials; . . . so that this astronomical miracle . . . had been sufficient by itself to have led a curious people as far as Jerusalem, that they might see the man for whose sake the sun had forsook his course."

Sterne's honorarium was a dinner that Sunday evening at the English embassy, to which were invited the most distinguished of the congregation. It was presumably on this occasion that "a prompt French marquis," as related in the *Sentimental Journey*, mistook Hume for John Home, author of the once famous tragedy of *Douglas*, whose names were pronounced alike. Sitting beside the ambassador's secretary, the marquis turned to him and enquired whether he was Home the poet. "No, said Hume—mildly—*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis. It is Hume the historian, said another—*Tant mieux*, said the Marquis. And Mr. Hume, who is a man of excellent heart, return'd thanks for both."

This, however, was not the most amusing incident, if it occurred then, of the evening. The real merriment, in which all shared, started when Hume began to quiz Yorick slyly on Hezekiah and the "astronomical miracle." Sterne, who—never a hypocrite—believed implicitly in miracles, accepted the challenge, while the other guests looked on and listened with delight to the droll combat. The story of the good-natured pas-

sage at arms, when it got out, was magnified into a hot dispute; and Sterne, troubled by the idle rumors, set matters right in one of his letters and no doubt in conversation. “*David*,” as he put it, “was disposed to make a little merry with the *parson*, and in return the parson was equally disposed to make a little mirth with the *infidel*; we laughed at one another, and the company laughed with us both.” Not content with the mere statement of what occurred at Lord Hertford’s table, Sterne took the occasion afforded by his letter to pay a most just tribute to the gentle temper of his friendly antagonist. “I should be most exceedingly surprized,” he wrote, “to hear that David ever had an unpleasant contention with any man;—and if I should be made to believe that such an event had happened, nothing would persuade me that his opponent was not in the wrong; for in my life did I never meet with a being of a more placid and gentle nature; and it is this amiable turn of his character that has given more consequence and force to his scepticism than all the arguments of his sophistry.”* The *amende honorable* was quite unnecessary.

Over-exertion resulted in another hemorrhage, which kept Sterne in Paris longer than he had intended to stay. As he turned his face once more towards England, for which he was passionately longing, his mind also reverted to his family in the south. On May 15, 1764, he wrote to Lydia, enumerating the presents that had been sent to her, and giving his final directions for her conduct in his absence:

“My dear Lydia . . . I acquiesed in your staying in France —likewise it was your mother’s wish—but I must tell you both (that unless your health had not been a plea made use of) I should have wished you both to return with me.—I have sent you the *Spectators*, and other books, particularly Metastasio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amusement.—I hope you have not forgot my last request, to make no friendships with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating*—nay I am so jealous of you that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition.—You have enough

* *Original Letters of the late Reverend Mr. Laurence Sterne*, 126-127 (London, 1788).

to do—for I have also sent you a guittar—and as you have no genius for drawing (tho' you never could be made to believe it) pray waste not your time about it.—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatism continues and she chooses to go to Bagnieres—tell her not to be stopped for want of money, for my purse shall be as open as my heart. . . . Kiss your mother from me, and believe me your affectionate L. Sterne."

C H A P. XV.

Yorkshire and London. Tristram Shandy: Volumes VII and VIII. June, 1764—April, 1765

S TERNE set out from Paris for home on Thursday, the twenty-fourth of May, in company with the Thornhills, and Tollot, who was going over to England. He should have reached London on the twenty-ninth; but there may have been delays, for the earliest notice of his return was an announcement in the postscript to *Lloyd's Evening Post* for June 2-4, that “The Rev. Mr. Sterne, the celebrated author of ‘Tristram Shandy,’ is arrived from Paris, where he has long resided for his health.” The news was taken up and repeated by other newspapers to an extent so unusual as to indicate that Sterne’s presence in London at this time came as a surprise. During his long sojourn abroad, he had kept in correspondence with very few of his friends in town. Even Garrick, owing to a misunderstanding, had been dropped after the first weeks in Paris two years before. The coolness—if it may be called so—came about in this way. Sterne wrote to Garrick once or twice from southern France, but received no word in return. Garrick in fact duly replied, but his letters miscarried. Each supposed that he was “scalped” by the other, and so all letters between them ceased. Public interest in Sterne had flagged terribly. Becket sold few or no *Shandys* now, and other publishers were no longer putting out imitations. Indeed, the old rumor that Sterne was dead had never been quite laid, as one may see from an occasional letter to the newspapers through the year sixty-three. Somebody, for instance, attacked his memory in *St. James's Magazine*, a literary monthly conducted by Robert Lloyd; whereupon a correspondent, in the issue for July, 1763, vindicated Sterne’s character by adapting Gray’s famous elegy to “The Decease of Tristram Shandy,” towards the close of which Sterne was conducted to the Elysian Fields and placed on an embowered seat near Rabelais, Lucian, and Cervantes.

The unexpected guest thus came upon London almost as one returned from the dead. While in town he stayed, along

with Tollot, with the Thornhills, who had a house in John Street near Berkeley Square. As it was the tag end of the season, most of Sterne's old friends were away. Garrick, suffering, like Sterne, a temporary eclipse, was travelling with his wife on the Continent. Foley, who was in London on business, Sterne somehow missed, as if the two men were "two buckets of a well," passing and drawing away from each other. Three weeks were spent in London and the environs, during which Sterne visited, though he gives few names, such friends as he could find; among whom was Reynolds, who granted him a sitting, as the painter's *Pocket-Book* shows, on Monday, the eleventh of June. In this portrait the humorist was drawn at half length on canvas measuring thirty by twenty-five inches. Wearing his wig and gown, Sterne took his seat nearly facing Sir Joshua and leaned his right elbow on a table, with the hand supporting his tired head. It was a "very clever portrait . . . in a less uniform tone" than was usual with Reynolds, though lacking in that extraordinary insight into Sterne's character displayed by the painter four years before.*

After his rest in London, Sterne went down to York alone, where he arrived late in June.† As he intended never to preach again, he passed the next two months idly in and about York. The races in the third week of August, accompanied by balls and concerts at the Assembly Rooms, to which he subscribed this year, gave him an opportunity to see many of his old Yorkshire and more distant friends, including Hall-Stevenson, who came in for the festivities. "Mr. Turner" and "Mr. Hall" both entered horses and both lost. Tollot and Hewitt, who had returned to England to look after his estates, were Sterne's guests. And there were present, among his acquaintances of rank, the Marquis and Marchioness of Rockingham, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Lord Effingham of Surrey.‡

As soon as the York races were over, Sterne went out to Coxwold to look after his "few poor sheep in the wilderness."

* This portrait was given by Sterne to Edward Stanley, who bequeathed it to his son-in-law, James Whatman of Venters, Maidstone. It was engraved by Wivell and by Nagle.—Graves and Cronin, *A History of the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, III, 935, IV, 1418.

† *York Courant*, June 26, 1764.

‡ *Ibid.*, August 28, 1764.

Within a fortnight he grew uneasy of the quiet life, and decamped to Scarborough, whither were gathering people of quality for the spa season and the September races. Scarborough, at that time the most fashionable of the northern watering-places, is beautifully situated on a lofty cliff overlooking the German Ocean. The cliff, broken by a ravine, runs along in a curve so as to form an immense crescent enclosing a wide expanse of water. Down by the sea was the spa house, with a long line of the newly invented bathing machines, stretching out in either direction over smooth, hard sand, admirably adapted for promenading, driving, or racing. Thence rose an amphitheatre of streets and buildings, tier above tier, clustering on the north beneath the ruins of an old castle. At this romantic resort Sterne passed three weeks with the Earl of Shelburne and the Marquis of Granby, the politician and the soldier. He would have come away, he said, marvellously improved by the air and waters, had he not debilitated his strength as fast as it was gained, by “playing the good fellow” too much with his noble friends, whose pleasures were found rather exalted. His sojourn at Scarborough was marred only by the absence of Hall-Stevenson, who decided this year to drink the waters of Harrogate.

After these sacrifices to the god of laughter, Sterne settled down in his “philosophical hut” at Coxwold, where various matters of business awaited him. The Archbishop of York, not quite satisfied with James Kilner, the assistant curate of the parish, had delayed his ordination until Sterne’s return from abroad. At the archbishop’s request, Sterne enquired further into the conduct and character of his curate, and reported that “the man is well liked as a quiet and an honest man, and withal as a good reader and preacher.” “I believe him,” the humorist enlarged on his own part, “a good scholar also—I do not say a graceful one—for his bodily presence is mean; and were he to stand for ordination before a Popish Bishop, the poor fellow would be disabled by a Canon in a moment.” At this time, too, Stephen Croft was taking the first steps towards enclosing and dividing Stillington Common and other waste lands, “containing in the whole, one thousand four hundred acres, or thereabouts.” This project demanded Sterne’s attention; for, as Vicar of Stillington, he was “en-

titled to the Tythes of Wool and Lamb, and to all the small Tythes and Vicarial Dues growing, arising, or renewing within the said Parish, and also to two Messuages or Cottages there, and to certain Lands within the said Fields and Ings.”*

One day while Sterne was in the midst of parish business, “an affrighted messenger, on a breathless horse,” arrived to acquaint him “that the parsonage house at Sutton was on fire, when he came away, and burning like a bundle of faggots.” By the time Sterne could reach Sutton, his house there was in ashes, though some of his furniture and books had been rescued from the flames. The fire was caused, he wrote to Mrs. Meadows, “by the carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or his maid, or some one within his gates.” His loss he estimated variously from two hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds. It was not the loss, he said to another, that troubled him most, but “the strange unaccountable conduct of my poor unfortunate curate, not in *setting fire* to the house, for I do not accuse him of it, God knows, nor any one else; but in *setting off* the moment after it happened, and flying like *Paul to Tarsus*, through fear of a persecution from me.” And again: “Heavens! how little did he know of me to suppose I was among the number of those wretches that heap misfortune upon misfortune—and when the load is almost insupportable, still to add to the weight! God, who reads my heart, knows it to be true—that I wish rather to share, than to encrease the burthen of the miserable—to dry up, instead of adding a single drop to the stream of sorrow.—As for the dirty trash of this world, I regard it not—the loss of it does not cost me a sigh, for after all, I may say with the Spanish Captain, that I am as good a gentleman as the king, only not quite so rich.”

As always, so here Sterne’s pity and humor, pen once in hand, helped him over the hardest rubs of fortune. The frightened curate, who decamped with his family the morning after the fire, was the Rev. Marmaduke Collier, who had been in charge of Sutton since 1760. Sterne soon persuaded him to come out of hiding, and took him in with wife and child at Coxwold, until a house could be provided for them elsewhere. The unlucky parson, after two years more at Sutton, was re-

* Stillington Enclosure Act, *Private Acts of Parliament*, 6 George III, c. 16.

placed by Launcelot Colley, who was licensed to the cure on October 20, 1766. The recommendation was made by Sterne at an annual salary of £38.*

Presently a letter came from Mrs. Sterne, requesting fifty pounds immediately, and complaining of her treatment by Foley's correspondent at Montauban, who, in denying her credit for small amounts, hinted as the reason that she was separated from her husband for life. Sterne at once despatched a sharp letter to his Paris banker, in which he branded as false the ill-natured rumor in circulation at Montauban, and begged of him that Mrs. Sterne have credit up to two hundred guineas and more, should she ask for it. Sterne's heat was a bit Falstaffian, for he already owed his banker nearly a hundred guineas on his wife's account, and had to admit that a bill for fifty pounds could not be sent over just then, as his finances were falling short most unexpectedly. There was good reason for complaint on Sterne's part, though he kept silent, of the extravagance of his wife, who had already received a hundred pounds since his return. By good luck money became plentiful in a month or two, thanks to Becket's advances on the next *Shandys*; and Mrs. Sterne was put at her ease.

In the disposition Sterne made of his time, a scant six weeks, shortened by these interruptions, was allowed for completing *Tristram Shandy*, which had been commenced and broken off at Toulouse. It was about the first of October when he took up in earnest, though he had dallied with it in the summer, the story of my uncle Toby and the widow Wadman, with the manifest intent of running it through the entire instalment of this year. But interest and fancy soon languished, notwithstanding hard cudgelling of his brains, so that by November he had arrived only at the end of one volume. Then he conceived the notion, it is a fair inference from his letters, of fitting into *Tristram Shandy* the comic version of his travels through France, already composed in whole or in part as a separate work or a loose continuation. Sterne now substituted Mr. Tristram Shandy for himself or Yorick as the name of the traveller, and let him recall while at Auxerre an earlier tour with the elder Shandys and Corporal Trim. This device for bringing the Shandy household over to the Continent has

* Institutions of the Diocese of York.

generally been regarded as very maladroit; but—besides the urgent call for something of the kind, if there were to be two volumes this year—Sterne saw a jest on the public, to whom he would give an opportunity, afforded by no other book, of pursuing two journeys through France at one and the same time. In order to lend a semblance of unity to the whole, my uncle Toby's courtship of the widow Wadman was put last, where it would give the final impression. The adjustment completed in this curious way about the middle of November, Sterne received a visit from a London friend recovering from a serious illness, with whom he went over to Skelton Castle for a week or ten days with Hall-Stevenson and his garrison, before leaving for London to try the public once more.

The seventh and eighth volumes of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, duly appeared from Becket's press on Tuesday, January 22, 1765. Each volume bore on its title-page a quotation from Pliny, likely through Burton: *Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est*, meant as a sly apology for the inclusion of the travels; and at the top of the first numbered page of the seventh volume, the author placed his signature as a guarantee that the wit and humor were all his own. The price of the set was kept at four shillings.

As the instalment was much slighter than any hitherto put forth, Sterne had to accept a good deal of banter on the score that he was amusing himself at the cost of the public. Smollett's man on the *Critical Review** likened the two tiny volumes to "the invisible cock" which Corporal Trim paid his money to see within the showman's box, though he knew the thing invisible. And Suard, apropos of their appearance, retold the story of the man who advertised that he would put himself into a bottle before the eyes of his audience. On the appointed day, the theatre was thronged with a credulous multitude to behold the wonder; but the droll carried away their money and left the bottle as empty as the last two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*.†

The jest of the journey through France was not very well understood by the general public. As Sterne meant it, this part

* January, 1765.

† Quoted in *London Chronicle*, April 16-18, 1765.

of his book was “a laughing good-tempered satire against travelling (as puppies travel).” To gain the desired effect, he let the thin narrative of his own journey, in which he professed to see nothing and to experience nothing beyond cross-accidents, run through all the customary details of the towns visited, such as the plan and history of Calais, the number of streets in Paris, and the wonders of Lyons—much as one might find them in the guide-books of Piganiol de la Force, which everybody thought indispensable to a trip abroad. All the scenes and objects which make travelling a delight, he playfully maintained, were not set down in the books; for none had told him that he would meet Janatone at Montreuil, Old Honesty at Lyons, or Nannette on the plains of Langue-doc. However much these episodes might be admired for their charm and novelty, it was felt that the crude facts taken from histories and guide-books were mere padding to stuff out a six-penny pamphlet. And the story which Sterne foisted upon his travels—the story of the Abbess of Andouilletts and the little novice Margarita, who divide the syllables of two indecorous words between them to save a sin—brought out the current charge of indecency, with a hint that the tale was “picked out of the common Parisian jest-books.” In France, however, where the words were employed by every mule-driver, the episode was regarded as light and graceful ridicule of the formal morality which disfigured the cloisters. It far excelled, says Garat, Gresset’s *Ver-Vert*, or the verse-tale of a parrot who came to an untimely end among the sisterhood at Nevers for repeating phrases caught on a journey down the Loire.*

The merriment against Sterne was long drawn out in the *Monthly Review* for February, 1765, through a score of pages in irony and burlesque. The reviewer represented himself as going in company with Mr. Shandy on the entire tour through France, and as quizzing him on the salient incidents by the way, and on the sequel describing my uncle Toby’s assault, in military form, upon the heart of the widow Wadman.

* This poem had already appeared in English under the title of *Ver-Vert, or the Nunnery Parrot* (Dodsley, 1759), and must have been as well known to Sterne as to Hall-Stevenson, who imitated its style in *Crazy Tales*.

Much sport was made of Death, the long-striding scoundrel dogging their heels, of the adventure with Old Honesty at Lyons, and of the "Story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles," which Trim and my uncle Toby lost somewhere between them. "Many choice wits," it was said of Sterne, "have excelled in telling a story, but none ever succeeded so well in *not* telling a story, as the British Rabelais hath done in this notable instance." The reviewer nevertheless appreciated in the main, as Suard and everybody else were doing, many "amazingly clever" anecdotes and episodes. After hearing of Nannette and the vintage dance, he burst into a series of exclamations: "Give me thy hand, dear Shandy! Give me thy heart! What a delightful scene hast thou drawn! What good humour! What ease! What nature!" At length came the passage descriptive of the widow Wadman's lambent eye, which the critic could resist no more than could my uncle Toby:

"It was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye sparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle *Toby* was made up—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations—and soft responses—speaking—not like the trumpet stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to, holds coarse converse—but whispering soft—like the last low accent of an expiring saint—'How can you live comfortless, captain *Shandy*, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on—or trust your cares to?'"

The humor of the new volumes was quite sufficient to reinstate Sterne in his former popularity. "Shandy sells well," he wrote from London in the middle of March, and "I have had a lucrative campaign here." As in the old time, social engagements, beginning moderately, thickened towards the end of the season until scarcely a moment could be stolen for letters to his family and best friends. His enjoyment during the first months was marred only by the absence of Garrick, who, in his long tour abroad, had swung round to Paris, where he was being overwhelmed with honors. But the actor's spirits were so blighted by "a terrible malignant fever" while in Germany,

that it was uncertain whether he would ever return to the stage. As soon as Sterne found out that Garrick was in Paris, the old correspondence was renewed in full freedom. "I scalp you!—my dear Garrick! my dear friend!—foul befall the man who hurts a hair of your head!" So began one of Sterne's letters, which drifted off into the recurring burden: "Return, return to the few who love you and the thousands who admire you.—The moment you set your foot upon your stage—mark! I tell it you—by some magic, irresist'd power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afresh, and as strong and feelingly as ever—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world these many, many, many years." Frequently through the winter, Sterne occupied his box at Drury Lane, taking along with him the whole party where he dined, to see Powell, whom many thought the equal of Garrick, though that was not Sterne's opinion. "Powell! good Heaven!" he exclaimed, "give me some one with less smoke and more fire—There are who, like the Pharisees, still think they shall be heard for *much* speaking. Come—come away, my dear Garrick, and teach us another lesson." Nor did Sterne forget Mrs. Garrick, who had been likewise seriously ill. She had, it is said, "a real regard" for Mr. Sterne, though she often censured his indiscreet conduct. In recompense, Sterne addressed her as "the best and wisest of the daughters of Eve," and declared himself ready, after all the women he had seen, to "maintain her peerless" against any champion.

In one of these delightful letters, dated March 16, Sterne explained his plans for meeting the expense of another continental journey. "I am taxing the public," he told Garrick, "with two more volumes of sermons, which will more than double the gains of *Shandy*—It goes into the world with a prancing list *de toute la noblesse*—which will bring me in three hundred pounds, exclusive of the sale of the copy—so that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penser* has ever impress'd on me, I shall be rich in spite of myself: but I scorn, you must know, in the high *ton* I take at present, to pocket all this trash—I set out to lay a portion of it in the service of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I shall spring game, or the deuce is in the dice.—In the

beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myself of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and so saunter philosophically for a year or so, on the other side the Alps."

The labor of gathering in all the polite world for his *Sermons* Sterne took under his own direction and made it his sole business during the winter. Wherever he dined, one may imagine him requesting the honor of including the names of the guests; and he sent out, as we know, many letters asking for the aid of friends in obtaining subscriptions, that the great list might surpass all others in number and brilliancy. Very characteristic of the letters that have survived was one to Foley, concluding: "Pray present my most sincere compliments to Lady H—, whose name I hope to insert with many others.

—As so many men of genius furnish me with their names also, I will quarrel with Mr. Hume, and call him deist, and what not, unless I have his name too—My love to Lord W—. Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours—your list of subscribers you will send —'tis but a crown for sixteen sermons—Dog cheap! but I am in quest of honour, not money.—Adieu, adieu."

The successful season in town was broken for a few weeks by illness, and towards the end of March Sterne sought the milder climate of Bath to recruit his strength. The fashionable city of the hills, where congregated people of all ranks from the nobility down to tradesmen and adventurers, afforded ample scope for light diversion—gossip and sentimental conversation in the pump-room looking out on the great Roman bath; strolls through the parks and along the parades, if one wished to take the air after drinking the waters; teas and chit-chat in the afternoon; and a concert or ball or theatre, much as one pleased, with which to end the day. Sterne was welcomed to Bath by Lord Cunningham of the Irish peerage, who invited him to his house and introduced him to a company of "his fair countrywomen," with whom the sentimentalist passed some of the happiest days in his life. In describing the household to a London friend, Sterne wrote: "There is the charming widow *Moor*, where, if I had not a piece of legal meadow of my own, I should rejoice to batten the rest of my days;—and the gentle, elegant *Gore*, with

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her fine form and Grecian face, and whose lot I trust it will be to make some man happy, who knows the value of a tender heart:—Nor shall I forget another widow, the interesting Mrs. Vesey, with her vocal and fifty other accomplishments.”

Concerning the first two of these beautiful women over from Ireland to set Yorick’s heart aflame, our narrative can say but little. Mrs. Gore must live, I fear, only for “her fine form and Grecian face.” With Mrs. Moor, who had a house of her own at Bath, Sterne kept up a long correspondence, but none of their letters, if published, can now be surely identified through the dashes. Like Mrs. Vesey, she was doubtless a widow only in the sense that she came to Bath without her husband. Though perhaps not of this group, a certain merry widow—Mrs. F—was also drinking the waters. After he had left she wrote to a friend in London to ask whether Tristram Shandy was a married man or no; and Sterne, taking it upon himself to reply, told the “dear creature” that she must answer to her conscience for a question like that as he would answer to his for saying that nothing but mischief could come of the marriage of two wits—nothing but “satire and sarcasm—scorning and flouting—rallying and reparteeing of it—thrusting and parrying in one dark corner or another.”

There was still another house where Sterne was a most welcome visitor. For some time Mrs. Montagu’s sister Sarah had been living at Bath, more or less, since the separation from her husband, George Lewis Scott, the mathematician. Mrs. Scott, who wrote novels and histories, was usually surrounded by a little group of sentimental admirers. As she was in ill health, she had a companion, a Miss Cutts, who seems to have acted as her secretary. When Sterne told Mrs. Montagu that he was going to Bath, she wrote to Mrs. Scott that she was sending to her Mr. Tristram Shandy, whom she liked better than his book. “He is full,” she said, “of the milk of human kindness, harmless as a child, but often a naughty boy, and a little apt to dirty his *frock*. On the whole I recommend him to your acquaintance, and he has talents and qualities that will recommend him to your friendship.” Much beyond Mrs. Montagu’s expectations, her sister and friends enjoyed the conversation of Mr. Sterne, who did not dirty his frock when with them; and Miss Cutts averred that were she to quit her

state of single blessedness it would be for him. Mrs. Montagu, who ought to have known her cousin better, took the light flirtation as a case of serious love and thought that it did Sterne great honor. "I am glad," she wrote to Mrs. Scott, "Tristram gave you some pleasure; I can never send you such another."*

While at Bath Sterne first met Gainsborough, then living in the newly-built Circus, a showy amphitheatre of residences on the hill. The painter, it was said by those acquainted with him, detested books, but read Sterne and wrote like him.† At the request of a friend, Sterne sat for his admirer. The portrait has never been quite identified; but a Gainsborough purporting to be of Sterne hangs in the Peel Park Museum at Salford. If really Sterne, it is a highly idealized portrait, such as might be painted at a few sittings without much study. The figure, drawn at half length, is scrupulously dressed, with short wig, and sleeves and front heavy with costly lace. The left hand is concealed, while in the right hand, almost buried in ruffles, a book lies open. A dreamy face tending to the oblong, with full eyes and full lips, gives the impression of soberness, almost of melancholy. The perplexing portrait may be Sterne's; for "Harlequin without his mask," as Thackeray once remarked, "is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the Doctor advised to go and see Harlequin."‡

Returning to London before the end of April, Sterne "made a large company merry at Lady Lepell's table during a whole afternoon," by a comic version of his adventures with the Anglo-Irish at Bath. The Lady Lepell at whose table Sterne sat was a daughter of the effeminate John, Lord Hervey, so severely satirized by Pope as "that mere white curd of ass's milk." At the time of her marriage with Constantine Phipps, afterwards Baron Mulgrave of New Ross, Ireland, she was, says Walpole, "a fine black girl, but as masculine as her father should be." Her birth and her rank easily made her house the centre round which gyrated Anglo-Irish society.

* Blunt, *Mrs. Montagu*, I, 187-189.

† William Jackson, *The Four Ages*, 160 (London, 1798).

‡ The Gainsborough portrait is technically described by G. W. Fulcher, *Life of Gainsborough*, 219 (London, 1856). It was presented to the Museum at Salford by Mr. Thomas Agnew.

Under the excitement of the occasion, Sterne abandoned himself to his wit, apparently forgetting that Lord Cunningham and Mrs. Vesey belonged to the same set. Some umbrage was taken at his ridicule of their friends at Bath, especially by Lady Barrymore, who told the story. Disturbed by the incident, Sterne gracefully apologized for his sallies of wit, saying that he himself was born in Ireland and that he could never have intended ridicule of his "fair country-women." "I did," it was admitted, "talk of them, but as they would wish to be talked of,—with smiles on my countenance, praise on my tongue, hilarity in my heart, and the goblet in my hand."

Never more reckless in speech and conduct, Sterne closed the season with an indiscretion which has long lain heavily against him. The incident has been often related, but with a mistake in time and place, and with undue emphasis on the questionable character of the woman, slightly disguised in the printed correspondence as Lady P——. Among Sterne's acquaintances was Hugh Percy, eldest son of the first Duke of Northumberland, a young man twenty-three years old. He appears among the subscribers to Sterne's sermons as Lord Warkworth. After serving as an officer during the last years of the war with France, Percy was appointed colonel and aide-de-camp to George the Third, and subsequently fought bravely in the war with the American colonies, covering, for instance, the retreat of the British from Lexington and Concord. In the summer of 1764, he married Anne, daughter of the Earl of Bute who succeeded Pitt as Prime Minister. From the first, the marriage, which finally ended in divorce, did not prosper. Lady Percy quarrelled with her mother-in-law, the old Duchess of Northumberland, and insisted upon inviting her friends to call while Lord Warkworth was away. On one occasion, after Yorick's usual compliments, Lady Percy told Sterne that she would be glad to include him among her favored guests. Remembering the invitation on an April afternoon while on his way to dine in her neighborhood with Mr. Cowper of Wigmore Street, he entered the Mount Coffee-House, called for a sheet of gilt paper, and wrote off a nonsensical letter to Lady Percy, asking if she "would be alone at seven" and suffer him "to spend the evening with her." She was directed to send her reply to Wigmore Street by seven

o'clock. "If I hear nothing by that time," said the billet-doux, "I shall conclude you are better disposed of——and shall take a sorry hack, and sorrily jogg on to the play——Curse on the word. I know nothing but sorrow—except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps foolishly, but) most sincerely." Though the conduct of Sterne and Lady Percy was severely criticised by Thackeray, it matters very little whether they passed the evening together or Sterne took a sorry hack to Covent Garden, where Miss Wilford, a beautiful dancer, was to make her début in the regular drama. Thus ended a series of flirtations that amused all concerned in them.*

* The letter to Lady Percy has become one of the most famous letters because of Thackeray's use of it in his lecture on "Sterne and Goldsmith" in the *English Humourists*. In editions of Sterne since 1780, this letter has usually appeared among those for the last part of April, 1767. Thackeray referred to it to show that Sterne was only shamming his passion for Mrs. Draper—the Eliza of a series of letters in the spring of 1767. But it is now known that Sterne was too ill at that time to visit Lady Percy or anyone else. In 1766 he was abroad. Hence the only year left for the letter is 1768 or 1765. If he cannot make an engagement with Lady Percy, Sterne says that he is going to Miss *****'s benefit. No unmarried actress had a benefit on a Tuesday in the spring of 1768 before March 18, the date of Sterne's death. But on Tuesday, April 23, 1765, benefits were given to Miss Wright at Drury Lane, and to Miss Wilford at Covent Garden. The seven stars correspond to the letters in the name of Miss Wilford.—See Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage*, V, 69, 75.

C H A P. XVI.

Yorkshire and London Continued. Sermons: Volumes III and IV. May—October, 1765

IT was the twenty-third of April, as we may figure it out, when Sterne wished to pay a visit to Lady Percy, whose “eyes and lips,” he said, “have turned a man into a fool, whom the rest of the town is courting as a wit.” Two days later the Garricks arrived from Paris and went directly to their Hampton villa. Sterne at least saw them, hurried through his business in town, and hastened home earlier than usual, to prepare his sermons for the press in the ensuing September. At York he stayed some days with Hall-Stevenson, who left him “bleeding to death” of a vessel in his lungs. “The deuce take these bellows of mine!” Sterne wrote to the young Earl of Effingham, “I must get ‘em stopped, or I shall never have to *persifle* Lord Effingham again.” The hemorrhage which he thus dismissed carelessly, was nevertheless a warning that he must keep quieter than last summer, and be content to oscillate between York and Coxwold, with no thought of Scarborough or Harrogate.

When first seen in his retirement, he was sitting in the summer-house of Shandy Hall, “heart and head” full of his sermons. Near him lay a letter from Mr. Woodhouse to inform him that he was in love. To draw himself out of the pensive mood of the sermons, Sterne took up the letter for reply, beginning with the value of the passion to a man of his own temperament, an excellent commentary, in passing, on his infatuation for Lady Percy. “I am glad,” said the man of large experience, “that you are in love—’twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myself must ever have some dulcinea in my head—it harmonises the soul—and in those cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally—‘*l'amour*’ (say they) ‘*n'est rien sans sentiment.*’”

Sterne had just received and replied to a formal proposal for the hand of his daughter from "a French gentleman of fortune in France." The marquis, if we may so call him, obtained Sterne's address from Foley's correspondent at Montauban, and, without the knowledge of Lydia, wrote to her father that he was deeply in love with her, as a brief prelude to the enquiry: "How much can you give her at present and how much at your death?" The substance of the parent's amusing reply, Sterne related for the benefit of his friend Woodhouse. "Sir," was Sterne's answer, "I will give her ten thousand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows —she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly —she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds."

A letter arrived, too, from Mrs. Meadows, who had been an intimate friend of the family at Toulouse. It was a "kind epistle" to enquire after Yorick's health and to inform him of her whereabouts since coming back to England. In reply Sterne invited her to Coxwold, and offered, if she were going abroad again, to escort her on the way. "Shall I expect you here," ran the alluring invitation, "this summer? —I much wish that you may make it convenient to gratify me in a visit for a few weeks—I will give you a roast fowl for your dinner, and a clean table-cloth every day—and tell you a story by way of desert—in the heat of the day we will sit in the shade—and in the evening the fairest of all the milk-maids who pass by my gate, shall weave a garland for you.—If I should not be so fortunate, contrive to meet me [in London] the beginning of October—I shall stay a fortnight after, and then seek a kindlier climate.—This plaguy cough of mine seems to gain ground, and will bring me to my grave in spight of me—but while I have strength to run away from it I will—I have been wrestling with it for these twenty years past—and what with laughter and good spirits, have prevented its giving me a fall—but my antagonist presses closer than ever upon me—and I have nothing left on my side but another journey abroad—A-propos—are you for

a scheme of that sort? if not, perhaps you will accompany me as far as Dover, that we may laugh together on the beach, to put Neptune in a good humour before I embark——God bless you, my dear Madam,——and believe me ever your's."

Mrs. Meadows, I daresay, was unable to come to Shandy Hall this summer, or to go with Sterne farther than Dover Beach to see him off for France. But Sally Tuting, "a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom," wrote to him from London that she was setting out on a Continental pilgrimage in search of health, and received from Sterne advice on the mood she should cultivate in her travels: "No hard jostlings in your journey must disturb either body or mind one moment—if you have left a Philander—think not about him—You must smile upon inconveniences and impositions—upon bad inns and what will hurt you most of all because most contrary to your nature—upon unfeeling looks." Philander was destined to overtake "gentle Sally" in Rome or Naples.

As the time for Sterne's departure on his foreign tour was approaching, the recurrent trouble with his lungs took him frequently to York for change, and perhaps to consult Dr. Dealtry. "I am going to York," he again wrote to Woodhouse late in the summer, "not to walk by the side of the muddy Ouse, but to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case 'tis ordained so) die there, than in a post-chaise on the road." Among his friends in the city whom envy still spared him, was Marmaduke Fothergill, to whom he used to go for advice in the Sutton period. One day Fothergill told him of a droll encounter with an apothecary in Coney Street; and Sterne, suppressing names, retold the story for the benefit of Mr. Woodhouse: "A sensible friend of mine, with whom, not long ago, I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours)——the latter asked him how he did? Why, ill, very ill—I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of *Attic salt* that I am in a fever——Attic salt, Sir, Attic salt! I have Glauber salt——I have Epsom salt in my shop, &c.——Oh! I suppose 'tis some French salt——I wonder you would trust his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himself."

As usual, Sterne was in for the August races, expecting

to meet by appointment Lord Effingham and Colonel John Blaqui re, afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland, both of whom were most congenial companions. With them doubtless he drove out to the race-course, where occurred an incident which connects him agreeably with Elizabeth Graeme, a romantic young woman from the colonies. Miss Graeme was a daughter of Thomas Graeme, physician and collector of customs at Philadelphia, and a granddaughter on her mother's side of Sir William Keith, a former governor of Pennsylvania. At the outbreak of the Revolution, she married a young Scotsman of Philadelphia named Ferguson, who accepted a commission in the British Army. It was she who bore Duch 's famous letter to General Washington, urging that he persuade congress to rescind "the hasty and ill-advised" Declaration of Independence, and that, failing in the effort, he negotiate directly for his country at the head of the army. Back in 1765, when she went to England for her health, Miss Graeme was a clever young woman, twenty-five years old, fond of moralizing in verse and of entering into Platonic friendships. She figures as the "Laura fair" in the verses of Nathaniel Evans, the colonial poet. In her leisure, she translated *T l maque* into English heroic verse, and transcribed, it is said, the entire Bible, that it might be impressed upon her memory. Of her visit abroad, she felt most honored by her gracious reception at Court and by an introduction to Laurence Sterne, which came about by chance. With a party of friends she attended the York races, where she took, it happened, a seat upon the same stage with Sterne. "While bets were making," says the narrative, "upon different horses, she selected a small horse that was in the rear of the courses as the subject of a trifling wager. Upon being asked the reason for doing so, she said, 'the race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Mr. Sterne, who stood near her, was struck with this reply, and turning hastily towards her, begged for the honour of an acquaintance. They soon became sociable, and a good deal of pleasant conversation took place between them, to the great entertainment of the surrounding company."*

All summer Sterne was busy, so far as he was able to work

* M. Katherine Jackson, *Outlines of the Literary History of Pennsylvania*, 96-97 (Lancaster, Pa., 1906).

at all, with his sermons. He kept his face, as he phrased it, turned towards Jerusalem. During the revision he must have written many letters asking for subscriptions and acknowledging favors; of which two to Foley have long been known; and two others have come to light. One was to Lord Effingham to thank him, “as well as the *amiable comtesse votre chère mère*, for the honour of her name”; while the other, never yet published, was addressed to Thomas Hesselridge, Esq., of London, a gentleman in the service of Sir William Maynard, the fourth Baronet. It ran:—

“York, July 5.

“My dear dear Sir

“I made a thousand enquiries after you all this last winter and was told I should see you some part of it, in town—pray how do you do? and how do you go on, in this silly world? Have you seen my seven and eight graceless children? —but I am doing penance for them, in begetting a couple of more ecclesiastick ones—which are to stand penance (again) in their turns—in Sheets about the middle of September—they will appear in the Shape of the third and fourth volumes of Yorick. These you must know are to keep up a kind of balance, in my Shandaic character, and are push’d into the world for that reason by my friends with as splendid and numerous a List of Nobility &c—as ever pranced before a book, since subscriptions came into fashion—I should grieve not to have your name amongst those of my friends—and in so much good company as it has a right to be in—so tell me to set it down—and if you can—Lord Maynard’s—I have no design, my dear Hesselridge, upon your purse—’tis but a crown—but I have a design upon the credit [of] Lord Maynard’s name—and that of a person I love and esteem so much as I do you. If any occasions come in your way of adding three or four more to the list, your friendship for me, I know will do it.

“—N.B.—You must take their crowns—and keep them for me till fate does the courtesy to throw me in your way—This will not be, I fear, this year—for in September, I set out *Solus* for Italy—and shall winter at Rome and Naples. *L’hyvère à Londres ne vaut pas rien, pour les pou-*

mones—à cause d'humidité et la fume dont l'aire est chargée
—Let me hear how you do soon—and believe me ever
your devoted and affectionate friend and wellwisher

“L. Sterne”

If all the letters sent forth from Shandy Hall were as gay and courteous as this one, we may easily understand their success with the world of fashion. Very graphic was the metaphor of the prancing steed, which was also worked into letters to Garrick and Foley, and most likely into all the rest. The jest of saying that his sermons were to stand in sheets for *Tristram Shandy*, lay in the custom, still surviving at York in Sterne's day, of requiring one guilty of adultery to do penance by standing, with a sheet thrown over his head, on the steps of the cathedral. Mr. Hesselridge, almost needless to say, forwarded his subscription along with Sir William's. The splendid list, when completed, contained six hundred and ninety-three names, thus outnumbering the subscribers to the sermons of 1760 by a comfortable margin. Sterne's Yorkshire neighbors, even his old enemy, Philip Harland, were mostly there, as much as to say that they liked Yorick the preacher if not Yorick the author of *Tristram Shandy*; and there, too, were hosts of friends among the nobility and gentry with whom Sterne had associated in London and at watering-places. To count the stars in the list would be but to enumerate all the great families of the kingdom; while France contributed to the roll of honor the names of Diderot, d'Holbach, Crébillon, and Voltaire.

Sterne was in London with his sermons the first week in October, somewhat later than he had at times expected. It was then arranged that he should set out at once on his journey, and leave their publication to Becket. This is the only instance, after the *Political Romance*, in which Sterne did not superintend in person his books through the press. But in this case, his presence in London was hardly necessary. The lights were all pricked in, and the array of subscribers assured the sale of a large edition. On the financial side, Becket was quite willing to make advances, so that, including royalties and the bills brought up from York, Sterne was able to leave with him £600, upon which Panchaud and Foley might draw at sight,

according as Sterne or his wife should make it expedient. Everything was thus settled for a long absence. For good reasons Becket delayed publication until the opening of the London season. The two volumes, numbered three and four, as they appeared on Tuesday, January 21, 1766,* bore the old title for which Sterne had been censured: *The Sermons of Mr. Yorick*, which was followed by a table of contents, the old sub-title “Sermons by Laurence Sterne,” etc., and “Subscribers Names.” Sterne wrote a preface, but decided upon reflection that it would be better to let the sermons speak for themselves without apology. Along with their publication, a scribbler, who knew that no *Shandys* were intended by the author this year, favored the public with a spurious sequel to my uncle Toby’s courtship, which the reviewers thought admirable, if not genuine.[†]

The new volumes contained only twelve sermons, instead of sixteen as planned in the summer. Among them were four that have been already described, to wit: the sermon at Coxwold on the coronation of George the Third, the charity sermon at the Foundling Hospital, the portrait of Hezekiah, and “The Abuses of Conscience,” which had been published locally as a pamphlet and afterwards inserted in *Tristram Shandy*. To the last sermon, which closed the instalment, Sterne prefixed an advertisement asking pardon for its reappearance and for making the public “pay twice actually for the same thing.”

“But it was judged,” Sterne went on to say, “that some might better like it, and others better understand it just as it was preached, than with the breaks and interruptions given to the sense and argument as it stands there offered to the world.

“It was an Assize Sermon, preached in the Cathedral Church at York, and wrote by the same hand with the others in these four volumes, and as they are probably the last (except

* The sermons were entered on this day at Stationers’ Hall by Becket for himself and De Hondt.

[†]This is the spurious ninth volume of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, with facetious Latin quotations on the title-page, printed “for T. Durham, at Charing-Cross, and T. Caslon, in Pater-noster Row, 1766.”

the sweepings of the Author's study after his death) that will be published, it was thought fit to add it to the collection,—where moreover it stands a chance of being read by many grave people with a much safer conscience.

"All the Editor wishes, is, That this may not after all, be one of those many abuses of it set forth in what he is now going to read."

Though a few more good sermons remained in manuscript at Shandy Hall, the twelve that Sterne picked for publication were in his opinion the best. Of the eight about whose history we know little or nothing, most were doubtless old sermons, recast or stretched out for the closet, while two or three, like "The Prodigal Son," may have been prepared solely for the press. Again Sterne pleased and edified his public as much as six years before. The reviewers took him up and ran through the volumes with long quotations; and for weeks an abridged sermon by Parson Yorick held the place of honor in the newspapers. No longer was any indecorum discovered in his assumed name of the king's jester; and except for the mild censure of a flight of fancy here and there as too free for the pulpit, everybody admired and spoke out in praise of the gentle, generous heart of Yorick.

Strictly orthodox in those rare instances where he touched upon points of doctrine, Sterne opened, as was his way, the scroll of Biblical characters and adorned them with fresh reflections. His readers were treated to a history of religions, in which were brought out the advantages of Christianity over Greek paganism; they were warned against all manner of pride—of birth, wealth, learning, and beauty—as unsocial vices, and exhorted to practise the humility of their Master. With the beautiful woman, proud of her loveliness, Sterne was less severe than with the rest. "And yet," concluded the moralist, "when the whole apology is read,—it will be found at last, that Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.—Simplicity is the great friend to nature, and if I would be proud of anything in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance." The old harangues against the Church of Rome fell out of the new volumes, save for survivals that were allowed to stand, such as the sermon on conscience, and the definition of Popery, before quoted, as

"a pecuniary system, well contrived to operate upon men's passions and weakness, whilst their pockets are o'picking." In place of Roman Catholics, the Methodists came in for occasional censure on account of their spiritual pride—their professed illuminations and extraordinary experiences, which were described as merely mechanical disturbances of disordered understandings. As in his first volumes, Sterne sometimes went to Hall or to Tillotson for a start, but all was modernized to the delectation of his audience.

It was just this power to depict as modern types striking characters in Scripture, accompanied with the author's own personal remarks and opinions, that makes Sterne's sermons still readable. Take for instance his Shimei. It is related that David, after his son Absalom rose against him, fled from Jerusalem for safety. While he was passing by Mount Olivet, Shimei, of the house of Saul, came forth and cursed David; "and threw stones and cast dust at him." When Absalom was vanquished and David returned to Jerusalem in peace, Shimei was the first man to greet him. Sterne, well knowing that nobody cared anything about the blood-feud existing between the Benjamite and Israel, which explains in a clause the conduct of Shimei, easily modified the story so as to make out of David's railer a mean and abject time-server, such as he had seen with his own eyes.

"O Shimei!" the preacher exclaimed after relating his history, "would to heaven when thou wast slain, that all thy family had been slain with thee; and not one of thy resemblance left! but ye have multiplied exceedingly and replenished the earth; and if I prophecy rightly—ye will in the end *subdue* it.—There is not a character in the world which has so bad an influence upon the affairs of it, as this of Shimei: . . . Oh! it infests the court—the camp—the cabinet—it infests the church—go where you will—in every quarter, in every profession, you see a Shimei following the wheels of the fortunate through thick mire and clay. . . . Shimei is the barometer of every man's fortune; marks the rise and fall of it, with all the variations from scorching hot to freezing cold upon his countenance, that the smile will admit of.—Is a cloud upon thy affairs—see—it hangs over Shimei's brow—Hast thou been spoken for to the king or

the captain of the host without success?—look not into the court-kalendar—the vacancy is fill'd up in Shimei's face—Art thou in debt?—tho' not to Shimei—no matter—the worst officer of the law shall not be more insolent."

In a similar way Jacob became under Sterne's hand the type of thousands who lament, when they see the end of life approaching, that their days have been few and evil. Most of the patriarch's misfortunes were shown, with much ingenuity, to have resulted from mistaken views on the management of a family, from a "parental partiality or parental injustice," as common in England as it ever was in the East. There were several hard places in Jacob's career to slip over on this theory, but Sterne brushed away all obstacles. It is true, he admitted in a most difficult analogy, that no young man could be tricked nowadays into marrying a Leah, instead of a Rachel, in just the way that Laban tricked Jacob. "But the moral of it is still good; and the abuse with the same complaint of Jacob's upon it, will ever be repeated, so long as art and artifice are so busy as they are in these affairs. Listen, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage:—collect all their complaints:—hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn?—'They were mistaken in the person.'—Some disguise either of body or mind is seen through in the first domestic scuffle;—some fair ornament—perhaps the very one which won the heart—the *ornament of a meek and quiet spirit*, falls off;—*It is not the Rachel for whom I have served,*—*Why hast thou then beguiled me?* . . . When the night is passed, 'twill ever be the same story,—*And it came to pass, behold it was Leah.*"

For the ills that befell Jacob at his marriage and before and after it, Sterne expressed pity; but it was the pity he felt for all "splenetic and morose souls" who do not take life as they find it. "If there is any evil," he said, "in this world, 'tis sorrow and heaviness of heart.—The loss of goods,—of health,—of coronets and mitres, are only evil, as they occasion sorrow;—take that out—the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man." And as for himself, though sickness and death pressed upon him, his prayer had ever been:

"Grant me, gracious God! to go chearfully on, the road

which thou hast marked out;—I wish it neither more wide or more smooth:—continue the light of this dim taper thou hast put into my hands:—I will kneel upon the ground seven times a day, to seek the best track I can with it—and having done that, I will trust myself and the issue of my journey to thee, who art the fountain of joy,—and will sing songs of comfort as I go along.”

Very curious was Sterne’s analysis of the character of Felix, who, though convinced of Paul’s innocence, would nevertheless not release him because disappointed of a bribe. Sterne quickly hit upon the Roman governor’s ruling passion of avarice, but elaborated and explained it after an entirely new fashion. Paul’s well-known saying that the love of money is the root of all evil, was flatly contradicted. Shifting the point of view, Sterne held that “the love of money is only a subordinate and ministerial passion, exercised for the support of some other vices; and ’tis generally found, when there is either ambition, prodigality, or lust, to be fed by it, that it then rages with the least mercy and discretion; in which cases, strictly speaking, it is not the root of other evils,—but other evils are the root of it.” And so it was in Felix’s case. Surprise was expressed by the preacher that none of the commentators had fully weighed the influence upon the Roman procurator of his mistress Drusilla, who “had left the Jew her husband, and without any pretence in their law to justify a divorce, had given herself up without ceremony to Felix, . . . a character, which might have figured very well even in our own times.” Drusilla, Sterne would suggest, feeling her guilt, instigated Felix against Paul, so that it was well the Apostle suffered no more, since “two such violent enemies as lust and avarice were combined against him.”

More curious still was the sermon on “The Levite and his Concubine,” which the *Monthly Review* thought wore “too gay an aspect” for the pulpit. At the outset, Sterne was very careful to make clear that in the Jewish household the concubine was essentially a wife; that concubinage was practised by Solomon, who, however, rather abused his privileges under the law; and that, if the Levite needed any further justification for his one concubine, it should be remembered that there was no king in Israel at the time. So much, declared the preacher,

might be said for the Levite, if one looked for explanations; but for himself he was content to rest the case with nature:

"For notwithstanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c. . . . yet still, '*it is not good for man to be alone.*' . . . In the midst of the loudest vauntedings of philosophy, Nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship. . . . Let the torpid Monk seek heaven comfortless and alone—God speed him! For my own part, I fear, I should never so find the way: let me be wise and religious—but let me be MAN: wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to thee —give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, How our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down; to whom I may say, How fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!"

With good taste, Sterne stopped short of the horrible catastrophe as related in Scripture, and in Bishop Hall, who was followed in places very closely; and pieced out his discourse with a few remarks on "the rash censurers of the world," who set up a "trade upon the broken stock of other people's failings, —perhaps their misfortunes." "Certainly there is a difference," he told crabbed satirists finely with reference to his own art, "between *Bitterness* and *Saltiness*,—that is,—between the malignity and the festivity of wit,—the one is a mere quickness of apprehension, void of humanity,—and is a talent of the devil; the other comes from the Father of spirits, so pure and abstracted from persons, that willingly it hurts no man: or if it touches upon an indecorum, 'tis with that dexterity of true genius, which enables him rather to give a new colour to the absurdity, and let it pass.—He may smile at the shape of the obelisk raised to another's fame,—but the malignant wit will level it at once with the ground, and build his own upon the ruins of it."

And finally we have Sterne where everybody should like to see him—in a sermon on the Prodigal Son, a theme which invited him to give loose rein to all the sentimental emotions in the train of pity and mercy, up to the climax where the preacher declared that the joy and riot of the kindly affections was but "another name for religion." Without restraint,

Sterne let his fancy play with the parable, reviving, with all sorts of imaginary details, the remonstrance of the father against the rash enterprise of his son, the spendthrift's parting with his father and elder brother by the side of "camels and asses loaden with his substance," his varied life in many lands, until a mighty famine drove him back to his father's roof, and the fatted calf was killed, and the pavilion was lighted up for the dance and wild festivity. Of course, Sterne's graphic and pathetic pictures, flowing on in a well-ordered series, had little warrant in the brief narrative of St. Luke; but as literature the sermon was all the better for that. It was perhaps all the better, too, for his weakening, almost losing, the moral of the parable by the zest with which he related the prodigal's experiences at Nineveh and Babylon. The young man, his substance all wasted, has decided to return to his father and beg for forgiveness; and thereon says the preacher:

"Alas! How shall he tell his story? Ye who have trod this round, tell me in what words he shall give in to his father, the sad *Items* of his extravagance and folly?—The feasts and banquets which he gave to whole cities in the east,—the costs of Asiatic rarities,—and of Asiatic cooks to dress them —the expences of singing men and singing women,—the flute, the harp, the sackbut, and of all kinds of musick—the dress of the Persian courts, how magnificent! their slaves, how numerous!—their chariots, their horses, their palaces, their furniture, what immense sums they had devoured!—what expectations from strangers of condition! what exactions! —How shall the youth make his father comprehend, that he was cheated at Damascus by one of the best men in the world; —that he had lent a part of his substance to a friend at Nineveh, who had fled off with it to the Ganges;—that a whore of Babylon had swallowed his best pearl, and anointed the whole city with his balm of Gilead;—that he had been sold by a man of honour for twenty shekels of silver, to a worker in graven images;—that the images he had purchased had profited him nothing;—that they could not be transported across the wilderness, and had been burnt with fire at Shusan;—that the apes and peacocks, which he had sent for from Tharsis, lay dead upon his hands; and that the mummies had not been dead long enough, which had been brought

him out of Egypt:—that all had gone wrong since the day he forsook his father's house."

No one except Sterne could have imagined those romantic details of a spendthrift; or, had he done so, have put them into a sermon. But a greater surprise follows. Having brought the prodigal home and set the wine flowing, the man of the world proceeded to modernize the parable by offering "some reflections upon that fatal passion which led him,—and so many thousands after the example, *to gather all he had together, and take his journey into a far country*"—some observations, in short, upon the grand tour for which he himself was preparing. The desire for travelling on the Continent, the preacher held, was in no way bad, considered by itself. "Order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments."

But few or none, said Sterne, of the young Englishmen who swarm the capitals of Europe bring back any part of this cargo. If they go out alone, "without *carte*,—without compass"—they escape well if they return only as naked as when they left home. If you place your son in charge of a scholar to act as bear-leader, "the upshot will be generally . . . that the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him." You may choose for your son, not a scholar read in Greek and Latin, but a man "who knows the world, . . . who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the *tour of Europe, with success*,—that is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck." From such a guide, the young man "will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and the bargain himself.—Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an inch taller as he relates

the advantages.—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his use.”

Perhaps a fond father imagines that the stripling will be taken up everywhere he goes by distinguished natives of the country to whom he may carry letters of recommendation. Him Sterne would disillusion by observing that “company which is really good, is very rare—and very shy”; and as for letters to eminent men, they will obtain a courteous first reception but nothing more. “Conversation,” it should be understood, “is a traffick; and if you enter into it, without some stock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once. . . . There is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their visits.” Cut off from his intellectual superiors, “the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready, and ever lying in wait,—the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the Gospel.”

So ended, by a violent reversal to the parable, the strangest of all Yorick’s sermons, revised and redecorated just before his departure for Italy.

C H A P. XVII.

A Tour of Italy. October, 1765—May, 1766

WHEN the sermons came out, Sterne was in Rome, midway on the grand tour which has been immortalized in *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*. Considered as an actual record of the expedition, the famous book has, however, for the biographer very great perplexities, at first sight almost desperate, inasmuch as Yorick combined with the observations of this year characters and incidents of his first sojourn in France, and further mingled with both sets anecdotes heard and read by the way and elsewhere, as if they had really fallen within his own personal experience. Two distinct tours and some fiction were thus completely fused in one beautiful narrative. We may nevertheless eliminate much of the fiction and most of the first tour; and then, with the aid of various letters, retell the story of Sterne's last travels on the Continent. If the narrative, thus cut down and pieced out, loses much of its literary charm, there will emerge in its place a new biographical interest. Monsieur Dessein, La Fleur, and many names disguised under initials and stars will turn out to be real persons whom Sterne met and associated with on the journey, though no one should insist too far upon a literal interpretation of the incidents which fancy at times wove about them.*

Perhaps we should be reminded at the outset that the Yorick who made the tour of Italy was in all externals quite different from the Yorick whom we first saw as the rural parson cultivating his glebe and other lands. So careless and slovenly was he then in appearance as to attract the attention of boys when he came into York and shuffled through the streets. Referring to those days, he called himself "a lousy prebendary." Five years of London and Paris made out of him a Chesterfield. He

* In 1824 John Poole the dramatist went over the Sterne route from Calais to Paris, identifying Sterne's stopping-places and gathering up local traditions. See his two articles in the *London Magazine* for 1825, pp. 38-46 and 387-394.

grew scrupulous, though not extravagant, in dress; and no man of the age was more at ease in society—more courteous and more urbane. On his first coming to London, Reynolds painted him most fittingly in the clerical gown which he wore as Vicar of Sutton. In Carmontelle and Gainsborough he appeared in the costume of an aristocrat. And yet Yorick, possessing good taste, never assumed the fashionable colors of the period, but chose instead the equally fashionable complete black, with conspicuous white lace ruffles, neat and dignified, becoming a man of his age and profession as well as a man of the world. So, remembering what he once was, it is rather amusing to find Sterne writing to Foley from London on the seventh of October to request him to order from Madame Requieré, against his reaching Paris in seven days, “une peruke à bourse, au mieux—c'est-à-dire—une la plus extraordinaire—la plus jolie—la plus gentille,” for you know, he concluded, “j'ai l'honneur d'être grand critique—et bien difficile encore dans les affaires de peruques.”

Sure of his Parisian wig, Sterne next packed “half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches” in his portmanteau, and took a place in the Dover stage, if his plans did not go wrong, on the morning of October 9, 1765. The following day he embarked on the nine o'clock packet for Calais, and five or six hours later he was refreshing himself at his inn on fricasseed chicken and burgundy. The inn where he rested after the voyage was not the old Lyon d'Argent—or the Silver Lion, as the English called it—where his wife and daughter lodged a night, and whose master—Monsieur Grandsire—Sterne set down, after one experience with him, as “a Turk in grain”; it was the Hôtel d'Angleterre, recently established in “the principal street” of Calais by Monsieur Dessein. The host, it is said, had been a favorite waiter with the English passing through Calais, most likely at the Silver Lion, and assumed his peculiar name from a compliment of one of them, who remarked: “Il a du dessein, ce gaillard là.” This shrewd *garçon*, taking advantage of his master's unpopularity, opened a house of his own, to which most tourists, furious at Monsieur Grandsire's overcharges,* hastened to transfer their patronage.

* J. Wilkes to Humphrey Cotes, December 12, 1764: *Correspondence of Wilkes*, edited by J. Almon, II, 102-103 (London, 1805).

"No hotel in France," remarked Philip Thicknesse, the eccentric traveller, who spent a day there in 1767, "is equal to that from which I now write. Monsieur Dessein knows the *goût* of both nations and blends them with propriety; and he has the advantage of a palace as it were, to do it in."* Monsieur Dessein was rather odd in appearance—though Sterne scarcely noticed it,—as he had but one eye and wore a long wig with curls and tail, at a time when shorter wigs were the fashion. He was most civil and affable in bearing, though sharp in his charges and at a bargain. It was his custom to greet an innocent arrival from Dover with a bow and a side-look resembling the squint of a cock as he eyes a barley-corn, and then to ask Monsieur whether he had any English gold to exchange for French coin. These transactions were very profitable, for Monsieur Dessein knew how to make ten sous on every guinea.† But if he cheated his guests, it was done so pleasantly that they felt no resentment.

Burned out in 1770, Dessein built anew, adding a theatre, and fitted up a room in honor of his famous guest, hanging over the mantel a mezzotint of Reynolds's *Monsieur Sterne d'Yorick*, and painting on the outside of the door in large characters **STERNE'S CHAMBER**. There numberless Englishmen down to Thackeray slept, in the fancy that they were lying in the very place where Sterne once stretched his lean shanks. At the new inn Foote laid the scene of his *Trip to Calais*, containing a caricature of the master under the name of Monsieur Tromfort. There, too, stayed Frederic Reynolds, another dramatist, for a day or two in 1782, while the merry host was still alive; and asking him whether he remembered Monsieur Sterne, received the interesting reply: "Your countryman, Monsieur Sterne, von great, von vary great man, and he carry me vid him to posterity. He gain moche money by his Journey of Sentiment—mais moi—I—make more through de means of dat, then he, by all his ouvrages reunies—Ha, ha!" Then, as if in imitation of Sterne, he laid his forefinger on my breast, and said in a voice lowered almost to a whisper,

* Letter dated August 10, 1767: Thicknesse, *Useful Hints to those who make the Tour of France*, 278-281 (London, 1768).

† Thicknesse, *A Year's Journey through France and Spain*, I, 9-30 (London, 1778).

*‘Qu’en pensez vous?’** To say truth, the mere mention of Monsieur Dessein in the *Sentimental Journey* made him “one of the richest men in Calais.”

Sterne halted at Dessein’s for no more than two or three hours, but time enough to set going a series of sweet and pleasurable emotions in himself and others, which was his pre-meditated aim in this tour. No churches, no monuments, no art galleries were to be visited, or even looked at if it could be helped; at least, they were nowhere to intrude upon a pleasant commerce with men and women, with strangers as well as with old friends whom he might chance to meet on the way to Italy. “I conceive,” he said, in explaining the difference between his and all other journeys, “every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings, and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.” “ ‘Tis a quiet journey,” he concluded exquisitely, “of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which arise out of her, which make us love each other —and the world, better than we do.”

Sterne had not long to wait for his first emotional experience. Close by Dessein’s was a convent of Franciscan friars—monks Sterne called them—one of whom was accustomed to attend all visitors at the inn and to do the duties of the *quête* for his order. Mrs. Thrale saw him in 1775, while at Calais with her husband and Dr. Johnson; and subsequently, when she had become Mrs. Piozzi, introduced him into her *Journey through France* as Father Felix, who, after a career in the army, had retired in old age to the convent for quiet and study. On hearing the story of his varied life, Dr. Johnson declared “that so complete a character could scarcely be found in romance.” Sterne had drunk the last of his burgundy in a health to the King of France, and his arteries were all beating cheerily together under its influence, when Father Felix, or his earlier counterpart, entered and asked an alms for his convent. “It was one of those heads,” Sterne saw at a glance, “which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance

* *Life and Times of Frederic Reynolds, written by himself*, I, 179-181 (London, 1826).

looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world."

Advancing into the room three paces, the thin and aged friar "stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it." Notwithstanding the suppliant's persuasive words and attitude, Sterne denied the alms for the effect of the denial upon his own and the friar's heart, as seen or felt in the blood coursing through their cheeks; and then for the same reason he begged the friar's pardon, and exchanged snuff-boxes with him, while watching "the stream of good feeling" gush from the mendicant's eyes. Never before had Sterne known, he averred, how sweet was a gentle contention ending in mutual good will.

With Monsieur Dessein, Sterne then strolled out to his *remise*, or magazine of chaises, to purchase one for the tour of Italy. As they walked along, each bent upon overreaching the other in the bargain, Sterne eyed his host askance, thinking him one moment a Jew and then a Turk; but while he was silently "wishing him to the devil," he encountered a beautiful woman, Madam de L * * *, who had just come in from Brussels on her way to Paris; and at once all the base and ungentle passions gave place to pity for the distress which he read in her look and bearing. "It was a face of about six and twenty—of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder—it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it, which, in the frame of mind I was in, attached me much more to it—it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that state of its declension, which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss—but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines." The fresh train of emotions, as Sterne took the hand of the unhappy Fleming by the door of the *remise* or sat with her alone in one of Monsieur Dessein's chaises, was broken off by the arrival of the count, her brother. What name was borne by the senti-

mental stranger who crossed Sterne's path at Calais matters little, but the curious filled out the stars into the Marquise de Lamberti. In bidding her adieu, Yorick was suffered to kiss her gloved hand twice; whereupon his heart so melted within him that he no longer recked of being cheated by Monsieur Dessein. With no word of protest, he paid the Turk twelve guineas for an old chaise, and ordered post-horses directly.

That evening Sterne probably went on to Boulogne; and thence to Montreuil in the rain, where he lay the next night at the old Hôtel de la Cour de France, kept by Monsieur Varennes. At this inn Sterne was again attended by Janatone, *la belle fille de chambre*, whom he had seen knitting her stocking on his first journey. In the interval she had grown more coquettish under the flatteries of English travellers, Sterne thought, to her harm. Was it Janatone, one wonders, or her successor, whom Mrs. Piozzi found the only interesting object at Montreuil? The girl, still handsome, complained to Mrs. Piozzi of the behavior of the lady's *avant-courier*. “*Il parle sur le haut ton, mademoiselle,*” apologized Mrs. Piozzi, “*mais il a le cœur bon.*” “*Ouidà,*” retorted the smart *fille de chambre*, “*mais c'est le ton qui fait le chanson.*”*

On the road to Montreuil, Sterne came near losing his portmanteau, which fell off twice into the mud and took him out in the rain to tie it on. As a precaution against further mishaps, Monsieur Varennes advised him to take a valet, who would protect him against careless postillions, as well as shave him, dress his wig, and wait upon him at table. If the English gentleman wished such a servant, said the host, no one could suit him better than La Fleur, who was beloved by everybody in Montreuil. At that moment La Fleur, who had been standing at the door breathless with expectation, stepped into the room; and Sterne put him through an examination in the valet's art. La Fleur had been, he told his prospective master, a drummer-boy in the army; but finding that “the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no further track of glory,” he retired “*à ses terres*”; that is, with the varnish off, he had deserted and fled to Montreuil in disguise,

* Hester Lynch Piozzi, *Observations and Reflections made in the Course of a Journey through France, Italy, and Germany* (London, 1779). For Calais and Montreuil, see I, 1-9.

where he was living as best he could, by performing small services for guests at the Hôtel de France. "He could make spatterdashes," it was brought out in the enquiry, "and play a little upon the fiddle"; while the host put in a word to say that the lad was trustworthy and even-tempered,—if he had a fault, it was that he was always in love with one girl or another. No further recommendation was necessary to the sentimental traveller, who immediately engaged La Fleur for the whole tour of Italy.

"He was," said Sterne in remembrance, "a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper—it supplied all defects—I had a constant resource in his looks, in all difficulties and distresses of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether it was hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the same."

That evening, as Sterne ate his supper, with his own valet behind his chair, he felt as happy as a monarch in his good fortune. The next morning La Fleur was placed in command of all details of the journey. He ordered his master's chaise, horses, and postillion to the door; and standing in his great jack-boots before the inn, took a tender leave of half a dozen girls, for all of whom he promised to bring pardons from Rome. Sterne passed out to his chaise through a long line of urbane beggars, among whom he distributed sous in return for their blessings; the postillion cracked his whip; La Fleur mounted a bidet and shot forward as avant-courier. Nothing happened until they were approaching Nampont, where La Fleur's horse shied at a dead ass in the road, cast his rider, and scampered back home. Whereupon Sterne took his valet into the chaise along with him, and they jogged on to Amiens for the night. There they overtook Madame de L * * * and her brother, who put up, however, at another inn. It may be that the lady, as says the *Sentimental Journey*, sent over to Sterne

a letter of introduction to her friend Madame de R * * * of Paris,* and that he, perplexed in his French, repaid the courtesy by adapting one of La Fleur's old love letters to a suitable reply. In two days more, over which hangs silence, Sterne was again in Paris.

If the *Sentimental Journey* points true, Sterne took lodgings at the Hôtel de Modène, number 14 Rue Jacob,† then a pretty street, in the Faubourg St. Germain, with houses, as the imagination may still restore them, set back from the street and built around courts. On the second floor was his room, furnished with bureau and writing-table, and having bed and windows bright with crimson curtains. This dainty apartment Sterne chose for a scene with Madame de R * * *'s "fair *fille de chambre*," who came with an enquiry from her mistress; and for another scene with the grisette who sold him "a pair of ruffles" from her box of laces. It was there, too, that La Fleur appeared on a Sunday morning, dressed, to the surprise of his master, in a scarlet livery, which he had purchased at a second-hand shop in the Rue de la Vieille Friperie for four louis d'or, the first instalment of his wages; and there Sterne sat the rest of the day translating a story for the *Sentimental Journey* out of the crabbed French of Rabelais's time. In a long passage below, opening upon the courtyard, hung the cage of an imprisoned starling, taught to cry with the plaintive voice of a child: "I can't get out—I can't get out." Hearing the sad notes one day as he was going downstairs, Sterne returned directly to his room, he says, and leaning his head over the little table, imagined and wrote out the sketch of the "pale and feverish" captive wasting away in a dungeon of the Bastille.

The day after his arrival, if we may still go on with the *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne procured his wig and dressed himself to call upon Madam de R * * *, to whom he bore a letter from the brown lady he had exchanged gentle courtesies with at Calais. It was but a short walk to her *hôtel* round the corner in the handsome Rue des Saints Pères. But the day was so far advanced before the barber and La Fleur had done with him, that he changed his mind and decided to visit the Comédie

* Probably Madame de Rambouillet.

† *Notes and Queries*, seventh series, IX, 366.

Italienne, popularly called the Opéra Comique, across the river in the Rue Mauconseil. The old quarter of the city where stood his hotel, was then, as it is now, a network of streets so very perplexing that it was necessary for him to enquire his way. Strolling along the Rue Jacob and its continuation in the Rue du Colombier, "in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption," he saw, as he was about to pass the door of a glove-shop, a grisette of uncommon beauty, sitting in the rear and making a pair of ruffles. He stepped in and purchased two pairs of gloves. During the transaction, his fingers fell upon the grisette's wrist, that he might feel the pulse of one of the fairest and best-tempered beings that he had ever met with in his sentimental wanderings.

"I had counted twenty pulsations," as Sterne relates the adventure, "and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpected from a back parlour into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning.—'Twas nobody but her husband, she said—so I began a fresh score—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse—The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said, I did him too much honour—and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out."

Poor Yorick was utterly overcome by the grisette's quick black eyes, which shot through long and silken eyelashes into his very heart and reins. He nevertheless went on, under the guidance of a lad from the glove-shop, to the Pont-Neuf, whence the route was clear to the Rue Mauconseil. At the play, his heart was disturbed by the selfishness of a "tall corpulent German near seven feet high," standing in the parterre, who persisted in keeping in front of a dwarf, and so shutting off for the little fellow all view of the stage. Sterne's plaudits were not for the actors, but for a sentinel who thrust the German back with his musket and placed the dwarf before him. "This is noble," exclaimed Sterne to a French officer in the same box with him, and clapped his hands together. After the play, he stopped a few minutes in the "long dark passage issuing out from the Opéra Comique into a narrow street," to watch the behavior of two tall and lean ladies, who, while waiting for their carriage, were wheedled out of two twelve-

sous pieces by a beggar proficient in the art of that flattery which rules the world. On the way back to his hotel, he lost his way again, as well he might, after crossing the Pont-Neuf and reaching the Quai de Conti; but by chance he met Madame R * * *'s *fille de chambre*, who walked along with him to the Rue de Guénégaud, and bidding him adieu there, directed him to the Hôtel de Modène, where La Fleur was waiting to put his master to bed.

These incidents, related baldly without the author's embellishments, seem very trivial indeed; but they show Sterne clearly in lights which have hitherto only partially shone upon him. Human nature among all classes intensely interested him. He was as eager to learn what was going on in the heart and head of a grisette who kept her husband's shop, or of a dwarf in distress at the theatre, or tumbling into a gutter, as he was to divine the brilliant men and women who frequented the salons. If we could know, we should probably find that the evening at the Opéra Comique was but typical of many walks alone through the streets of Paris in quest of fresh emotions. But except in so far as we have cautiously employed it, the *Sentimental Journey* cannot be trusted as a guide for Sterne in Paris at this time. French gentlemen with whom he had previously associated and whom he brings upon the scene in his narrative, were mostly away on their estates in the country. The Court was still at Fontainebleau; and Hume, as *chargé d'affaires*, was there too. With the Court were likely also the Duc de Choiseul and the Comte de Bissy, whom Sterne represents himself as going out to see at Versailles. All this part of the *Sentimental Journey* was based upon Sterne's first reception in Paris three years before; while the hint of an excursion to Rennes to witness the Marquis d'E * * * reclaim his sword before the assembled states of Brittany, is pure fiction. It was a touching story which Sterne heard or read of somewhere, and related because it fitted into his emotional scheme. Paris was this year only his stopping-place for not above ten days on the route to Italy. Arrangements had to be made with his bankers for remittances and for sending on his letters from home. In these transactions Foley, who was likely out of town, gave place to Panchaud, the other member of the firm, for

whom and his unmarried sister Sterne expressed great esteem. By good luck Diderot and Baron d'Holbach were close by at Grandval, if not in the city; and they received Sterne into the old intimacy.

Amid the dearth of fashionable society, Sterne found amusement not only in sentimental pilgrimages among the tradespeople, but in the English colony which was beginning to gather for the winter. Wilkes, who had varied his exile by a visit to Italy, had just returned to Paris and settled near Sterne at the Hôtel de Saxe in the Rue du Colombier. With him or not far away was Foote the comedian, who was in Paris for rest and recreation. The trio fell in with another set of Englishmen, who hovered around John Craufurd of Errol, "one of the gayest young gentlemen," wrote a cadet in his service, "and the greatest gambler that ever belonged to Scotland." The remark ought not to be taken as in the least derogatory to Mr. Craufurd's character, as the world went in those days; for he was one of the best known young men in London and Parisian society. The season over at home, it was Craufurd's custom to make a circular tour abroad which should include Paris, where the blind and brilliant Madame du Deffand took him under her protection. He put up usually at the expensive Hôtel de Parc Royal, and had his dinners served from the still more expensive Hôtel de Bourbon. As befitted a young spark of wealth and leisure, he drove about Paris in a French chariot, with a French coachman and a French footman. In his company were the young Earl of Upper Ossory, a man of finer grain, and Lord William Gordon, second son of the third Duke of Gordon. Horace Walpole was also in Paris, living, say his letters, most of the time —when not with Madame du Deffand, or nursing the gout in his lodgings—with Craufurd and Lord Ossory, the latter of whom he classed among "the most amiable" men he had ever known—"modest, manly, very sensible, and well bred."

Sterne must have known Craufurd beforehand, for he wrote of him as "my friend"; and he now made the acquaintance of the rest in the group. Walpole, who had hitherto kept out of Sterne's way, was at length trapped into his company, either at Baron d'Holbach's or Craufurd's table, whence good

breeding would not let him escape. Wilkes and Foote were present on the occasion. "You will think it odd," Walpole wrote to Thomas Brand, on October 19, 1765, "that I should want to laugh, when Wilkes, Sterne, and Foote are here; but the first does not make me laugh, the second never could, and for the third, I choose to pay five shillings when I have a mind he should divert me."

Either then or at another time Craufurd related to the company the following strange adventure, which Sterne reworked for "The Case of Delicacy" at the close of the *Sentimental Journey*:

On the way between Verviers and Aix-la-Chapelle, the young man once stopped at a crowded inn and engaged the only room left for the night. It was a large room with a closet containing another but smaller bed. Half an hour later, a Flemish lady, called Madame Blond in the story, arrived with her maid in a chaise, and asked for a night's lodging, with some perturbation of spirit when she saw that the inn was full. The landlady could not possibly accommodate her; but Madame Blond persisted in having a bed, saying that she would make any shift for one night. So it was finally arranged that she might take the closet of the English gentleman's apartment, if he would agree to it. Thereupon Madame Blond, sending her compliments in advance, came upstairs, and asked Mr. Craufurd, "with all the politeness in the world," if she might sit with him through the evening. With equal civility he made her welcome, and invited her to a game of cards while supper was preparing. When the evening had worn on to an end, Mr. Craufurd politely said: "If you like, Madame Blond, you may have the bed, as it will hold yourself and maid, and I will sleep in the closet." "By no means," replied the Flemish lady; "I am extremely obliged to you for the privilege of the little bed." "Come, madame," then rejoined Mr. Craufurd, "we will play at cards for the large bed." They accordingly played for it, and the lady lost. Madame Blond bade the English gentleman good-night, retired to her closet, and, as she did so, gave strict orders to her maid to bolt the door, though why was not quite clear to Mr. Craufurd, since the bolt was on the outside in his own room. The next

morning Madame Blond went on to Spa, and Mr. Craufurd to Aix-la-Chapelle.*

Near the twenty-fourth of October, Sterne left Paris, taking La Fleur in his smart livery along with him, and pursued his way southwards to Lyons—a week's journey by the long route which he chose through “the Bourbnois, the sweetest part of France.” It was “the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up—a journey through each step of which Music beats time to *Labour*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters.” Amid “the joyous riot” of his affections, which flew out and kindled at every new scene, he was sobered, according to the *Sentimental Journey*, by the sight of a distracted peasant girl sitting by the roadside as his chaise drew near Moulins, the ancient seat of the Bourbons. Doubtless the account of the poor girl cannot be accepted precisely as Sterne rendered it; but it is quite certain that behind the adventure lay some emotional hint. Sterne related the story twice over, and a version subsequently got into current anecdotes, with the claim that it was derived from La Fleur. “When we came up to her,” says the valet's version, “she was grovelling in the Road like an infant, and throwing the Dust upon her head—and yet few were more lovely! Upon Sterne's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself and resumed some composure—told him her tale of misery and wept upon his breast—my master sobbed aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the service to the Virgin; my poor master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the Cottage where she lived.”

If the narrative purporting to come from La Fleur cannot be proved authentic, it is at least a very good guess at what really occurred by the dusty roadside. Sterne himself, be it noted, really said no more than was attributed to his valet, nor quite so much as that, when he first told the story for the ninth volume of *Shandy*, though incident and emotion were graded by the most perfect art to a humorous conclusion:

* John Macdonald, a cadet of the family of Keppoch, *Travels in Various Parts of Europe, Asia and Africa* (London, 1790). The anecdote, preceded by an account of Craufurd, is given on pages 138-140.

“—They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly —’Tis *Maria*; said the postillion, observing I was listening —Poor *Maria*, continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her. . . . It is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did *Maria* deserve, than to have her Banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.—He was going on, when *Maria*, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again —they were the same notes; —yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man —but who has taught her to play it——or how she came by her pipe, no one knows.

“We had got up by this time almost to the bank where *Maria* was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silken net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her—God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said in the several parish churches and convents around, for her,—but without effect. . . . As the postillion spoke this, MARIA made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.—MARIA look’d wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately—Well, *Maria*, said I softly—What resemblance do you find?”

A night at “an excellent inn,” and Sterne went on into the mountains of Lyonnais. As he was ascending Mount Tarare in the evening, the thill-horse lost two shoes, making it necessary, since the postillion had no nails, to stop at a little farmhouse for repairs. On entering the house, Sterne found a gray-haired peasant and his wife, with grown-up sons and daughters and a numerous progeny out of them, “all sitting down together to their lentil-soup; a large wheaten loaf was

in the middle of the table; and a flaggon of wine at each end of it, promised joy through the stages of the repast.” The peasant, rising up and stepping towards the stranger, cordially invited him to join in the evening meal. “I sat down at once,” says Sterne, who was as much at home with a French peasant as with Baron d’Holbach, “like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man’s knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon.” When supper was over, the sons and daughters of labor all ran out on a little esplanade in front of the house; and the peasant and his wife followed with their guest, who sat down between them “upon a sopha of turf by the door.” The old man touched his *vieille*, and all the children and grandchildren fell into the evening dance.

After watching the scene through a few dances, Sterne pushed on to Tarare, a little town among the mountains, where he engaged a voiturin with a couple of mules to conduct him in his own chaise down the descent to Lyons and on through Savoy. At Lyons he spent a joyous week, “dining and supping every day at the commandant’s,” in company with ten or twelve other Englishmen who were accorded similar hospitality. Of them was a certain “Lord F. W.,” and Horne Tooke, the pugnacious parson who was about to turn political agitator in favor of Wilkes. Mr. Horne, as he was then called, was a young man under thirty who had not yet discovered his true vocation. Some years before, he had “suffered,” he told Wilkes, “the infectious hand of a bishop to be waved over” him, but he “was not ordained a hypocrite,” and would go his own way. On coming over to France as bear-leader to the son of a Mr. Taylor of Brentford, he discarded his clerical dress, and flaunted through Paris in scarlet and silver, alternating with blue and silver. There were indeed no less than five variegated suits in his wardrobe. After visiting Wilkes and offering him his services, he started on the grand tour a day or two before Sterne arrived in Paris. Although Sterne found him an agreeable companion enough at Lyons, he was clearly bored by his eulogies of the champion of British liberty. “Is there any cause of coldness,” Horne enquired in a letter to Wilkes, “between you and Sterne? He speaks very handsomely of you, when it is absolutely necessary to speak at all; but not with that

warmth and enthusiasm, that I expect from every one that knows you.”* When the two men parted, Horne for Montpellier and Sterne for Italy, it was agreed that they should meet at Siena in the summer.

Sterne’s route lay through the mountain passes of Savoy over Mont Cenis to Turin. A day’s journey brought him to Pont-de-Beauvoisin, a small town almost surrounded by two branches of the Guiers-Vif, which takes its rise in the Alps. At this place Sterne was held prisoner for two or three days by the terrible autumn rains, which poured down upon him and his fellow travellers, as if heaven and earth were coming together. The petty rivulets swelled with the rains and the melting snow until they became impassable; and Sterne, hemmed in on all sides, could neither return to Lyons nor advance into the mountains. Setting forward at length on the eighth of November, with voiturin and mules, he was a full week in traversing Savoy, along precipices, up and down narrow valleys by the side of mountain torrents and cataracts, “which roll down great stones” from the summits. One evening, as he was hastening through a pouring rain from St. Michel to Modane, his mules came to a sudden halt before a huge fragment of rock which had fallen across the road. All day long the peasants had been trying to remove it; and for two hours more they labored on into the “wet and tempestuous night,” while Sterne sat in his chaise, watching them through the window amid the flare of torches. When a narrow passage was finally cleared for him, it was too late to reach Modane, and so he stopped at a wayside inn, where he placed, in closing the *Sentimental Journey*, the delicate adventure with the Piedmontese lady and the maid of Lyonnais. To Sterne, who had none of the poet Gray’s passion for the sublime, it had all been a perilous tour of “sudden turns and dangers”—“difficulties of getting up,” and “horrors of getting down”—through a province where nature lay in wild disorder, with little to give, except a sheltered habitation, to a “poor, patient, quiet, honest, people.”

On the evening of November 14 Sterne entered Turin, the first Italian city he ever saw, through a *corso* of over-arching

* Alexander Stephens, *Memoirs of John Horne Tooke*, II, 76-77 (London, 1813).

trees, ten miles in length and as straight as a line, leading to the spacious Piazza Castello, where stands the old royal palace, and near which Smollett a few months before had taken up his quarters. Sterne's agreeable emotions on entering a city of wide and regular avenues, like the Via di Po, flanked with colonnades against the sun, may perhaps be inferred from his remark about old Paris, whose streets, he said, were so narrow that a man could never tell on which side he was walking. It was his first intention to make Turin only a stopping-place on the way to Milan; but continual rains, which had laid the intervening country under water, rendered it impossible for him to proceed for a fortnight. It was "a joyous fortnight." Within twenty-four hours after his arrival he received invitations to "a dozen houses"; the following day he was presented to the King of Sardinia; and when that ceremony was over, he had his "hands full of engagements."

Only two other Englishmen were then in Turin—"Mr. Ogilby," who permitted Sterne to take down his name for five sets of the *Sentimental Journey* on imperial paper, and the young Sir James Macdonald of Skye, over whose death the Western Isles were soon to lament, as the Marcellus upon whom they had rested their hopes. Nothing else lets us into the charm of Sterne's personality quite so well as the ease with which he attached himself to young men, who choose their companions by a subtle instinct, which they never stop to explain, and could not explain if they tried. Between Sterne and Macdonald it was attraction at first sight. The young baronet, only twenty-four years old, united the best traditions of Eton and Oxford for scholarship with uncommonly fine manners, large talents for business, and "the patriarchal spirit," says Boswell, "of a great Highland chieftain." After sharing in "all kinds of honours" at Turin, the two men bade their friends adieu with regret, and started on November 28 for the south by a long detour, which included many of the towns of northern Italy. Macdonald was longing to see Rome; and Sterne, whose health again showed signs of breaking, thought it best to winter in Naples. Writing to Panchaud on business when they reached Florence, Sterne incidentally gave his delightful itinerary up to that point. "I have been a month," he said, "passing the plains of Lombardie—stopping in my way

at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna—with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and have been three days in crossing a part of the Apenines cover'd with thick snow —sad transition!"

At Milan Sterne was received by Count Firmian, the Austrian minister, at whose house he met Gian Carlo Passeroni, a gay priest, whom literature kept poor. In one of their conversations Passeroni understood Sterne to say that he took the design of *Tristram Shandy* from his *Il Cicerone*, a long facetious poem (the first part of which had appeared in 1755) unmasking the vices and follies of ancient Rome. The two ecclesiastics, of the same age, were indeed somewhat alike in style and temper. Both were whimsical and desultory. Still, I daresay, Sterne had never heard of Passeroni until he saw him. And so, if Yorick really made the remark attributed to him ("Mi chiamava suo duce e precettore"), it must have been due to excessive courtesy. On one occasion Sterne also met Alessandro Verri, a much younger man of letters, who was destined to become known beyond his own country for his vivid pictures of Roman life in the time of the Scipios. Sterne told Verri later that he intended to relate, without much attention to fact, his adventures in Milan (where he was evidently having a good time) for his *Viaggio Sentimentale d'Italia*. One of these adventures, it is well known, was actually tucked away in the *Sentimental Journey*.*

"I was going," as Sterne elaborated the story there, out of its place, "one evening to Martini's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when the Marquisina di F * * * was coming out in a sort of a hurry—she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too: so we ran our heads together: she instantly got to the other side to get out: I was just as fortunate as she had been; for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again—We both flew together to the other side, and then back—and so on—it was ridiculous; we both blush'd intolerably; so I did at last the thing I should have done at first—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much repara-

* Giovanni Rabizzani, *Sterne in Italia*, 29-37 (Roma, 1920).

tion as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage—She look'd back twice. . . . I ran and begg'd pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. . . . I begg'd to hand her to her coach—so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure—Upon my word, Madame, said I, when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out—And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter—I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, said I—With all my heart, said she, making room—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it—so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me home with her—And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I. . . . The connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honour to make in Italy.”

The woman of this sentimental encounter was none other than the beautiful and cultivated Marchesa Fagniani, who became the friend of George Selwyn and the mother of Maria Fagniani, wife of the third Marquis of Hertford.

Sterne allowed only three days for Florence, or just time enough to exchange civilities with Sir Horace Mann, the English envoy to the Court of Tuscany. Since 1760 Mann had been reading the successive instalments of *Tristram Shandy*, which diverted him extremely, though he thought there was some “humbugging” in the style; at least men did not talk and write that way when he was last in England.* Macdonald was also known to Mann through letters from their mutual friend, Horace Walpole, who described him as “a very extraordinary young man for variety and learning, . . . rather too wise for his age, and too fond of showing it,” but likely to “choose to know less” after seeing more of the world.† Sterne and Macdonald were dined at the envoy's with two young men of rank, whom they perhaps knew beforehand. One was Earl Cowper, subsequently created a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, who was held bound to Florence by a sentimental

* D. Doran, *Mann and Manners*, II, 71 (London, 1876).

† For Walpole on Macdonald, see especially *Letters*, edited by Toynbee, VI, 305-306, 313, 418, 423.

passion for a Tuscan lady; and the other was the Duke of Portland, the future Prime Minister.

Tom Patch, the English engraver, was in Florence also as Mann's friend. In burlesque of the Invocation to Death in *Tristram Shandy*, Patch drew Sterne face to face with Death the skeleton extending towards him an hour glass with the sand all run down. The grim humor of the drawing lies in Sterne's startled looks and Death's reluctance to accept a curt dismissal. The "careless indifference" with which Sterne confronted Death in his book gives way here to surprise and fear.

Before leaving Florence, Sterne of course visited the Duomo, Santa Croce, and the Uffizi Gallery with his friends; and yet the only positive evidence pointing that way is his banter of Smollett in the *Sentimental Journey* for seeing "no beauty in the features" of the Venus of Medici, and for thinking the attitude "awkward and out of character."

As the travellers drew near Rome, Sterne became impatient for the morning when he might "tread the Vatican and be introduced to all the saints of the Pantheon." Two weeks were set aside for sight-seeing in the imperial city. There are vague traditions that Sterne was several times received by the Pope, and introduced to the noble families of Doria and Santa Croce. Though all details of his reception are lacking, it is safe to say that Sterne could not have stayed in Rome a fortnight or more without his presence being widely known, nor have forgone the humorous delight of an audience with the head of the Church he had so abused in his sermons. The intimation in the *Sentimental Journey* that he encountered Smollett in "the grand portico of the Pantheon," and overheard the satirist say, as he was leaving, that it was "nothing but a huge cockpit," cannot be accepted literally; for Smollett was then in England. If the two antipathies ever met face to face, it was two years before at Montpellier.

At Rome Sterne and Macdonald overtook "a young gentleman of fortune" named Errington, a friend of three years' standing, with whom they journeyed south to Naples, just in time to witness a fresh outburst of Vesuvius.* By the middle of January they were all established together in the same house, said to have been the Casa di Mansel; and near them

* *St. James's Chronicle*, February 22-25, 1766.

were scattered a score of their countrymen, among whom was "Mr. Symonds, a person of learning and character," who may be identified with John Symonds, Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in succession to Gray. Sarah Tuting was in Naples also. Sterne and his company had their own pastimes—sight-seeing, games, and conversation over news from home as it came in letters and in the *London Chronicle*—and invitations out with the most fashionable Neapolitan society. "Many civilities and attentions" were shown them by Sir William Hamilton, then the British envoy at the Court of Naples. "We have a jolly carnival of it," Sterne wrote to Hall-Stevenson in February, "nothing but operas—punchinelloes—festinos and masquerades—We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dressing out for one this night at the Princess Francavivalla [Francavilla], which is to be superb.—The English dine with her (exclusive) and so much for small chat—except that I saw a little comedy acted last week with more expression and spirit, and true character, than I shall see one hastily again."

Neapolitan gaiety under a mild sun agreed perfectly with Sterne's constitution. "I find myself infinitely better than I was," he wrote to his daughter Lydia, after three weeks at Naples, "and hope to have added at least ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a stranger to." Thus improving, even "growing fat, sleek, and well liking," Sterne stayed on into March; and then posted back to Rome with Macdonald, Errington, and Symonds, in time for the novel and impressive ceremonies of Holy Week. Of his journey he wrote amusingly to Sir William Hamilton on the seventeenth of March, two days after reaching Rome:

"My friend [probably Errington] and self had a voyage of it by Mount Cassino, full of cross accidents; but all was remedied along the road by sporting and laughter—We dined and supped and lay at the Monastery of Cassino where we were received and treated like Sovereign Princes—and on Saturday by eleven o'clock in the morning got here without bodily hurt except that a Dromedary of a beast fell upon me in full Gallop, and by rolling over me crushed me as flat as a Pankake—but I am growing round again."

While in Rome Sterne sat to Nollekens for a portrait bust

in terra-cotta, which deservedly brought the sculptor "into great notice." The face, as one views it in profile, has none of the pinched Voltairean features of the Carmontelle portrait; it is large and full, indicative of renewed strength and vigor. "With this performance," says the sculptor's biographer, "Nollekens continued to be pleased even to his second childhood, and often mentioned a picture which Dance had made of him leaning upon Sterne's head."*

After Easter, Sterne's little company of travellers broke up. The first to leave was Symonds, who was going home through France. At his departure, Sterne gave him a note of introduction, as yet unpublished, to "Dr. Jemm† of Paris," which is most interesting as Sterne's last word on the benefit and pleasure he had received from his sojourn in Italy. "I am much recover'd," he wrote on Easter Sunday, "by the Neapolitan Air — I have been here in my return three Weeks, seeing over again what I saw first in my way to Naples. . . . We have pass'd a jolly laughing winter of it—and having changed the Scene for Rome; we are passing as merry a Spring as hearts could wish. I wish my friends no better fortune in this world, than to go at this rate—*hæc est Vita dissolutorum.*"

It was then Sterne's design to travel leisurely homewards through Germany, as companion to Errington. They were to start "in a few days" for Venice, where Sterne expected to meet "many worthy men" whom he esteemed, and proceed thence to Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, and Spa, and so on to England, either through Holland or by a loop which should give them a week or two in Paris. With this in mind while at Naples, Sterne requested Panchaud to draw him a small letter of credit upon Mr. Watson, his correspondent at Venice, and to forward all his letters thither by Ascension week in care of the banker. Hall-Stevenson was also commissioned to obtain for him a letter of recommendation from Pitt or Lord Hertford to Lord Stormont, the English Ambassador at Vienna, "importing that I am not fallen from the clouds." At other

* J. T. Smith, *Nollekens and his Times*, edited by Gosse, 34 (London, 1895).

† Probably Dr. Richard Gem, then physician to the British Embassy at Paris. For an interesting account of Dr. Gem, see W. P. Courtney in *Notes and Queries*, eleventh series, II, 121-123 (August 13, 1910).

times, opportunities of leading young men about Europe had come to Sterne, but he had let them all pass, expressing, as he did so, either a dislike of the gentleman in question or of a mode of travel which commonly made the tutor subservient to the whims of a mere boy. In this instance, however, the prospects were good for an enjoyable tour, which would cost him nothing beyond a little pocket money “in case of sickness and accidents.” “As I know him,” he wrote of Errington to Hall-Stevenson, “to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it answer both his views and mine —at least I am persuaded we shall return home together, as we set out, with friendship and goodwill.”

But for some reason Sterne changed his plans at the last moment, and decided to go home directly, either over the old route through Piedmont and Savoy, or more likely—after re-visiting Siena and Florence—by boat from Leghorn to Marseilles, and thence to Paris and Calais. Was there a quarrel or a misunderstanding, such as Sterne had often seen, and feared for himself in these relationships? It may have been so. And yet what drew Sterne away from Errington into France was really, I think, a desire to visit his wife and daughter, and to persuade them to return with him to Coxwold. Such at least is the tenor of a letter to Lydia. He felt some anxiety, too, for their health. Mrs. Sterne was still troubled with rheumatism; and both herself and Lydia were trying to rid themselves of an ague which they had contracted at Tours during the winter.

Be the reason what it may, Sterne and Errington separated towards the end of April, leaving Macdonald behind them ill at Rome. The young Scot had been in miserable health all winter. While at Naples he came down with a malarial fever which assumed the deceitful complexion of rheumatism; but when spring approached he seemed to be recovering. Then came a relapse in Easter week at Rome. No one, however, felt any uneasiness as to the ultimate issue. His stomach, his physician told Macdonald, would soon regain its tone, and the palpitation of which he complained “must cease in time.” But the palpitation ceased only with the beating of his heart on the twenty-sixth of July. To his memory his mother, Lady Margaret Macdonald, daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, erected a monument in the parish church of Sleat on the Isle of Skye,

for which his friend George, Lord Lyttelton, wrote a long inscription, saying that at his death in Rome "such extraordinary honours were paid to his memory as had never graced that of any other British subject since the death of Sir Philip Sidney." Anyone who doubts the appropriateness of the comparison has only to read Macdonald's letters to his mother from Rome during his illness. "There is no circumstance of danger and pain," he wrote the night before his death, "of which I have not had the experience." But he kept his condition from his mother until the last moment, supporting his painful illness "with admirable patience and fortitude." "Never was a parent more to be pitied," was the comment of Mrs. Montagu, when she heard that Sir James Macdonald was dying at Rome. "His country will lose its first ornament and his little Island relapse into barbarism and poverty from whence he was raising it."*

Near the first of May, Sterne entered France, ready to pay his respects to his wife; but he was uncertain where to look for her; for she had long since left Tours on a ramble with Lydia whither caprice might lead her. It was "a wild-goose chace" for the husband through "five or six different towns," until he discovered a trail which took him through Dijon, far off his route, into the old province of Franche Comté or Upper Burgundy. "Poor woman!" he wrote to Hall-Stevenson after he had found her, "she was very cordial, &c. and begs to stay another year or so——my Lydia pleases me much——I found her greatly improved in everything I wish'd her——I am most unaccountably well, and most unaccountably non-sensical——'tis at least a proof of good spirits, which is a sign and token given me in these latter days that I must take up again the pen——In faith I think I shall die with it in my hand, but I shall live these ten years, my Antony, notwithstanding the fears of my wife, whom I left most melancholy on that account."

* On Macdonald see especially Boswell's "Journal of a Tour of the Hebrides" in *Life of Samuel Johnson*, edited by P. Fitzgerald, III, 297-299 (London, 1874). For his relations with Mrs. Montagu, see R. Blunt, *Mrs. Montagu, passim*. Though more than twenty years his senior, the Bluestocking was in love with Macdonald. The young Scot had heard of *Tristram Shandy*, but it is quite clear that he had never read the book, nor seen Sterne until they met in Turin.

Retracing his steps towards Dijon, he turned out of his road to "a delicious Chateau of the Countess of M——," an old Parisian friend, doubtless, who was at her country-seat with a house full of guests. There Sterne rested for a week, "patriarching it . . . with her ladyship and half a dozen of very handsome and agreeable ladies." It was "a delicious part of the world," and "most celestial weather," so that they could "lie all day, without damps, on the grass"; and twice a day conversation was "inspired . . . with the best Burgundy that grows upon the mountains." From this charming retreat, which reads like a scene out of Boccaccio, Sterne broke away on the twenty-sixth of May; and, to make up for lost time, posted night and day to Paris, "where"—he informed Hall-Stevenson—"I shall arrive in two days, and just wind myself up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais—so I hope to sup with you the king's birth day, according to a plan of sixteen days standing."

If Sterne kept the covenant to celebrate his Majesty's birthday with Hall-Stevenson, who was then in London, he had only three days for winding himself up in Paris. In passing through the city, he fell in with the Abbé Galiani, the Neapolitan envoy to France, a savant and wit near the first rank. Their conversation, which likely occurred over the dessert at Baron d'Holbach's, turned to Sterne's sojourn in Italy. Galiani, who looked upon the sentimental humorist as rather a bore, nevertheless set down one *bon mot* to his credit. Years afterwards, when recalled by the King of Naples, he wrote to Madame d'Epinay, saying, "The only good thing which that tiresome Monsieur Sterne ever uttered was his remark to me one day that it was far better to die in Paris than to live in Naples."* The influence of his Italian journey thus fading into the background, Sterne hastened home to catch the end of the London season. His valet, retaining the pretty name of La Fleur, which Sterne had given to him out of current French comedy, is said to have married one of the girls of Montreuil for whom he was to bring a pardon from Rome, and to have opened a public house in Calais for English sailors

* *Lettres de l'Abbé Galiani à Madame d'Epinay*, II, 137 (Paris, 1881). For the meeting between Galiani and Sterne see *Mémoires de l'Abbé Morellet*, I, 128 (Paris, 1821).

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navigating packet boats across the Channel. Ill luck attended the enterprise after the outbreak of war between France and England, and La Fleur took up his career as valet again. The story may be mere fiction, and yet it seems probable enough to be true.*

* An account of La Fleur and of Sterne's journey from the valet's point of view appeared in the *European Magazine* in a long article running through September, October, and November, 1790. Parts of the narrative were reprinted by William Davis in his *Olio*, 25-32 (London, 1814). The story, although purporting to have come from the lips of La Fleur himself, is quite untrustworthy as a whole; but it has behind it a real La Fleur and vague traditions.

C H A P. XVIII.

The Last Volume of Tristram Shandy
June, 1766—March, 1767

MIDSUMMER saw Sterne once more in the “peaceful retreat” of his parish, meditating the maxim that “man’s happiness depends upon himself,” irrespective of where he may be, whether at Naples or at Coxwold. But with the best disposition in the world to be consoled by the shreds of philosophy, the moralist was ill at ease, moody, and inclined to keep close within his shell. This year we read of no visits to Skelton, Scarborough, or Harrogate, except as temptations of the devil to be resisted. Even invitations to Newburgh Priory, less than two miles away, were accepted only because they could not be avoided, and with the complaint that these courtesies of his patron oppressed him to death. His visitations of Alne and Tollerton also, which he usually made in person when in Yorkshire, were performed this summer by his surrogate. And so nearly everything known about Sterne until he went up to London at Christmas points to the seclusion of Shandy Hall.

The reasons for his depressed spirits are quite obvious. Hemorrhages, from which he seems to have been free while abroad, set in again, and increased through the autumn until he had three in one month. Another source of trouble lay in his finances. If the cost of his sojourn in Italy had been lightened by the generosity of Errington and Macdonald, the gain thereby had been many times offset by the expenses of Mrs. Sterne, for whose mode of life the old allowance of two hundred guineas a year was proving inadequate. She was spending nearly double the sum. To balance his account to date, he directed Panchaud to draw upon Becket for a hundred and sixty pounds, that the banker’s books might be clear for fresh credit—for fifty pounds, for thirty pounds, etc., just as Mrs. Sterne might need these sums. Sterne, perplexed though he was at his wife’s extravagances, uttered no word of complaint. “You may rely,” he wrote to Panchaud, “in case it ever happens that she should draw for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary,

that it and every demand shall be punctually paid—and with proper thanks; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to stand security.” Mrs. Sterne’s large expenditures, it is but just to add, were partly occasioned by ill health, which drove her from place to place, in hope of improvement by change of climate. One letter after another arrived at Shandy Hall from Lydia, describing her mother’s alarming symptoms, and so wrought upon Sterne that he imagined his wife was “going the way of us all.” She was so ill that at one time he began to make preparations to start for the south of France, in order to administer spiritual comfort in the last stages of the melancholy scene. But the journey proved to be unnecessary, for Mrs. Sterne recovered under the influence of liberal remittances.

Besides the affairs of his wife, urgent parish business, with which Sterne had fallen out of tune, entered Shandy Hall to disturb further his repose. The enclosure of Stillington Common and certain fields and meadows dispersed in the parish, which had been a question for some years, was now authorized by a private Act of Parliament, for which he had petitioned along with Stephen Croft and seven small landowners. Under the Act were appointed three commissioners to make the awards, with whom it was necessary for Sterne to meet, in order to safeguard his rights as vicar of the parish. In these affairs there were always disputes and differences over conflicting claims and minor questions of roads, hedges, and gates, all of which Sterne summed up in a letter to Hall-Stevenson, saying, “I’m tormented to death and the devil by my Stillington Inclosure.”

But we should not draw too dark a picture of Sterne’s distresses, for the pliability of his temper always saved him. In July, while he was sitting down “in good earnest” to *Tristram Shandy*, his vanity was flattered by a letter from the negro Ignatius Sancho, who felt constrained to tell the reverend author how much he had been benefited by books which are “universally read and universally admired.” Sancho was a slave, born on a ship plying in the trade between Africa and the Spanish Main. Baptized at Carthagena under the name of Ignatius, he was brought to England when a boy; and subsequently the surname of Sancho was given to him, because of

Shandy Hall

Photograph taken in 1906



some fancied resemblance that his master saw between him and Don Quixote's squire. Of quick intelligence, he learned to read and write, and even attempted the rôles of Othello and Oroonoko on the stage. For many years he was in the service of George, the fourth Duke of Montagu, who gave him leisure to read and to cultivate his tastes in many ways. Like "millions" of others, he was in love with the "amiable" my uncle Toby; and as for Trim, he "would walk ten miles in the dog days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal"; but his heart had been touched and amended most by Yorick's sermons, especially by the discourse on the troubles of life as exemplified in Job's misfortunes, containing a sorrowful passage on the bitter draught of slavery which untold millions are compelled to drink to the dregs.

Can you not, Sancho besought Sterne, "give half an hour's attention to slavery as it is at this day undergone in the West Indies; that subject handled in your own manner, would ease the Yoke of many, perhaps occasion a reformation throughout our Islands——But should only *one* be the better for it——gracious God! What a feast! very sure I am, that Yorick is an Epicurean in Charity. . . . —dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of Millions of my moorish brethren——Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent——figure to yourself their attitudes——hear their supplicatory address——humanity must comply."* When Sancho's letter reached Shandy Hall, Sterne had just completed, by "a strange coincidence," "a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro girl"; and while his eyes were still smarting with it, he wrote back to say that he would weave the story, if it could be managed, into the next volume of *Shandy*, in the hope that it might help lift the "sad shade" which slavery was casting over the world.

A month after this affecting correspondence, the parson was called to York to give a dignified close to the great races. This year all classes, from the nobility down to adventurers, poured into the city, and all entertainments were on a grand

* This letter, among the J. Pierpont Morgan Manuscripts, is in Sterne's own hand, and some of the phrasing is surely Sterne's, though there is no doubt that Sterne received from Sancho a letter which he dressed up in copying it.

scale, in honor of Sterne's friend, the young Duke of York, who condescended to be present throughout the entire gala week. The festivities began on Tuesday, the nineteenth of August, when the officials of the city in their formalities waited upon the duke, and congratulated him on his safe arrival. Then followed every day the races on the field of Knavesmire, with a play at the theatre and a ball at the Assembly Rooms in the evening, to say nothing of cock-fights, and noisy scenes of chance at the coffee-houses, where Yorkshire squires fell easy victims to professional sharpers down from London, or lost their purses while watching the game, nobody knew just how or just where.

On Saturday night ended a week such as no one could remember; and on the next morning everybody went in sober mood to the cathedral to listen to the moral of it all. As described in the newspapers of the day, it was an impressive scene in the great church. His Royal Highness, as the central figure, was escorted to the west door of the minster, "where he was received . . . by the residentiary and choir, the Lord Mayor, recorder, and aldermen, who ushered him up to the Archbishop's throne, where he heard an excellent discourse from the Rev. Mr. Sterne."* What the text was it is impossible to determine from the sermons of Sterne afterwards published, several of which, running upon a contrast between a godless and a Christian life, were appropriate enough to the occasion, though none contains the sure clue. It was Sterne's last sermon in St. Peter's, where he won his laurels nearly twenty years before.

On Monday York reckoned up £10,000 as her gains from the races; the duke set out for Scarborough with his retinue; and Sterne, though he may have accompanied his royal friend to the waters, returned, I daresay, to Coxwold to complete *Tristram Shandy*. During his long absence abroad, Sterne had lost interest in the work, which, however broadly its satire expanded at times under his hand, was essentially local in inspiration. His design now was to wind up my uncle Toby's amours for the next winter, and then to proceed with an account of his own travels on the Continent. Thus refreshed by a change

* *St. James's Chronicle*, August 26-28, 1766.

of theme, he thought that he might again take up the Shandy household with greater zest.

Still, there was some fire left for Sterne in the old subject, though it had narrowed down to my uncle Toby and the widow Wadman. In nearly Sterne's best manner was the attack of the captain in military form on the heart of the self-seeking widow, with their conversations over my uncle Toby's wound in the groin, as they sat on the sofa in the parlor, while the author stood by to translate into words what was going on in Mrs. Wadman's fancy, as she blushed, turned pale, resumed her natural color, or cast her look towards the door. And if we must have a cock-and-bull story, it would be difficult to match the one closing the book, reminiscent of the days when Sterne was a farmer at Sutton-on-the-Forest. In the amusing account the corporal gave of his brother Tom's courtship of the Jew's widow who sold sausages at Lisbon, appeared, it may be, the episode of the friendless negro girl which Sterne had promised Sancho. Though not going very deeply into the question of slavery, it was a very "pretty picture," my uncle Toby thought, as he imagined the poor girl in the sausage shop, "with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them." The narrative, scant as it was, satisfied Sancho and connected his name with Sterne. The polite world, who soon knew why the Moorish girl got into *Shandy*, courted the sentimental negro, and Gainsborough painted for them his portrait. In the years that followed, it became the fashion among the tender-hearted to rid themselves of flies, not by torturing or killing them, but by gently brushing them aside or spouting cold water upon them.

While Sterne was putting the last strokes of humor to his book, the troubled skies which had hung over him during the summer and autumn were fast clearing. The waste lands of Stillington were surveyed for a just division; and good news arrived from the south of France. Mrs. Sterne, said letters from Lydia asking for another hundred guineas, was now "out of danger"; and to complete the cure, Sterne sent her some of Huxham's Tincture of the Bark, the current remedy against agues. Wife and daughter, having ended their summer travels, rented a château near Avignon, in the picturesque valley of the Sorgue running down from the Fountain of

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Vaucluse, where they planned to settle for good, after a short visit to Marseilles for the Christmas carnival. They remained at Marseilles rather longer than they expected, owing, doubtless, to its large and agreeable English colony, composed this winter of "many young men of fortune," including the son and grandson of Lord Southwell, who were abroad with Edmond Malone,* the future editor of Shakespeare. Lydia's heart, however, was at Vaucluse, amid the romantic scenes where Petrarch lived, and wrote the sonnets to Laura. The pretty château which the genteel ladies chose, had "seven rooms of a floor—half furnished with tapestry, half with blue taffety,"—and carried, with an annual rental of sixteen guineas, permission to fish in the stream, and an allowance every week of partridges and other game.

Near them lived the Abbé de Sade, who had just written a book on Petrarch, mainly to prove that Laura was the wife of one of his ancestors. Calling almost every day for quiet talk, the Abbé overlooked Lydia's French as she was practising it on a translation of her father's sermons. There came to the château also a French marquis, who offered Lydia his heart and twenty thousand livres a year. One day he made a coarse remark to the Abbé, apparently about Laura, which displeased Lydia and brought the romance to a quick conclusion. Except for the ill-breeding of the marquis, all these little details, reaching Sterne post by post, delighted the fond father. Again and again he pictured Lydia fishing by the Fountain of Vaucluse, translating his sermon on the House of Mourning, and reading or listening to the story of Petrarch and Laura. Only one element was wanting to the sentimental scene. Lydia broke her guitar and could not replace it at Marseilles. As soon as Sterne heard of the disaster, he besought Panchaud to make his girl happy by sending one on from Paris. "It must be strung," were his precise directions in one of the few Italian sentences surviving from his pen, "with cat-gut and of five cords—*si chiama in Italiano la chitera di cinque corde.*" Thereafter Lydia might sit on the banks of the Sorgue, fishing or playing her guitar at will.

In good spirits again, though greatly weakened by recent illness, Sterne posted to London at the beginning of January,

* James Prior, *Life of Edmond Malone*, 23-29 (London, 1860).

in advance of a heavy fall of snow, which blocked travel or made it dangerous during half of the month. As it was, he had a hard time of it in reaching town. "I arrived here but yesterday," he wrote on the sixth of the new year, "after a terrible journey of most inhospitable weather." Unusual interest centres round the lodgings which he selected this winter, for in them he was to take his final rest a year later. They were in the most fashionable part of the town, over a wig-maker's shop, on the west side of Old Bond Street, off Piccadilly. The building—it was then number 41*—stood for more than a century much as it was in Sterne's day, except that the wig-maker gave place, in the revolution of society, to a cheesemonger, and the cheesemonger in turn to a picture dealer. Finally, forty years ago, all was swept away for a modern picture gallery. From these apartments in Bond Street, Sterne sent out many letters to his friends, which, when read side by side with the newspapers of the time, will enable us to see Yorick as he enters and treads through another round of pleasure among new as well as old scenes and faces. To help him out on the expense of it all, he was yet to receive from Becket more than two hundred pounds on the last instalment of his sermons, which had sold well.

Sterne's first day in London left him melancholy, for he was all tired out, and most of his friends were still in the country for the holidays. Nobody, he complained, was at St. James's Coffee-House, where he just stepped in, except Sir Charles Danvers, and "Gilly" Williams, who was in flight for Brighton. But a few days later all was changed; and the new year opened gaily for him with theatres, dinners, and assemblies. Garrick had just brought out at Drury Lane a romantic drama called *Cymon*, supposed to have been his own in collaboration with Master Arne, the musician. For a month London ran mad over its songs, costumes, and spectacular setting. Sterne, who always had a box at his disposal for any evening, was present on the great night of the eighth when the king attended with his royal party. He also sometimes dropped in at Covent Garden, where Shuter was playing Falstaff and the Miser; but the house he found empty except for "citizens"

* *Notes and Queries*, fourth series, XII, 158-159. It is not quite certain that Sterne had not previously occupied these lodgings.

children and apprentices." Murphy's *School for Guardians*, which he saw at the rival theatre on the tenth, the friend of Garrick pronounced "a most miserable affair," which barely survived a first performance, so completely had *Cymon* drawn off the polite world, which filled Drury Lane "brim full every night." In these latter days, the theatre was thus becoming for Sterne more than ever a place to go to with the company where he happened to be dining, to see, meet, and converse with friends.

He dined on a Sunday at Lord Ossory's with "the old folks" and "the young virgins," and went afterwards "not much to my credit," he said, to the Duchess of Hamilton's, for "there were no virgins there." The Lady Hamilton of whose drawing room Sterne spoke so ungallantly, was one of those Miss Gunnings whom everybody declared, when the two lucky Irish girls first came upon the town penniless, and quickly won their coronets, "the handsomest women alive." The duchess was still a beautiful woman, but beauty without wit had little attraction for Yorick.

Sterne was present, we may be certain, at the Earl of Shelburne's levee on the twelfth; where or elsewhere he apparently fell in with the Virginian Arthur Lee, the youngest of three famous brothers, of whom the others were Richard Henry and Francis Lightfoot. The young Virginian, barely twenty-six years old, had been educated at Eton and had taken a degree in medicine at Edinburgh. After the grand tour and a visit home, he had returned to England "as special agent" * of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The Stamp Act repealed, he was then negotiating with Shelburne on the fisheries. Boswell, who had associated with him at Edinburgh, trapped Dr. Johnson into a dinner with the "patriot" and Wilkes; and Sterne, in return for the Virginian's interest in his books, introduced him to his friends and acted as his adviser in sentimental attach-

* The Lee Manuscripts. (Harvard University Library.) Among them is an undated letter from Shelburne, inviting Lee to Bath. See also R. H. Lee, *Life of Arthur Lee*, I, 185-190 (Boston, 1829). Sterne's "A. L—e, Esq." as his name appears in the published correspondence between the two friends, cannot be identified positively with this Arthur Lee; but the fact that both Sterne and the Virginian were associating intimately with Wilkes and Shelburne renders the identification very probable.

ments. "The idol of your heart," he wrote to him recklessly, before the year was over, "is one of ten thousand. The Duke of —— has long sighed in vain——and can you suppose a woman will listen to you, that is proof against titles, stars, and red ribbands? . . . Take my advice, and pay your addresses to Miss —— she esteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken so deep a root in your heart.——I pity you from my soul——but we are all born with passions which ebb and flow (else they would play the devil with us) to different objects." Franklin was also in London representing the colony of Pennsylvania. Meeting Sterne somewhere, he gave in his name for Sterne's sermons promised in the autumn. Sterne put him down in his private book for two sets, and—indicative of Franklin's business methods—wrote after the entry the word *paid*.*

The first week or two Sterne was also much in the society of the Duke of York. His Royal Highness, who had been spending Christmas in the country with Lord Spencer at Althorp, returned to town three or four days after Sterne's arrival, and began a series of "grand entertainments" at his house in Pall Mall.† Of this young gentleman, Sterne liked to write familiarly, as if he were, as was likely true, a favorite guest. "The Duke of York," he casually remarked in a letter to Lord Fauconberg, "was to have had a play-house of his own, and had studied his part in the Fair Penitent, and made Garrick act it twice on purpose to profit by it; but the King, 'tis said, has desired the Duke to give up the part and the project with it." Though the duke indeed stopped work on his own play-house in the palace, Sterne nevertheless had an opportunity of seeing him play Lothario to Lady Stanhope's Calista at the private theatre of their friends the Delavals.‡ At the Duke of York's table the humorist met the Earl of March, better known in social annals by his subsequent title, the Duke of Queensberry, or "old Q," as he was called in his age, after fifty brilliant years in the service of pleasure. The earl was a small, keen-eyed man of hot temper, at that time one of the lords of his Majesty's bedchamber. With this nobleman and

* *Whitefoord Papers*, 235.

† *Lloyd's Evening Post*, January 2-5 and 5-7, 1767.

‡ Walpole, *Letters*, edited by Toynbee, VII, 112.

"a large company of the Duke of York's people," Sterne dined on the eighth, before going to the theatre to see the king; but the conversation seems to have fallen short of his expectations; for "I came away," said the guest, "just as wise as I went." The acquaintance with the Earl of March never led to any intimacy.

It was, however, in this set that Sterne discovered, soon after coming to London, Commodore James, a friend who will pass from these memoirs only with the death of the author. As a boy, William James had an adventurous career on the Spanish Main, which prepared him for one still more adventurous in the Bombay marine service. Under his command, the sea was swept of pirates which had long imperilled the trade of the East India Company. With reckless daring, says the historian Orme,* he pushed his ships into the very harbors of the pirate-chief Angria—first at Severndroog and then at Gheriah—and blew up fortifications which were supposed impregnable. And when news reached Bombay early in 1757 that the French had declared war against England, he was chosen of all others to carry it on to Clive, then in the valley of the Hooghly. He made the voyage up the Bay of Bengal against the northeast monsoon in an incredibly short time, by discovering a passage which thereafter rendered winter navigation of the bay free from great danger. With a fortune won in prize-money, Commodore James returned to England in 1759, married a beautiful wife—Anne, daughter of Edmond Goddard of Hartham in Wiltshire—and purchased a villa at Eltham within easy reach of London. Orme's story of his exploits brought him into quick notice. He became chairman of the board of directors of the East India Company; and the king subsequently honored him with a baronetcy.

When Sterne fell in with him, the commodore was living for the winter in one of the large houses in Gerrard Street, Soho, suitable for the entertainments expected of him, and for the reception of visitors from India, who seem to have imposed upon his hospitality. His wife was a woman of fine manners and character, very fond of a pretty daughter who reminded

* *A History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in India*, I, 411-414 (fourth edition, London, 1799). The first edition of the first volume appeared in 1763.

Sterne of his own child as she had been in past years. Once admitted into the family circle, Sterne let no Sunday pass, unless ill health prevented, without dining with his dear friends in Gerrard Street. After one of these visits, he wrote to Lydia: "I wish I had you with me—and I would introduce you to one of the most amiable and gentlest of beings, whom I have just been with, . . . a Mrs. James, the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with—I esteem them both. He possesses every manly virtue—honour and bravery are his characteristicks, which have distinguished him nobly in several instances—I shall make you better acquainted with his character, by sending Orme's History, with the books you desired —and it is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a just one; he pays no man a compliment at the expense of truth.—Mrs. James is kind—and friendly—of a sentimental turn of mind—and so sweet a disposition, that she is too good for the world she lives in—Just God! if all were like her, what a life would this be!" Nothing ever occurred to disturb this friendship, which continued to the last dismal scene.

Dinners and social functions, so necessary to Sterne's enjoyment, were checked by the snows of January, which covered England two or three feet deep. "When we got up yesterday morning," he wrote to Lord Fauconberg on the ninth, "the streets were four inches deep in snow—it has set in now with the most intense cold. I could scarce lay in bed for it, and this morning more snow again." And at the end of a week, when wild rumors of accidents and sufferings had reached London: "There is a dead stagnation of everything, and scarce any talk but about the damages done over the Kingdom by this cruel storm. . . . We had reports yesterday that the York stage coach with fourteen people in and about it, were drown'd by mistaking a bridge—it was contradicted at night—as are half the morning reports in town." During the progress of the storm, while most people were content to remain indoors and wait for the inevitable thaw, Sterne ploughed through snow up to his knees, on an "intensely cold" Sunday morning, to the king's levee and afterwards on to church, where to his disappointment few were found in either place. At length a thaw set in, the streets became passable, though filled with slush, and

everybody who could obtain a ticket turned out on the night of the fifteenth for Mrs. Cornelys's great assembly, the first of the year.

This was just then the most fashionable resort in London. "All the high and low demireps of the town," says Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, "gathered there, from his Grace of Ancaster down to my countryman, poor Mr. Oliver Goldsmith the poet, and from the Duchess of Kingston down to the Bird of Paradise." The woman who called herself Mrs. Theresa Cornelys had been long known under other names, as an operatic singer in London and Continental theatres. Abandoning the stage in 1760, she purchased Carlisle House in Soho, which she turned into an assembly for a "society of ladies and gentlemen" with herself as manager. Little noticed at first, the enterprise flourished beyond expectation, so that she was able to enlarge and redecorate the mansion, hanging the "vast" assembly room with blue satin and the rest of the suite with yellow. At appointed times, widely advertised in the newspapers, Mrs. Cornelys opened her house to "the nobility and gentry" for "a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music," to be followed by "a grand ball," before and after which were served "tea, coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments."

All details of these famous nights were planned and carried out under the personal direction of the hostess herself. "Those Ladies and Gentlemen," ran the usual advertisement on the day before an assembly, "who come in carriages . . . are requested to be very particular in ordering their coachmen to the door in Soho-square, and with their horses' heads towards Greek Street; chairs to the usual door.—The tickets (which are limited as to number) will be delivered out this day at Arthur's in St. James's Street, and at the office in Soho-square, at a guinea each, which will admit one gentleman or two ladies. . . . The house will be opened precisely at nine."* So great was the demand for tickets, though rather expensive, that they could hardly be obtained for love or money. But Sterne, who had means of finding one where others complained of failure, made the acquaintance this year of Mrs. Cornelys, the professional entertainer of rank and royalty.

* *Public Advertiser*, March 30, 1767.

The next morning he wrote to Lord Fauconberg briefly but enthusiastically of the occasion, adding a word relative to his patron's brother and family: "Last night it thaw'd; the concert at Soho top full—and was (this is for the ladies) the best assembly and the best concert I ever had the honour to be at. Lady Anne had the goodness to challenge me, or I had not known her, she was so prudently muffled up; Lord Bellasyse, I never saw him look so well; Lady Bellasyse recovers à merveille—and your little niece I believe grows like flax."

The literary event for people who frequented Carlisle House was the appearance of the ninth and last volume of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, on Friday, January 30, 1767.* "I miscarried of my tenth volume," he wrote on the sixth of January, "by the violence of a fever I have just got through." The two-shilling pamphlet, authenticated by the humorist's signature over the first chapter, had as motto a sentence which Burton attributed to Scaliger when beseeching Cardan not to censure him if his treatise seemed too light: "*Si quid urbaniusculè lusum a nobis, per Musas et Charitas et omnium poetarum Numina, Oro te, ne me malè capias.*"† As in the first instalment of his book, the author again linked his name with Pitt's, in "A Dedication to a Great Man," saying prettily, in allusion to the statesman's recent elevation to the peerage under the title of Earl of Chatham: "My opinion of Lord * * * * * is neither better nor worse, than it was of Mr. * * *. Honours, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but Gold and Silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight." A few chapters on, Sterne gave his parting thrust to Warburton, his old friend and enemy, by expressing the hope that *Tristram Shandy*, now completed, would "swim down the gutter of time" along with *A Tale of a Tub* and *The Divine Legation of Moses*.

A fortnight after publication, Sterne informed Panchaud that the last volume of *Tristram Shandy* was liked the best of all by his friends, and requested him, giving thereby an index of brisk sale, to remit a hundred louis to his wife at

* *St. James's Chronicle*, January 29-31, 1767.

† *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edited by Shilleto, III, 9.

Marseilles. The conclusion of my uncle Toby's amours, we can well understand, with its nice approaches to forbidden ground, though never quite reaching there, hit exactly the tone of society for which the book was written. To their heart's content, author and reader moved together in these pages, to use Coleridge's expression, through a sort of moral twilight, which is neither light nor darkness. But by the outside public, whose hearts had been corrected by Yorick's sermons and the death of Le Fever, Sterne was reprobated in no uncertain language, save for thankfulness that my uncle Toby had been brought through a severe ordeal, unharmed by the wiles of Mrs. Wadman. "Censor," for example, charged Sterne, in *Lloyd's Evening Post* for March 11-13, with exhausting the salacious wit of England, France, and Spain ("where he has been to recruit"), and with now ransacking "poor old antiquity" as the only storehouse left for him. "Surely," concluded Censor, "our spiritual rulers must frown at these things." Likewise appeared in the *Public Ledger* of March 30, a communication from "Davus," calling upon the Church to intervene. After reading the last article, a number of persons actually prepared and sent to the Archbishop of York a long letter leading up to a hint that Sterne be unfrocked. The anonymous letter, dated March 30, 1767, and signed by "several," began and closed as follows:

"Several well wishers to your Grace, and to religion and the cause of virtue, modesty, and decency, think it a duty incumbent on them, consistently with that regard they have for them, as well as order and right conduct, to refer your Grace to a letter, signed *Davus*, in the '*Public Ledger*' of this day, very justly, as they humbly think, animadverting on the scandal they have long taken and oftener conceived at the works of 'Tristram Shandy,' as written by a *clergyman* and a *dignified* one, uncensured by his superiors. They harbour no malice or private peek against him, having no personal knowledge of him or view by this; but are moved merely by indignation on seeing the above letter. . . . No conduct . . . surely more deserves a censure. But whether private or public, your Grace is best judge of. The former probably has been bestowed in vain, and the latter may have a bad effect, by increasing curiosity; yet, perhaps somewhat more than frowns

or contempt should be done, that such scandal should no longer exist, or religion and the clergy will be no gainers by it."

The letter was duly received by Archbishop Drummond, who found nothing to censure, so far as we know, in the conduct of Sterne, always a most welcome visitor at the palace. The old charge of impropriety which was urged by the anonymous correspondents, had grown stale with the monthly critics, who were now inclined to accept Sterne in the character of Harlequin or the English Rabelais. "We wish," said the *Critical Review* of the last volume in February, "that it had been a little better accommodated to the ear of innocence, *virginibus puerisque*; but, perhaps, of all the authors who have existed since the days of Rabelais, none can with more justice than Tristram put his arms a-kimbo, strut through his room and say, 'None but myself can be my parallel.'" The pages which Sterne left blank were also thought diverting. The author had played with this jest before, but in a different manner. According to the earlier device, the reader was invited to fill in the blank pages with whatever he might wish in the way of narrative and comment; while in this case Sterne affected to be unable to compose, when he came to them, the most interesting parts of my uncle Toby's courtship; and so they were deferred until he should be in the mood for them. At length he returned to the missing chapters, and thus succeeded in the feat of writing a book backwards.

Exclusive of my uncle Toby, the volume contained two or three pieces of eloquence that arrested the attention of all who read. Jenny, who had appeared in the first instalment seven years before, as a slight and uncertain shadow of Miss Fourmantelle, re-appeared for an apostrophe to time, which brings all things to an end. Commonplace as the thought is, Sterne, who felt the nearness of death, lifted it into the realm of poetic beauty. "Every letter I trace tells me," he concluded, "with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious, my dear *Jenny!* than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock,—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which

we are shortly to make.—Heaven have mercy upon us both!” Then there was that invocation, unsurpassed outside of Fielding, to the “Gentle Spirit of sweetest humour, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of my beloved Cervantes”; which glided into “They were the sweetest notes I ever heard,” and the whole musical episode of the distressed maid of Moulins. These were the purple passages which went far and wide through magazines and newspapers.

The story of Maria, unconnected with all the rest, may be regarded, if we do not press the point too literally, as an advertisement of the *Sentimental Journey*. Though Sterne was in London for pleasure, he was there for business also. The *Sentimental Journey*, which had been in his mind the previous summer, was clearly delayed a year, that he might prepare the way for its publication by talk about it and a preliminary list of subscribers. Nothing could have served his purpose better, whether the act were premeditated or not, than his slipping into *Tristram Shandy* an episode of his forthcoming travels, in precisely the same manner as he gave the public a taste of Yorick’s sermons years before, when he let Trim read one to Dr. Slop. It may take something from the dignity of literature to imagine Sterne availing himself of the Duke of York’s entertainments or of Mrs. Cornelys’s assemblies to recruit his purse, but such was an old custom not quite dead in the days of the third George. So successful was the author in his solicitations that he could write to Panchaud on the thirteenth of February: “I am going to publish a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy—the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our noblesse—’tis subscribed for, at a great rate—’twill be an original—in large quarto—the subscription half a guinea—If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of science, or fashion, I shall thank you—they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here almost have honoured me with their names.” Before the winter was over, Sterne had a vision of a thousand guineas from his new book.

To judge from the list as it appeared the next year, few were approached who failed to permit Sterne to take down their names, though a letter to Sancho points to some labor over gathering in the scattered half-guineas. After thanking

the negro for leaving at his lodgings several subscriptions of the Montagu family, Sterne reminded him that the transaction was only half completed: "You have something to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good-will also on this account, and that is to send me the subscription money, which I find a necessity of dunning my best friends for before I leave town —— to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts (for which I have very slender talents), and collecting them (for which I have neither strength of body or mind) and so, good Sancho, dun the Duke of Montagu, the Duchess of Montagu, and Lord Montagu for their subscriptions, and lay the sin, and money with it too, at my door."

On a rainy day in January, while he was collecting in the guineas, Sterne received, at his lodgings in Old Bond Street, a visit from Alessandro Verri, whom he had seen on his passage through Italy. "He gave me some chocolate, and a thousand caresses," Verri wrote home to his brother Pietro; "he took off my coat wet with the rain and spread it over a chair; he embraced me, he pressed my hand and led me to the fire." Some days later the two men met at a public assembly, at Mrs. Cornelius's perhaps, where Sterne stepped up to Verri, embraced him, and began a delightful conversation, whispering, as was Yorick's manner, in his friend's ear. According to his Italian admirer, Sterne went everywhere without pay, and was by everybody loved. Instead of his customary black, he was wearing that evening a gray coat and closely cut wig (*una parrucca tonda*). The conversation running over many things always drifted back to the *Sentimental Journey*, and to the thousand guineas that had been paid in before a word of the book was written.*

* Giovanni Rabizzani, *Sterne in Italia*, 34-35 (Roma, 1920).

C H A P. XIX.

The Journal to Eliza. March—October, 1767

I.

IN the Anglo-Indian society which gathered round the Jameses, Sterne met the Eliza of the *Sentimental Journey*, the one great passion of his life, shining through a decade of flirtations. At first sight, Eliza appeared to him as a rather plain young woman who affected the air and simper of fine ladies bent upon conquest; but the story of her misfortunes, as he heard it from Mrs. James, awakened his compassion; he began to study her face and eyes under more favorable conditions, much as my uncle Toby did the widow Wadman's; and then all was over with Yorick's poor, weak heart. "Not Swift," he was soon writing to her, "so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect! All those names, eminent as they are, shall give place to thine, Eliza."

The woman whom Sterne placed among the famous presences that poets and men of letters have felt in their work was Elizabeth, wife of Daniel Draper, who since his youth had held various appointments in the service of the East India Company. She belonged to the Sclaters originally of Slaughter, in Gloucestershire, where they had been lords of the manor for three centuries.* From various branches of the family which took root in the neighboring shires and in northern England, came a line of Oxford and Cambridge men distinguished as scholars and divines. The head of the family is now Lord Basing of Hoddington, near Odham in Hampshire, whose grandfather, George Sclater-Booth, the politician, was elevated to the peerage on his succession to the Hampshire estates in 1887. Going back to the eighteenth century, Christo-

* The story of Mrs. Draper's early life and of her family was originally based upon her letters and other unpublished material at Hoddington. These letters, with many family details, have since been published by A. Wright and W. L. Sclater in *Sterne's Eliza* (New York, 1923).

pher Sclater, Rector of Loughton and Chingford by Epping Forest, married Elizabeth, daughter of John May, Esq., of Worting, Hants. Of their thirteen children, the fifth son, May Sclater, born October 29, 1719, became the father of Sterne's Eliza. When a young man, May Sclater went out to India, where he married Judith, daughter of Charles Whitehill, who became Chief of the settlement at Anjengo. Of the marriage were born three daughters while the family was living on the Malabar Coast, at Anjengo and other factories of the East India Company,—Elizabeth, who gave as her birthday April 5, 1744, and her younger sisters, Mary and Louisa, all born within a year of one another. Their father died in 1746 and their mother two years later. After growing into girlhood among the Malabars, of whom Elizabeth became very fond, the orphans were sent to England by their grandfather, Charles Whitehill, for their education. Elizabeth was then about ten years old. While in England, she apparently stayed much with her aunt Elizabeth, a prim woman, married to Dr. Thomas Pickering, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, a kindly humorist, who appreciated the girl's smartness. But she liked best her cousins Tom and Bess, the children of her uncle Richard of Hoddington. Between her and Tom existed, so her letters read, rather more than cousinly affection. "All my kin's folk," she wrote to him after the mistake of her marriage, "are in comparison of thee, as trifling . . . as my little finger in comparison to my two bright eyes."

The girl, already vain, I fancy, of her bright eyes and round face, was placed with her sisters in some school in or near London for the "frivolous education" accorded to "girls destined for India." "The generality of us," she said in sorrowful retrospect, ". . . were never instructed in the importance of any thing, but one worldly point, that of getting an establishment of the lucrative kind, as soon as possible, a tolerable complexion, an easy manner, some degree of taste in the adjustment of our ornaments, some little skill in dancing a minuet, and singing an air." Having received no training in "useful employments," she returned, in the summer of 1757, to India, from which she had been away long enough to be struck by novel sights and customs. Her grandfather was then settled at Bombay, in the best house of the city, "where a great

deal of company," she wrote, "comes every day after dinner." Among these guests was Daniel Draper, a promising official of the East India Company, to whom she was married on the twenty-eighth of the following July, when barely fourteen years old. Her husband, her elder by twenty years, was near akin, brother or cousin, to Sir William Draper, who captured Manila and otherwise distinguished himself in the East. The year after her marriage, Daniel Draper was appointed Secretary to the Government at Bombay, where he was stationed mostly, save for short intervals at Surat and Tellicherry, during the rest of his life in India. His faithful services were eventually rewarded by a seat in the Council and the post of Accountant General. If a somewhat heavy official, he was described by a friend and admirer as "a very mild and good-humoured man."*

There was nothing unusual about the Draper marriage, which now seems so ill-sorted in respect to age; and we may suppose that neither husband nor wife found it too uncomfortable. A son was born in 1759, and two years afterwards a daughter named for her mother—the Eliza or Betsy of several tender letters. In 1765, the Drapers brought their children to England that they might be given an English education. After travelling about for several months in visits to their relatives and to various watering-places as far north as Scarborough, Draper went back to Bombay, leaving his wife in England to see the children established in school and to recover her health, which had been weakened by child-bearing and the heats of India.

The children were fixed in school at Salt Hill with or near an aunt on her mother's side, while Mrs. Draper moved about pleasantly among the Sclaters and Whitehills, still having most regard for Tom, now Thomas Limbrey Sclater, heir to Hoddington. As the intimate friend of Mrs. James, she made a wide circle of friends, which included, besides the Anglo-Indians coming and going, families like the Nunehams of Nuneham Hall, Oxford, among whom she was known, because of her beauty and free attractive manners, as the *belle Indian*. Everybody in the intimacy of the James household—

* David Price, *Memoirs . . . of a Field Officer of the Indian Army*, 61 (London, 1831).

Lord Ossory as well as John Dillon, Esq.—seems to have liked and flattered her; one admirer telling her that she ought to go on the stage, and another that her forte was literature. To say truth, her conversation, if we may judge from her letters, readily caught the accent of sentimental society. Although a mere girl, she had read widely in the poets and essayists of the Queen Anne period, whom she was fond of quoting.

The first meeting between Sterne and Mrs. Draper took place soon after the author reached London in January, 1767; if we may imagine it so, at one of the Sunday dinners in Gerrard Street. Advances beyond casual acquaintance were made by Sterne a fortnight or so later, when he sent Mrs. Draper a full set of his works accompanied by the following letter:

"Eliza will receive my books with this——the Sermons came all hot from the heart——I wish that could give em any title, to be offer'd to Yrs——the Others came from the head——I'm more indifferent ab^t their Reception——

"I know not how it comes in——but I'm half in love with You.——I ought to be *wholly so*——for I never valued, (or saw more good Qualities to value,)——or thought more of one of Y^r Sex than of You.——

So adieu—
Y^{rs} faithfully
if not aff^{tly},
L Sterne"*

Mrs. Draper, honored by the attentions of an author whom all the polite world was courting, met her admirer half way. In return for the familiar Eliza, she was soon referring to him as Yorick, "the mild, generous, and good," or calling him by a pretty fancy her Bramin, the source of all wisdom. The new title, lifting him into the spiritual caste of India, pleased Sterne, who repaid the compliment by addressing Eliza as his Bramine, or counterpart in the knowledge of the heart. With no thought of concealing their sentimental attachment as it grew apace, Mrs. Draper sent a copy of Sterne's letter to her

* The letter is reproduced here, with Sterne's usual dashes, from a copy made by Mrs. Draper—in the collection of Lord Basing, at Hoddington.

cousin Tom, and Sterne wrote to his daughter Lydia of his "dear friend." They visited places of amusement together or with Mrs. James, dined *tête-à-tête* at Sterne's lodgings in Bond Street, and made excursions to Salt Hill and Enfield Wash to visit the Draper children. Every morning there passed between them letters arranging for the disposal of their day or announcing the peremptory call of other engagements. Wherever Sterne went to dine, Mrs. Draper was "the star that conducted and enliven'd the discourse." At Lord Bathurst's, says one of Sterne's letters, "I talked of thee an hour without intermission with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his eighty-fifth year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other nabobesses as much in wealth, as she does already in exterior and (what is far better) in interior merit. ——I hope so too. This nobleman is an old friend of mine. ——You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius; and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. &c. always at his table."

On these occasions Sterne sometimes took along a letter or two of Eliza's, from which he read scraps to his more intimate friends, who, like himself, found the style "new" and the sentiments "very good and very elegantly expressed." "Who taught you," asked the flatterer, "the art of writing so sweetly, Eliza? ——You have absolutely exalted it to a science!" For further inspiration, he gave Mrs. Draper his portrait, which she placed over her writing-desk; and in return she sat for him, it would seem, to Cosway, the famous miniaturist. The little portrait of Mrs. Draper, apparently a miniature, in which she appeared simply dressed as a vestal, without her usual adornments of "silks, pearls, and ermines," Sterne showed to half the town, and communed with it alone in the quiet of Bond Street, whence he wrote to Mrs. Draper on a morning when at the height of his infatuation: "Your eyes and the shape of your face (the latter the most perfect oval I ever saw) . . . are equal to any of God's works in a similar way, and finer than any I beheld in all my travels."*

* Sterne's portrait of Mrs. Draper has never been discovered. A portrait purporting to be hers forms the frontispiece to Wright and

While Sterne was thus cantering up and down deliciously with his passion, Mrs. Draper was suddenly prostrated by a letter from her husband asking for her immediate return to India. The news of her illness came as a shock to Sterne on a February morning when, on making his usual call, he was told by the house-maid that Mrs. Draper was not well enough to receive him. After passing a sleepless night, he despatched a note in remonstrance the next day, saying in part: "Remember, my dear, that a friend has the same right as a physician. The etiquettes of this town (you'll say) say otherwise.—No matter! Delicacy and propriety do not always consist in observing their frigid doctrines." For six weeks thereafter, the frigid doctrines of the town being neglected, Sterne watched Mrs. Draper through her illness and convalescence, so fearful at times of the issue that he prepared an elegy upon her in case it should be needed. "She has a tender frame," he wrote to Lydia, copying out the verses, "and looks like a drooping lily, for the roses are fled from her cheeks—I can never see or talk to this incomparable woman without bursting into tears—I have a thousand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole sex, if not all the world put together—She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few possess—our conversations are of the most interesting nature, and she talks to me of quitting this world with more composure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I send thee a copy.—'Tis expressive of her modest worth—but may heav'n restore her! and may she live to write mine."

The epitaph, which Sterne never had occasion to use further, was a rather cold performance:

"Columns, and labour'd urns but vainly shew
An idle scene of decorated woe.
The sweet companion, and the friend sincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.

Sclater's *Sterne's Eliza*. It is described as a photograph from a stipple engraving by J. Kingsbury after a picture by J. Hoppner. There must be a mistake somewhere; for Hoppner was not born till 1758; and Mrs. Draper died in 1778. If Hoppner painted her, she was then eight or ten years older than when Sterne knew her.

"In heart-felt numbers, never meant to shine,
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearse like thine;
'Twill flow, whilst gentle goodness has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend."

Mrs. Draper's other friends likewise sympathized keenly with the distress of a young woman who must leave her children and go back to a husband for whom she had no affection, and to a dull life which offered no scope for her talents. In short, nothing but the duty of the wife to her husband under the law called her oversea to India. Neither her father nor her mother, as has been related, was living; her grandfather, Charles Whitehill, the rich man of Bombay, had retired and settled with a second wife at Worfield in Shropshire; and in the career of her favorite sister the unhappy woman read her own fate. Mary, or Polly, as the family called her, was, like Mrs. Draper, a girl of gay and lively spirits, who jested with her uncle Thomas while lighting his pipe for him in the seclusion of St. Sepulchre's. After the usual trivial education, she also returned to India, to become the child-wife of Rawson Hart Boddam of Bombay. For three years she bore up against the enervating climate and childbirth until she became a shadow of her former self, and then died, in her eighteenth year, under most melancholy circumstances. Of all Mrs. Draper's friends, none—except an unnamed family, perhaps the Pickerings—was disposed to criticise her reluctance to run the risks of India in her present condition; and yet none could quite venture the advice that she disobey her husband. At the last moment, however, when Mrs. Draper again fell ill, Sterne went so far as to say: "Put off all thoughts of returning to India this year.—Write to your husband—tell him the truth of your case.—If he is the generous, humane man you describe him to be, he cannot but applaud your conduct." If the expense of another year in England would be troublesome, he declared, in an exalted mood of generosity, that he stood ready to subscribe his whole subsistence, and then sequester his livings, if necessary, rather than see such "a creature . . . sacrificed for the paltry consideration of a few hundreds." Should Mrs. Draper wish it, his wife and daughter might be summoned over to take her with them to the south of France,

where he himself could join them for a winter in Florence and Naples.

However sincere Sterne's proposals may have been, they were clearly impracticable. Though his attachment to Mrs. Draper may have caused, except in the case of one nameless family, no adverse comment among those who understood the relation between them, it was yet quite impossible for Sterne to take under the protection of his purse another man's wife. Such a course would not have been tolerated by public opinion, lenient as it was outside of a few strict conventions. So it was settled that Mrs. Draper should sail for India on the *Earl of Chatham*, which was expected to leave Deal, weather permitting, early in April. In the meantime little presents passed between Mrs. Draper and her friends. For Mrs. James and the Nunehams, as well as for Sterne, she had her portrait painted in the dress and attitude each most admired. Besides the "sweet sentimental picture" left with Sterne, she presented him with "a gold stock buckle and buttons," which he rated above rubies, because they had been fitted to him by the hand of friendship and thereby consecrated forever. At last came the farewell visit to the children, whom Mrs. Whitehill generously offered to take under her personal charge at Worfield. "God preserve the poor babies," wrote Mrs. Draper, "and may they live to give satisfaction to their parents—and reflect honour on their amiable protectress!"*

In order to make the necessary preparation for a long voyage, Mrs. Draper took post-chaise for Deal some ten days in advance of the probable sailing, in company with Hester Light, who was going out to Madras to marry George Stratton, a councillor of the East India Company. Sterne, as he records the parting scene, handed Mrs. Draper into the chaise and then turned away to his lodgings in anguish of spirit, never to see his friend again, unless perchance he made a visit to the seaport the next week with the Jameses. For a day or two he lay ill of another hemorrhage, during the fever of which he fancied that Mrs. Draper returned just as he was dying, clasped him by the knees, and raising her "fine eyes,"

* The son died at Worfield in 1769; the daughter married Thomas Nevill in 1785 and became the mother of a son and three daughters.—Wright and Sclater, *Sterne's Eliza*, 184.

bade him be of comfort. None the less for his weakness, he sent Mrs. Draper every morning a letter directing her movements as if present and arranging from a distance many little details of her cabin. A pianoforte which she took along with her to Deal, proving to be, as soon as set up, out of tune, Sterne purchased for her a hammer and pliers, and told her to tune the instrument from her guitar that it might again vibrate sweet comfort to their hopes. "I have bought you," says the letter further, "ten handsome brass screws, to hang your necessaries upon: I purchased twelve; but stole a couple from you to put up in my own cabin, at Coxwold—I shall never hang, or take my hat off one of them, but I shall think of you. . . . I have written, also, to Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot at Deal, that I had dispatched these in a packet, directed to his care; which I desired he would seek after, the moment the Deal machine arrived. I have, moreover, given him directions, what sort of an armchair you would want, and have directed him to purchase the best that Deal could afford, and take it, with the parcel, in the first boat that went off. Would I could, Eliza, so supply all thy wants, and all thy wishes."

With these and similar tokens of friendship went much advice as to Mrs. Draper's conduct on shipboard, which, though variously phrased, was always pitched to the following key: "Be cautious . . . my dear, of intimacies. Good hearts are open, and fall naturally into them. Heaven inspire thine with fortitude, in this, and every deadly trial! Best of God's works, farewell! Love me, I beseech thee; and remember me for ever! . . . Adieu, adieu! and with my adieu—let me give thee one streight rule of conduct, that thou hast heard from my lips in a thousand forms—but I concenter it in one word, REVERENCE THYSELF. . . . Blessings, rest, and Hygeia go with thee! May'st thou soon return, in peace and affluence, to illumine my night! I am, and shall be, the last to deplore thy loss, and will be the first to congratulate and hail thy return."

The *Earl of Chatham*, with other outbound ships, set sail from Deal on Wednesday, April 3, 1767, under a brisk north-east wind which bore them quickly through the Channel.* At the point of departure, it was Mrs. Draper's hope that

* *Lloyd's Evening Post*, April 3-6.

her husband would soon retire from the service, or at least permit her to revisit her friends and children in the course of a year or two. There were times also when Sterne encouraged her imagination to play with more distant contingencies, as in a curious summary of their attachment which he wrote out for her a few weeks later anent references to their passion in the *Sentimental Journey*:

"I have brought," he said in a sketch which was to be submitted for her approval before it should be entrusted to posterity, "I have brought your name *Eliza!* and Picture into my work—where they will remain—when you and I are at rest forever—Some annotator or explainer of my works in this place will take occasion, to speak of the Friendship which subsisted so long and faithfully betwixt Yorick and the Lady he speaks of—Her Name he will tell the world was Draper—a Native of India—married there to a gentleman in the India Service of that Name—who brought her over to England for the recovery of her health in the year '65—where she continued to April the year 1767. It was about three months before her Return to India, That our Author's acquaintance and hers began. Mrs. Draper had a great thirst for knowledge—was handsome—genteel—engaging—and of such gentle dispositions and so enlighten'd an understanding,—That Yorick (whether he made much opposition is not known) from an acquaintance—soon became her Admirer—they caught fire, at each other at the same time—and they would often say, without reserve to the world, and without any Idea of saying wrong in it, That their affections for each other were *unbounded*—Mr. Draper dying in the year . . . this Lady return'd to England, and Yorick the year after becoming a Widower—they were married—and retiring to one of his Livings in Yorkshire, where was a most romantic Situation—they lived and died happily—and are spoke of with honour in the parish to this day."

II.

JUST before their separation, Sterne and Mrs. Draper spent a Saturday evening together in London, when or at another time it was agreed that each should keep an intimate journal in order that they might have "mutual testimonies to deliver hereafter

to each other" on the glad day of their reunion. While Mrs. Draper was at Deal making ready for her voyage to India, Sterne sent her all that he had written; and on the thirteenth of April he forwarded by a Mr. Watts, then departing for Bombay, a second instalment of his record. These two sections of Sterne's journal—and likewise all of Mrs. Draper's, for we know that she kept one—have disappeared. The extant part begins on the thirteenth of April, 1767, and comes down to the fourth of August in the same year. The sudden break was occasioned by the expected return of Mrs. Sterne from France, the thought of whose presence, to say nothing of the reality of it, the author felt as a restraint upon his fancy. A postscript was added on the first of November announcing that Mrs. Sterne and Lydia, after some weeks with him at Coxwold, had just gone to York for the winter, while he himself was to remain at Shandy Hall to complete the *Sentimental Journey*. There were hints that the journal would be resumed as soon as the author reached town in the following January. But Sterne probably did not carry out his intention. At least nothing is known of a later effort.

And what we have of the journal lay for a century in hidden places. Sterne doubtless took the manuscript, as he thought of doing, with him to London in the winter of 1767-68, where it was probably discovered among his papers after death, and, in circumstances to be described later, turned over to the Jameses. Favoring this conclusion is the fact that when the journal came to light, it was in the company of two letters from Sterne to these friends, an unfinished scrawl from him to Eliza's husband, and a long "ship letter," amounting almost to an autobiography, from Mrs. Draper to Mrs. James. All these manuscripts drifted into the library of a Mr. Gibbs of Bath, and upon his death, to a room set apart by the family for waste papers, old letters, and old commonplace books regarded as of no documentary value whatever. While playing in the room one day and looking about for paper "to cut up into spills to light candles with," Mr. Gibbs's son Tom, a boy of eleven, popped upon the names of Yorick and Eliza, which he had seen before, and pulled out the journal and letters as too good for candle lighters. Sterne's letters may not be exactly adapted to the perusal of children,

but had not this boy—Thomas Washbourne Gibbs—known his Sterne, the world would have lost a most illuminating document. Hearing in May, 1851, that Thackeray was to include Sterne among his *English Humourists*, the second Mr. Gibbs sent the curious journal and other pieces to the novelist for use in his famous portrait of Yorick. It is rather strange that Thackeray, though he thanked Mr. Gibbs for the courtesy, then made no reference to the journal in his lecture on Sterne and Goldsmith, but reserved his private information for a terrific assault upon Sterne in a *Round-about* several years later. Except for Thackeray's mere mention of the journal which had been lent him by "a gentleman of Bath" (the passage was afterwards suppressed*), nothing was publicly known concerning the manuscripts until March, 1878, when Mr. Gibbs read before the Bath Literary Institution a paper on "Some Memorials of Laurence Sterne," the substance of which was printed in *The Athenæum* for March 30, 1878. On the death of Mr. Gibbs in 1894, the manuscripts passed under his bequest to the British Museum.† The journal covers, besides an introductory note and a lone entry at the end, seventy-six pages of writing with about twenty-eight lines to the page, all in Sterne's own hand. The leaves are folio in size, and, except in the case of the first and the last, both sides are written upon. As if designed for publication, the manuscript contains numerous blots and interlineations for better phrases, in addition to the introductory note, which was clearly framed to mystify the general reader, who in those days took pleasure in a preface like the following:

"This Journal wrote under the fictitious names of Yorick and Draper—and sometimes of the Bramin and Bramine—but 'tis a Diary of the miserable feelings of a person separated from a Lady for whose Society he languish'd—The real Names—are foreigne—and the account a copy from a

* For the original passage, see "A Roundabout Journey: Notes of a Week's Holiday" (*Cornhill Magazine*, November, 1860). Two letters from Thackeray to Gibbs are preserved with the Gibbs MSS. at the British Museum (Additional MSS., 34527).

† The journal was first published, under my editorship, in the *Life and Works of Laurence Sterne*, 12 vols. (New York, 1904).

French Manuscript,—in Mr. S——'s hands——but wrote as it is, to cast a Viel [*sic*] over them——There is a Counter-part—which is the Lady's account [of] what transactions dayly happened—and what Sentiments occupied her mind, during this Separation from her admirer——these are worth reading——the translator cannot say so much in favour of Yorick's which seem to have little merit beyond their honesty and truth.”

To vary Sterne's phrasing, the *Journal to Eliza* (as we may style the document with Swift's *Journal to Stella* in memory) is a record of personal incidents accompanied by the sensations and fancies that arose out of them day by day, sometimes hour by hour, in a mind losing its poise under the subtle influences of passion and disease. It is the emotional history lying behind and thus explaining in a measure the style, tone, and mood of the *Sentimental Journey*, of which the author regarded Mrs. Draper as the main inspiration. “Were your husband in England,” he wrote to her at Deal while gazing at her portrait, “I would freely give him five hundred pounds (if money could purchase the acquisition), to let you only sit by me two hours in a day, while I wrote my Sentimental Journey. I am sure the work would sell so much the better for it, that I should be reimbursed the sum more than seven times told.” In order to keep her image before him through the next months, he purchased charts and maps whereby he might follow her ship every day, wondering where she was and what she was doing; and when tired of this, he fell to imagining that she was still by him, talking to him, and overlooking his work. “I have you more in my mind than ever,” he wrote long weeks afterwards, “and in proportion as I am thus torn from your embraces—I cling the closer to the Idea of you. Your Figure is ever before my eyes—the sound of your voice vibrates with its sweetest tones the live long day in my ear—I can see and hear nothing but my Eliza.”

The first pages of the journal are taken up with details of an illness which threatened to put an end to Sterne's life. Already “worn out both in body and mind” by a long stretch of dinners, Sterne completely broke down under the strain of Mrs. Draper's departure for India. “Poor sick-headed,

sick-hearted Yorick!" he exclaims, "Eliza has made a shadow of thee! . . . how I shall rally my powers alarms me." Recovering sufficiently from his first hemorrhage to go about, he imprudently dined with Hall-Stevenson at the Brawn's Head on the twelfth of April and supped at the Demoniac's lodgings in the evening with "the whole Pandemonium assembled." For this indulgence he "paid a severe reckoning all the night," and "got up tottering and feeble" in the morning, resolved to dedicate the day (which was Sunday) "to abstinence and reflection." At night came on a fever which kept him in for two days more, during which he read over and over again Mrs. Draper's letters, filing them away; and dosed himself with Dr. James's Powder, a popular remedy of the period that was guaranteed to allay "any acute fever in a few hours though attended by convulsions." This nostrum, which Madame Pompadour took in her last illness and which was destined to kill Goldsmith a few years later, working differently upon Sterne, brought him to his feet for a day or two, so that he was able to set up his carriage in preparation for the journey home in a style suitable to his dignity.

It was, however, very dangerous, as Sterne discovered, to go out immediately after taking a concoction so strongly diaphoretic in its action as was the mysterious powder. While trying his horses in the park—described as an "exceeding good" pair when they were sold the next year—he caught a severe cold, which sent him to bed "in the most acute pain." To satisfy his friends, he summoned two able members of the faculty—a physician and a surgeon—with whom there was a lively contention when the sick man learned their diagnosis of his case and the kind of treatment that it involved:

"We will not reason about it, said the Physician, but you must undergo a course of Mercury.—I'll lose my life first, said I—and trust to Nature, to Time—or at the worst—to Death.—So I put an end with some Indignation to the Conference. . . . Now as the father of mischief would have it, who has no pleasure like that of dishonouring the righteous—it so fell out, That from the moment I dismiss'd my Doctors—my pains began to rage with a violence not to be express'd, or supported—every hour became more intol-

lerable——I was got to bed—cried out and raved the whole night—and was got up so near dead, That my friends insisted upon my sending again for my Physician and Surgeon.—I told them upon the word of a man of Strict honour, They were both mistaken as to my case——but tho' they had reason'd wrong—they might act right.”

Thus brought to bay by sharp suffering, Sterne at once parted with twelve ounces of blood under the lancet of the eminent surgeon in order to quiet what was left in him. The next day the two gentleman re-appeared with a demand for more of Yorick’s thin blood; and after their second visit his arm broke loose from their bandage, with the result that he nearly bled to death during the night before he was aware of the accident. All nourishment, including his four o’clock dish of tea, was denied him, with the exception of water-gruel, which he abhorred worse than the ass’s milk he had drunk on former occasions. This lowering treatment, which, like the method practised by the famous Dr. Sangrado upon Spanish ecclesiastics, sought to displace the patient’s blood with water, reduced Sterne to so great weakness that he momentarily feared that the breath which he was drawing would be the last for which he had strength. “I’m going,” he wrote on a morning as he gasped out a farewell to Eliza, “I’m going——”; but he was able to add as the day wore on, “Am a little better——so shall not depart as I apprehended.”

In spite of the prohibition, he managed to have, through the kindness of Molly the house-maid, his afternoon tea and soon his boiled fowl and “dish of macaruls,” whereby he improved so rapidly that a week later “my Doctors,” says the journal, “stroked their beards, and look’d ten per cent wiser upon feeling my pulse, and enquiring after my Symptoms.” As their final prescription, they insisted upon thrusting down his throat Van Swieten’s Corrosive Mercury, as if they were bent upon sublimating him to “an ethereal substance.” His doctors finally dismissed, he experimented on his own account with a French tincture called *L’Extraite de Saturne*, and ordered his carriage for a drive about town.

In sickness as in health, Sterne was overwhelmed with attentions. Mrs. James, missing him at her Sunday dinner,

sent her maid to enquire after his health and to bid him preserve a life so valuable to herself and to Eliza. The next day forty people of fashion came to his bedside; and thereafter his room was "allways full of friendly Visitors," and his "rapper eternally going with Cards and enquiries." "I should be glad," was his comment, "of the Testimonies—without the Tax." As soon as he could be helped into his carriage, he visited Mrs. James to thank her for her daily messages and to weep with her over the loss of Mrs. Draper. It was a scene of woe which better than all else lets the reader into the morbid state of the emotions that gave birth to the story of poor Maria in the *Sentimental Journey*:

"Tears ran down her cheeks," Sterne wrote after the ordeal with Mrs. James was over, "when she saw how pale and wan I was—never gentle creature sympathized more tenderly—I beseech you, cried the good Soul, not to regard either difficulties or expences, but fly to Eliza directly—I see you will dye without her—save yourself for her—how shall I look her in the face? What can I say to her, when on her return I have to tell her, That her Yorick is no more!—Tell her my dear friend, said I, That I will meet her in a better world—and that I have left this, because I could not live without her; tell Eliza, my dear friend, added I—That I died broken hearted—and that you were a Witness to it.—As I said this, she burst into the most pathetick flood of tears—that ever kindly Nature shed. You never beheld so affecting a Scene—'twas too much for Nature! Oh! she is good—I love her as my Sister!—and could Eliza have been a witness, hers would have melted down to Death and scarce have been brought back, an Extacy so celestial and savouring of another world.—I had like to have fainted, and to that Degree was my heart and soul affected, it was with difficulty I could reach the street door; I have got home, and shall lay all day upon my Sopha—and to morrow morning my dear Girl write again to thee; for I have not strength to drag my pen."

Three weeks were still necessary before Sterne felt strong enough to venture on the journey homewards. During the period of convalescence, with its frequent relapses from over-exertion, he occasionally dined with a friend or sat for an

hour or two at Ranelagh, or drove on a morning through Hyde Park, where he encountered one day, as amusingly related in the journal, a former passion who was taking the air on horseback. In their flirtation, the unknown woman, perhaps Lady Percy, whom Mrs. Draper had supplanted in Yorick's affections, had figured fancifully as the Queen of Sheba who once came to Jerusalem with camels, spices, and gold, to prove the wisdom of Solomon. Of the modern Sheba and Solomon, says the journal:

"Got out into the park to day—Sheba there on Horseback; pass'd twice by her without knowing her—she stop'd the third time—to ask me how I did—I would not have ask'd you, Solomon! said she, but your Looks affected me for you'r half dead I fear—I thank'd Sheba very kindly, but without any emotion but what sprung from gratitude—Love alas! was fled with thee Eliza!—I did not think Sheba could have changed so much in grace and beauty—Thou hadst shrunk poor Sheba away into Nothing, but a good natured girl, without powers or charms—I *fear* your wife is dead; quoth Sheba.—No, you don't *fear* it Sheba, said I.—Upon my word Solomon! I would quarrel with you, was you not so ill—if you knew the cause of my Illness, Sheba, replied I, you would quarrel but the more with me—You lie, Solomon! answered Sheba, for I know the Cause already—and am so little out of Charity with you upon it—That I give you leave to come and drink Tea with me before you leave Town, . . . and so canter'd away."

Whether Sheba and Solomon enjoyed a dish of tea together before the latter left town, our narrative does not say; but the visit is improbable, for Sterne's last week in London was occupied with formal leave-takings among other friends, old and new. To John Dillon, Esq., the "gentlest and best of souls," was sent a pretty note congratulating him on his successful suit for the hand of a "fair Indian," some friend of Eliza's, while himself must "go bootless home"; and to Mrs. Draper he wrote under the stimulant of the *Extraite de Saturne* a long letter, which was to go overland by way of Aleppo and Bussorah, that it might await her on her arrival in India. During his illness had come an anxious enquiry

from the Earl of Shelburne, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was recruiting at Bath after the labors and levees of a hard season. In return Sterne thanked him for "numberless and unmerited civilities," and recast for his lordship's entertainment the whimsical account given in the journal of his troubles with the doctors. Finally, he attended Court on his last Sunday in town, and accepted invitations for large dinner parties from "seven or eight grandes," among whom was Lord Spencer, who presented him on the evening before his departure with "a grand Ecritoire of forty guineas."

The last glimpse of Sterne in London this year occurs under date of Friday morning, the twenty-second of May, as he sat in his lodgings hurriedly scrawling off replies to farewell messages which awaited him on his return from Lord Spencer's, while his chaise and horses stood outside ready to bear his "poor body to its legal settlement." "I am ill, very ill," he wrote at parting, "I languish most affectingly—I am sick both soul and body." Owing to his extreme weakness, more than a week was required for a journey which travellers usually performed in two or three days. Completely exhausted by the time he drove into Newark on Saturday evening, he was compelled to remain over Sunday, whence was despatched, before setting forward, the following characteristic note to Hall-Stevenson, descriptive of his fatigues and his miserable condition on the road thus far:

"Newark, Monday, ten o'clock in the morn.

"My Dear Cousin,—I have got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods consigned to Pluto and company —lying in the bottom of my chaise most of the route, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchase before I set out—I am worn out—but press on to Barnby Moor to night, and if possible to York the next.—I know not what is the matter with me—but some *derangement* presses hard upon this machine—still I think it will not be overset this bout.—My love to Gilbert. We shall all meet from the east, and from the south, and (as at the last) be happy together—My kind respects to a few.—I am, dear Hall, truly yours, L. Sterne."

Too ill to reach York on Tuesday, Sterne was forced to halt at Doncaster, where he passed two nights with the Archbishop of York, who was then staying at his house near the town. This was the first meeting between Sterne and Dr. Drummond since the anonymous letter from London asking that the profane parson be unfrocked. If any mention was made of the incident, it passed off in jest, for each was devoted to the other. "This good prelate," Sterne remarked in the journal, "who is one of our most refined Wits and the most of a gentleman of our order—oppresses me with his kindness—he shews in his treatment of me, what he told me upon taking my Leave—that he loves me, and has a high Value for me—his Chaplains tell me, he is perpetually talking of me and has such an opinion of my head and heart that he begs to stand Godfather for my next Literary production." Without any reserves, Sterne showed the archbishop, his lady, and sister the portrait of Eliza, and related the story of his friendship with the original. Becoming a little stronger by Thursday, he drove through to Coxwold that day and went directly to bed on Van Swieten's Corrosive Mercury. Only rest, temperance, and good hours, it proved, were needed to re-instate Sterne in his usual health and spirits. At the end of three weeks, he cast to the dogs the medicines which were tearing his frame to pieces, began to drink ass's milk, and concluded that he would not descend to Pluto for a year at least or, on a nearer reckoning as it turned out, until he had trailed his pen through the *Sentimental Journey*.

There were days when he felt as well as at any time since leaving the university and when he looked forward to a summons from Mrs. Draper to meet her in the Downs and bring her home as his wife. In the meantime, whether for one or for five years, he would enjoy himself to the full, accepting, with resignation, health and sickness like the periodical returns of light and darkness. It is altogether a delightful picture which we have of Sterne as he settled into this mood for his summer's task, varied by excursions with his friends. "I am in the Vale of Coxwould," he wrote in his journal to Eliza when summer was advancing, and similarly in a letter to his friend Arthur Lee, "and wish you saw in how princely a manner I live in it—'tis a Land of Plenty—I sit down

alone to Venison, fish or wild foul—or a couple of fouls—with curds, and strawberrys and cream, (and all the simple clean plenty which a rich Valley can produce,—with a Bottle of wine on my right hand (as in Bond street) to drink your health—I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a parishioner catches a hare, a rabbit or a Trout—but he brings it as an offering—In short 'tis a golden Valley—and will be the golden Age when you govern the rural feast, my Bramine.”

Anticipating the golden age, Sterne re-arranged and re-decorated Shandy Hall—more in fancy, perhaps, than in fact—that it might become a fit habitation for its mistress. “I have this week finished,” records the journal only ten days after Sterne’s arrival, “a sweet little apartment which all the time it was doing, I flatter’d the most delicious of Ideas, in thinking I was making it for you—’Tis a neat little simple elegant room, overlook’d only by the Sun—just big enough to hold a Sopha; for us—a Table, four Chairs, a Bureau, and a Book case.—They are to be all yours, Room and all—and there Eliza! shall I enter ten times a day to give thee Testimonies of my Devotion—Was’t thou this moment sat down, it would be the sweetest of earthly Tabernacles.” “ ’Tis a little oblong room,” the narrative goes on into further details, “with a large Sash at the end—a little elegant fireplace—with as much room to dine around it, as in Bond street—But in sweetness and Simplicity, and silence beyond any thing.—Oh my Eliza!—I shall see thee surely Goddess of this Temple,—and the most sovereign one, of all I have—and of all the powers heaven has trusted me with.”

Off from the temple—or sitting room, to write plainer English—were to be other rooms dedicated to Mrs. Draper, the journal adds later in the season: “I . . . am projecting a good Bed-chamber adjoining it, with a pretty dressing room for you, which connects them together—and when they are finish’d, will be as sweet a set of romantic apartments, as you ever beheld—the Sleeping room will be very large—The dressing room, thro’ which you pass into your Temple, will be little—but Big enough to hold a dressing Table—a couple of chairs, with room for your Nymph to stand at her ease both behind and on either side of you—with spare Room to hang a

dozen petticoats—gowns, &c—and Shelves for as many Band-boxes."

Mrs. Draper's apartments were to be enriched with many little gifts of Sterne's own devising, besides more costly presents from his friends, which would be placed in due time at her disposal. If she were a good girl, she might hang her cabinet with "six beautiful pictures" which he had just received from Rome of the "Sculptures upon poor Ovid's Tomb, who died in Exile, though he wrote so well upon the Art of Love"; and on her table might rest "a most elegant gold snuff box" valued at forty guineas, which a gentleman—Sir George Macartney—was having fabricated for Sterne at Paris. On the outside was to be an inscription in Sterne's honor, and within the cover a portrait of Eliza.

In like manner Sterne adorned his study with numerous trinkets given him by Mrs. Draper as pledges of affection, never forgetting to take her portrait from his neck or pocket and to place it upon the table before him, that he might look into "her gentle sweet face," as he wrote of the fair Fleming, the beautiful grisette, or the heart-broken Maria. There were indeed moments bordering upon hallucination, when Mrs. Draper seemed to enter his study without tapping and quietly take a chair by his side, to overlook his work and talk low to him in counsel for hours together. At length the hallucination would pass, and the figure of Mrs. Draper would fade into a melancholy cat sitting and purring at his side, and looking up gravely into his face as if she understood the situation. "How soothable," remarked Sterne on one of these occasions, "my heart is, Eliza, when such little things sooth it! for in some pathetic sinkings I feel even some support from this poor Cat—I attend to her purrings—and think they harmonize me—they are pianissimo at least, and do not disturb me.—Poor Yorick! to be driven, with all his sensibilities, to these resources—all powerful Eliza, that had this Magical authority over him, to bend him thus to the dust!"

In one of his pathetic sinkings, Sterne so far lost self-control as to draft a letter (which was probably never sent) to Eliza's husband, hinting at better care of her health and explaining his interest in her. It was evidently a rather difficult exercise in composition, for Yorick begins a sentence, breaks it off, starts

in anew, draws pen through word and phrase once more, and finally passes into chaos on arriving at the verge of a proposal that Mrs. Draper be permitted to return to England and live under his platonic protection. As well as can be made out, the curious letter was intended to run somewhat as follows:

"I own it, Sir, that the writing a Letter to a gentleman I have not the honour to be known to—a Letter likewise upon no kind [of] business (in the Ideas of the world) is a little out of the common course of Things—but I'm so myself—and the Impulse which makes me take up my pen is out of the common way too—for [it] arises from the honest pain I should feel in avowing so great esteem and friendship as I do for Mrs. Draper, if I did not wish and hope to extend it to Mr. Draper also. I fell in Love with your Wife—but tis a Love, you would honour me for—for tis so like that I bear my own daughter, who is a good creature, that I scarce distinguish a difference betwixt it—that moment would have been the last of my acquaintance with my friend (all worthy as she is).

"I wish it had been in my power to have been of true use to Mrs. Draper at this Distance from her best Protector—I have bestowed a great deal of pains (or rather I should [say] pleasure) upon her head—her heart needs none—and her head as little as any Daughter of Eve's, and indeed less than any it has been my fate to converse with for some years—God preserve her.—I wish I could make myself of any service to Mrs. D. whilst she is in India—and I in the world—for worldly affairs I could be of none.

"I wish you, dear Sir, many years happiness.—Tis a part of my Litany to pray to heaven for her health and Life—She is too good to be lost and I would out [of] pure zeal t[ake] a pilgrimage to Mecca to seek a Medicine."*

Partly breaking from the obsession of Mrs. Draper's image, Sterne made several excursions during the summer. He was twice at Crazy Castle—a week near the end of June for recuperation, and three or four days midway in July, on a special summons to come over for a large party of "the most

* This letter forms a part of the Gibbs Manuscripts. Facsimile reproduction in *The Journal to Eliza and Various Letters*, 153-154, in Sterne's *Works* (New York, 1904).

brilliant Wits of the Age," including, said the newspapers, Garrick and Colman the dramatist. While at Skelton, he dined with "Bombay-Lascelles," an old acquaintance of Mrs. Draper as well as of himself, who, back from India, had taken a house two miles away; and there was "dining and feasting all day" with Mr. Charles Turner of Kirkleatham, than whom none of the Yorkshire gentlemen entertained more lavishly, and none was married to a more beautiful wife. These visits mark the last time that Sterne and his friends were to race chariots along the beach by Saltburn "with one wheel in the sea and the other in the sand."

On taking final leave of Skelton, Hall-Stevenson accompanied him home to Shandy Hall for a few days' rest preliminary to several short trips together. They passed a whole day at Bishopthorpe with the Archbishop of York, who honored Sterne with a subscription to the *Sentimental Journey* on imperial paper; then they put off to Harrogate, where they drank the waters through a week at the height of the season, and thence they returned to York for the summer races. At York was delivered to Sterne, two hours after his arrival, as if timed to it, the first news from Mrs. Draper since she sailed from Deal. It was the journal of her voyage, in two long letters, as far as Santiago in the Cape Verde Islands and to some point across the line, where a Dutch ship, returning from India, took aboard the *Earl of Chatham's* mail. How Sterne's heart was upset when he broke the "dear packets" alone in his lodgings, may be left to his journal to relate:

"I cannot give vent to all the emotions I felt even before I open'd them—for I knew thy hand—and my seal—which was only in thy possession—O 'tis from my Eliza, said I.—I instantly shut the door of my Bed-chamber, and ordered myself to be denied—and spent the whole evening, and till dinner the next day, in reading over and over again the most interesting account—and the most endearing one that ever tried the tenderness of man.—I read and wept—and wept and read till I was blind—then grew sick, and went to bed—and in an hour call'd again for the Candle. . . . O my Eliza! thou writest to me with an Angel's pen—and thou wouldst win me by thy Letters, had I never seen thy face or known thy heart."

All summer long, letters came in from friends to join them at Scarborough, but he waited until the full season, when he went over as the guest of Dr. Jemmet Brown, Bishop of Cork and Ross. Writing to Mr. and Mrs. James of the visit, Sterne said: "I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and hospitably entertained by one of the best of our Bishops; who, as he kept house there, press'd me to be with him—and his household consisted of a gentleman, and two ladies—which, with the good Bishop and myself, made so good a party that we kept much to ourselves.—I made in this time a connection of great friendship with my mitred host, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland." The two ladies were Lady Anne Dawson and Sterne's old friend Mrs. Vesey, both of whom were at Scarborough for the restoration of their nerves. They amused themselves by standing on the cliff until they were giddy, as they watched "the poor Bishop floundering and sprawling" in the sea; and in the evening were tea-parties, and excursions in their chaises.*

Before the company broke up, the good bishop made Sterne "great offers" if he would settle in Ireland, and requested the honor of marrying him to Mrs. Draper as soon as all obstacles should be removed. With Dr. Brown's offer came another from a friend in the south, who would have Sterne exchange Sutton and Stillington for a parish in Surrey, only thirty miles from London and valued at three hundred and fifty pounds a year. Under the second arrangement, Sterne was to retain, as explained to Mrs. Draper, Coxwold and his prebend; but in his present weakened state of body and mind, he was unable to go through the details of the transfer. "I could get up fast," he wrote for Mrs. Draper, "the hill of preferment, if I chose it—but without thee I feel Lifeless—and if a Mitre was offer'd me, I would not have it, till I could have thee too, to make it sit easy upon my brow."

Mrs. Draper was thus never long absent from Sterne's imagination. Wherever he went, he always took with him his journal, writing in it nearly every day, and Eliza's portrait, which was passed round the table at Skelton and Kirkleatham, while all the guests, even the ladies, "who hate grace in an-

* *Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter*, edited by Montagu Pennington, III, 320 (London, 1809).

other," drank to the health of the original. Visits to his best friends were only distractions which drew him from the quiet of Coxwold, with which, as it was now haunted by Mrs. Draper's spirit, he was never so much in love. "O 'tis a delicious retreat," he exclaimed on returning from Skelton, "both from its beauty, and air of Solitude; and so sweetly does every thing about it invite your mind to rest from its Labours and be at peace with itself and the world——That 'tis the only place, Eliza, I could live in at this juncture.——I hope one day you will like it as much as your Bramin." Until that day should arrive, the apartments set aside for Mrs. Draper were to be his own.

Her likes and dislikes, so far as he remembered them from casual conversation, were consulted in purchasing a chaise for driving about the parish with her by his side in fancy. Her favorite walk, like his own, would likely be to a secluded "convent," as he called it, doubtless the romantic ruins of Byland Abbey under a spur of the Hambleton hills two miles away. Anticipating the morning when Mrs. Draper should visit the ruins with him, he plucked up one day the briars which grew by the edge of the pathway, that they might not scratch or incommoder her when she should go swinging upon his arm to "these delicious Mansions of our long-lost Sisters," where he sometimes stayed far into the night dreaming of Eliza and the beautiful Cordelia who lay buried there. And before the summer was over, he built for his future companion a pavilion in a retired corner of his house-garden, where he was wont to stroll or sit in reverie during the heat of the day or in the evening twilight, waiting for a day's sleep whence he might awake and say: "Behold the Woman Thou hast given me for Wife."

III.

STERNE was destined, however, to behold on waking from his visions, not Mrs. Draper bending over him with her large languishing eyes, but the plain, everyday woman who had been given him for wife twenty-five years before. In short, Mrs. Sterne was hastening home post-chaise from France. The collapse of all his fancies Sterne took mainly in good part, commenting gaily, as he anticipated it, upon "the last Trial of

conjugal Misery," which he wished to have begin "this moment that it might run its period the faster."

Mrs. Sterne, it will be recalled, was intending to stay in southern France for a year or two longer; but soon after hearing that her husband had fallen under the spell of a Mrs. Draper, she changed her mind. The news was brought to her early in February by an English traveller who crossed her path at Avignon on the road to Italy. Though she told the busybody "that she wished not to be informed and begged him to drop the subject," the rumor made her so uneasy that Lydia was forthwith directed to enquire about it of her father. Sterne's reply that he had indeed a friendship for Mrs. Draper, "but not to infatuation," could hardly be accepted, in the light of subsequent letters describing her as an "incomparable woman," "a drooping lily," etc.; for Mrs. Sterne had heard these very phrases before her marriage, and knew what they meant. Her suspicions were further aroused by the infrequency of her husband's letters and by delays in remittances from Panchaud and Foley, all of which in her opinion argued neglect. When called to account for his conduct, Sterne informed his wife through Lydia that she was getting ninepence out of his every shilling, and that the post, not himself, was responsible for the irregular arrival—and perhaps loss—of his letters. Amid these misunderstandings, Sterne was glad to receive a hint that they would all be cleared up by the return of his wife and daughter to Coxwold for the summer. "For God's sake persuade her," Sterne wrote to Lydia of his wife near the first of April, "to come and fix in England, for life is too short to waste in separation—and whilst she lives in one country, and I in another, many people suppose it proceeds from choice—besides, I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my heart."

But Sterne's attitude towards the return of his wife and daughter was reversed by subsequent letters from them outlining their plans. They were coming home, it was made clear to him, merely for a visit at his expense without the slightest intention of resuming their former life at York and Coxwold. After a few months with him, they would go back to France, where they were to leave behind them all their clothes, plate, and linen; and in order that they might never again be incommoded by the want of money, the demand was made upon

Sterne that he should purchase for them an annuity of £200 in the French funds. This was certainly a proposition at which a country parson receiving a few hundred pounds a year from his books might well balk. All his friends commiserated with him, advising him to sell “my life dear and fight valiantly in defence both of my property and life.”

Hall-Stevenson, outdoing the rest, made Yorick’s conjugal tribulations the theme of “an affecting little poem” to circulate among the Demoniacs. Sterne, likewise falling into the jest of the situation, poured forth pages of self-pity over madame’s approaching reconciliation with her husband. To Mrs. James he wrote: “I went five hundred miles the last Spring, out of my way, to pay my wife a week’s visit——and she is at the expence of coming post a thousand miles to return it.——What a happy pair!——however, en passant, she takes back sixteen hundred pounds into France with her—and will do me the honour likewise to strip me of every thing I have.” And similar, but more amusing in its details, is the record of the journal for Mrs. Draper: “I shall be pillaged in a hundred small Item’s by them—which I have a Spirit above saying, *no*——to; as Provisions of all sorts of Linnens—for house use—Body use—printed Linnens for Gowns—Mazareens of Teas—Plate, (all I have but six Silver Spoons)——In short I shall be pluck’d bare—all but of your Portrait and Snuff Box and your other dear Presents—and the neat furniture of my thatch’d Palace——and upon these I set up Stock again, Eliza.”

Notwithstanding his humorous murmurings, Sterne acquiesced after a month or two in his wife’s plan for a settlement, and awaited her arrival for the purpose more complacently perhaps than is implied by a literal reading of his journal. He was quite willing to be fleeced or to have his back flayed, provided he could escape with his life. All else Mrs. Sterne might gather up and decamp with, whither she list, on condition that she trouble him no more. His apparent indifference, which no one will take too seriously, did not prevent him from sending to his wife and daughter his customary directions for a safe and comfortable journey. Lydia was told to throw all her rouge pots into the Sorgue before setting out from Avignon, for no rouge should ever invade Shandy Hall;

but she might bring along her lively French dog, though he was rather "devilish" the last time Sterne saw him, as a companion for the lonely house-cat purring by Yorick's side, if she would promise to guard against "a combustion" when the two animals met. On reaching Paris, the travellers were to go at once to Panchaud's, who would offer them every civility, fill their purses, and advise them about the proposed annuity. While in the city they were to make all necessary purchases of clothing; and as soon as they arrived in London, Mrs. Sterne was to take out a life insurance policy in favor of Lydia. Finally, they must inform him, several posts ahead, of their coming, that he might be in York to meet them with his chaise and long-tailed horses, neither of which had they ever seen. Though the chaise had already been given to Mrs. Draper in the fancies which he was weaving about her, he could yet say to his wife and daughter, "The moment you both have put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours."

Mrs. Sterne and Lydia arrived in York, where Sterne awaited them, on the last day of September; and the next morning they enjoyed their first ride in the new chaise over to Coxwold. Sterne was a little fearful that he might not find grace with madame, but there occurred no untoward incident, much less a scene. The greeting between Sterne and his daughter, now a young woman, was most cordial. "My Lydia," Sterne wrote immediately to his Parisian banker, "seems transported with the sight of me.—Nature, dear Panchaud, breathes in all her composition; and except a little vivacity—which is a fault in the world we live in—I am fully content with her mother's care of her." He likewise intended it as a compliment when a few days later he added in the postscript of a letter to Mrs. James: "My girl has returned an elegant accomplished little slut—my wife—but I hate to praise my wife—'tis as much as decency will allow to praise my daughter."

The united family apparently passed a pleasant month together, during which the details of Mrs. Sterne's plan were discussed and worked out to a slightly different issue. A prospective purchaser was found for a part of their real estate, which was to be turned into an annuity for Lydia; and Mrs. Sterne was promised a liberal allowance. These financial ar-

rangements and other stipulations, as finally agreed upon when husband and wife decided to go apart after a marriage of twenty-five years, are all summed up in a postscript to the journal under the date of the first of November:

“All, my dearest Eliza, has turn’d out more favourable than my hopes——Mrs. S.——and my dear Girl have been two Months [a slip for one month] with me and they have this day left me to go to spend the Winter at York, after having settled every thing to their heart’s content——Mrs. Sterne retires into France, whence she purposed not to stir, till her death,——and never, has she vow’d, will give me another sorrowful or discontented hour.——I have conquered her, as I would every one else, by humanity and Generosity—and she leaves me, more than half in Love with me.——She goes into the South of France, her health being insupportable in England——and her age, as she now confesses, ten Years more than I thought, being on the edge of sixty*——so God bless—and make the remainder of her Life happy—in order to which I am to remit her three hundred guineas a year—and give my dear Girl two thousand pounds, which, with all Joy, I agree to,—but tis to be sunk into an annuity in the French Loans.”

Behindhand a month with the *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne did not accompany his wife and daughter to York, but had them driven in by his man. None of the three wished the approaching separation to be regarded as quite final. The version of it which was to go to the world, Sterne gave out in a letter to Arthur Lee, descriptive of the affecting scene between himself and Lydia as the chaise stood by the door of Shandy Hall:

“Mrs. Sterne’s health is insupportable in England.——She must return to France, and justice and humanity forbid me to oppose it.——I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until she can rejoin me.——My heart bleeds, Lee, when I think of parting with my child——’twill be like the separation of soul and body—and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one respect, for she will be in one kingdom, whilst I am in another.——You will laugh at my weakness—but I cannot help it—for she is a dear disinterested girl——As a proof of it—when she left Coxwold,

* She was but fifty-three.

and I bade her adieu, I pulled out my purse and offered her ten guineas for her private pleasures——her answer was pretty, and affected me too much: ‘No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have straiten’d you—I would rather put an hundred guineas into your pocket than take ten out of it.’——I burst into tears.”

C H A P. XX.

A Sentimental Journey. June, 1767—February, 1768

A PART from its strict biographical details, the journal to Eliza has several interesting aspects. The chief of them no one can regard as literary, though the manuscript offers an opportunity here and there for studying Sterne's method of composition from the first hastily written sentence down to the smoothing out of phrase and clause with new words in a new order. The manuscript also casts a curious side-light on the psychology of Sterne's plagiarisms. In his *Sermons* and in *Shandy*, he stole, it is charged, from others; in the journal he stole from himself. A good passage or a good story, whether originally his own or somebody else's, he could not keep from re-working when occasion called for it, any more than could Charles Lamb.

A letter, for example, to Arthur Lee describing the golden age at Coxwold, was adjusted a month later to the journal; and in reverse order, the Shandean account of Sterne's illness, first recorded in the journal, was re-told in a letter to the Earl of Shelburne. The dear Eliza of the journal was frequently transformed into dear Lydia for letters to his daughter, each being "the sweet light burthen" which he hoped to bear in his arms up the "hill of preferment"; and, stranger still, long passages were taken from the stale letters to Miss Lumley, written as far back as 1740, and transferred to Mrs. Draper, as applicable, with few changes, to the new situation. It was hardly more than writing "Molly" for "Fanny," or "our faithful friend Mrs. James" for "the good Miss S——," and the old "sentimental repasts" with Miss Lumley in Little Alice Lane—house-maid, confidante, and all—could be served up anew for Mrs. Draper in Bond Street.

But the real significance of the journal to Eliza lies not in its literary artifice nor in its parallelisms, which would be disreputable were the process not so amusing; it lies in the fact that it completely reveals the pathological state of the emotions—long suspected but never quite known to a cer-

tainty—whence sprang the *Sentimental Journey*, during the composition of which Sterne was fast dying of consumption, barely keeping himself afoot much of the time with ass's milk; for when he ventured upon a more substantial diet, there stared him in the face the dreadful corrosive mercury.

Each work is the counterpart of the other. In the journal, we have the crude expression of the maudlin sentiment which often accompanies a wasting disease; in the *Sentimental Journey*, we have sentiment refined to an art so exquisite as to place the author among the first masters of English prose. In real life, Sterne bursts into a flood of tears while conversing with Mrs. James over their separation from Eliza—he almost faints, and with difficulty reaches the door; when he writes his book he weeps his handkerchief wet over the distracted maid of Moulins who has lost her lover. In the journal, he plucks up the briars along the path which Mrs. Draper will sometime tread by his side; in the *Sentimental Journey*, it is a nettle or two growing upon the grave of a poor Franciscan whose feelings he has wounded. In the one he communes with the house-cat as she lies purring by the fire; in the other with a travel-worn German peasant sitting on the stone bench of the inn by Nampont, and weeping at the death of the donkey which has been his faithful companion all the way to the shrine of St. James of Compostella and thus far on the long journey home to Franconia. Eliza, her miniature always opposite to him on his desk when he took pen in hand, sat for the slightly varied portraits of the brown lady, the grisette, and the *fille de chambre* of the *Sentimental Journey*, all of whom awaken precisely the same sexual emotions, never quite gross but sometimes suggestive of grossness. It is not the strong, healthy sexuality of Smollett or Fielding, but rather the sexuality of waste and enervation, such as inspired the harmless passion for Mrs. Draper, a feeble stir of the blood which Sterne felt as he held the hand of a beautiful woman, stooped to fasten her shoebuckle, or slept in a room near her at a wayside inn. It is all quite innocent provided one takes it so.

A book of travels, we remember, had been in Sterne's mind ever since the winter at Toulouse, and in the succeeding instalment of *Tristram Shandy* he tried his hand, we also remember, at one based upon his journey from Calais to Paris and south

to Avignon and across the plains of Languedoc. His design at that time was comedy running into farce and satire. He played with current guide books, whose *videnda* were eventually set aside in favor of ludicrous incidents by the way, accompanied with the claim, gravely expressed, that he loved better than all else dusty thoroughfares along which there was nothing to see, and so nothing to relate, beyond an occasional beggar, pilgrim, or fig-vender on the road to Beaucaire. The idea was well enough worked out in a narrative memorable for Old Honesty and the vintage dance; but with the plan as a whole, details neglected, there was nothing very novel or striking. It was in fact only a whimsical variant, however well carried through, of the comic adventures which everybody had read in Cervantes, Scarron, or Fielding. Clearly not satisfied with the outcome, Sterne made another tour abroad to gain, besides his health, fresh incidents for a second journey which should include Italy also.

In the meantime, Dr. Smollett, likewise sick and in fear of death, had gone over nearly the same route and brought out two volumes of *Travels through France and Italy*. Keen as was the novelist's intelligence, his irritable temper, accentuated by over-strained nerves, warped everything he saw. Crossing Smollett's path at Montpellier, Sterne introduced him into the *Sentimental Journey* as a type of the "splenetic traveller" under the appropriate name of "Smelfungus," and as a fit companion to "Mundungus," or "the proud traveller"—a thin disguise for Dr. Samuel Sharp, another sick surgeon who was publishing his impressions of the Continent.* "The learned Smelfungus," says Sterne, "travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted—He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings." The inn at a seaport town near Genoa where the novelist took up his night's lodging was kept, says Smollett's record, by a butcher who "had very much the looks of an assassin. His wife was a great masculine virago, who had all the air of having frequented the slaughter-house. . . . We had a very bad supper, miserably dressed, passed a very disagreeable night, and

* *Letters from Italy* (London, 1766).

paid a very extravagant bill in the morning. I was very glad to get out of the house with my throat uncut."

The women of Italy Smollett found "the most haughty, insolent, capricious, and revengeful females on the face of the earth." The Tuscan speech, so often praised for its sweetness, was to his ear harsh and disagreeable. "It sounds," he said, "as if the speaker had lost his palate. I really imagined the first man I heard speak in Pisa had met with that misfortune in the course of his amours." While in Florence, he was attracted to the Uffizi gallery by the fame of the Venus de Medici; but he at once discovered, to quote again famous phrases, that there is "no beauty in the features" of the marvellous statue, and that "the attitude is awkward and out of character." When he reached Rome, he was "much disappointed at the sight of the Pantheon which looks," said the sick traveller, "like a huge cockpit, open at the top. . . . Within side it has much the air of a mausoleum. It was this appearance which, in all probability, suggested the thought to Boniface IV. to transport hither eight-and-twenty cart-loads of old rotten bones, dug from different burying-places, and then dedicate it as a church to the blessed Virgin and all the holy martyrs."

The reaction of Sterne's mind upon Smollett's gave him the point of view for which he had been long striving. Like Smollett's, his travels were to deal with observation, personal and direct, rather than with incident, comic or exciting; but "my observations," he said, "shall be altogether of a different cast than any of my forerunners," just as my temperament, he might have added, differs from theirs. In distinction from the jaundiced traveller, to whose eye all things, they say, look yellow, Sterne proclaimed himself the sentimental traveller, or one who, disregarding all the rest, seeks and finds, wherever chance takes him, only those objects and incidents which excite and keep going a series of pleasurable emotions. "Was I in a desert," he said, "I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections——If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to——I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection——I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert: if their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to

mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them." His design in writing the *Sentimental Journey*, he told Mrs. James, "was to teach us to love the world and our fellow creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections, which aid so much to it."

There was also a more personal aim hinted at here and there in Sterne's letters. Feeling the approach of death, he wished to leave the world with a different impression than had been made upon it by *Tristram Shandy*. Above his humor, which had led him into many indecorums of speech, he prized his sensibility, which had kept his heart right, as everybody might now see for himself. That side of his talent which the public had admired in the story of Le Fever was now to find expression on a larger scale. Incidentally the book was to be so chaste that it might lie upon any lady's table; or heaven have mercy upon her imagination.

Subdued to this mood by passion and disease, Sterne began the *Sentimental Journey* within a week of his arrival at Coxwold towards the end of May. Ten days were passed in sorting and arranging the miscellaneous notes and sketches of his travels, which had long lain by him, before he was ready to write the introductory chapter immortalizing the name of Eliza. At first, progress was slow because of extreme weakness and the intrusion of Mrs. Draper's image in and out of season. "Cannot write my Travels," was the pretty complaint on the third of June, "or give one half hour's close attention to them, upon thy Account, my dearest friend—Yet write I must, and what to do with you, whilst I write—I declare I know not—I want to have you ever before my Imagination—and cannot keep you out of my heart or head. . . . Now I must shut you out sometimes—or meet you Eliza! with an empty purse upon the Beach." At length health mended; the journal to Eliza, which kept his heart bleeding, was closed up; and all his energies were bent upon the book that he must have ready for his subscribers by the next winter. "It is a subject," Sterne informed Mrs. James when well into it, "which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past." During the period of composition, the manuscript was submitted to the Demoniacs and other "Geniuses of the North," who declared it, Sterne assured Becket in September,

"an Original work and likely to take in all Kinds of Readers"; but "the proof of the pudding," the author added, "is in the eating."

The even course of Sterne's pleasure at his task was broken by a week's illness in August "with a spitting of blood," and by the visit of his wife and daughter, to whose comfort and entertainment was devoted the entire month of October. To make up for lost time, Sterne spurred on his Pegasus violently through November, "determined not to draw bit," until his book should be completed. Utterly exhausted by this final spurt, he wrote to the Earl of Shelburne at the end of the month: "Yorick . . . has worn out both his spirits and body with the Sentimental Journey——'tis true that an author must feel himself, or his reader will not——but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings." Thereupon followed the inevitable collapse—a succession of hemorrhages with fever, which confined Sterne to his room for three weeks. As soon as the fever left him, his old buoyancy of spirit brought him to his feet again, and he set off for London in company with Hall-Stevenson, who was going up to see through the press a volume of facetious verse-tales called *Makarony Fables*. The journey was mere madness on Sterne's part, for nothing was left of him but a shadow. "I am weak," the Jameses were warned in advance while he was resting at York, "I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind——so God bless you——you will see me enter like a ghost——so I tell you before-hand not to be frightened."

But besides having a book to publish, Sterne still believed that he might once more recruit mind and body, as had so often happened in past years, by a change of scene and faces. For months his friends had been calling him to London, all eager to hear him read from his sentimental travails amid the old intimacies. Lord Shelburne, he hoped, would be pleased with his book, and then his labor would not have been in vain. The earl must, it was urged, make the acquaintance of the Jameses before the winter was over. "You would esteem the husband, and honour the wife——she is the reverse of most of her sex——they have various pursuits——she but one—that of pleasing her husband." Sir George Macartney wrote to Yorick from St. Petersburg, where the diplomat was negotiat-

ing a commercial treaty with Russia; and after his return Sterne congratulated him upon the success of his mission, adding, "I shall have the honour of presenting to you a *couple of as clean brats as ever chaste brain conceiv'd.*" Macartney, Craufurd, and Sterne were to renew their convivial friendship.

A certain "Sir W," perhaps Sir William Stanhope, brother to Chesterfield and one of the Delaval set, came north during September for a week at Scarborough, stopping at York, where he and Sterne met over their "barley water" at Bluit's Inn in Lendal. This gentleman was to be convinced by the *Sentimental Journey* that sensibility has no kinship with sensuality. "I take heav'n to witness," Sterne replied to him on being rallied for the freedoms of *Tristram Shandy*, "after all this *bardinage* my heart is innocent—and the sporting of my pen is equal, just equal, to what I did in my boyish days, when I got astride of a stick, and gallop'd away. . . . Praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt." Among friends without rank were not forgotten honest Sancho, who must make his usual morning calls in Bond Street; and Arthur Lee, to whom Sterne was continuing to give expert counsel in matters of the heart.

Mrs. James was deeply chagrined when she heard a rumor that Yorick had paid a flying visit to London in the autumn without calling upon her. Sterne set the idle story at rest, explaining how it all may have come about, and remonstrating with his friend that she should even fancy him capable of so great incivility: "Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the first step I made to Gerrard Street!—My mind and body must be at sad variance with each other, should it ever fall out that it is not both the first and last place also where I shall betake myself, were it only to say, 'God bless you.' . . . I . . . never more felt the want of a house I esteem so much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it so seldom—and have nothing to recompense my desires of seeing its kind possessors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Christmas." Mrs. Ferguson, the witty widow, was waiting for January when she might obtain a peep at the *Sentimental Journey*. And there was another unknown woman, a certain Hannah, who, falling across Sterne's way last season, wished

to be still kept in his memory. Hannah was a sprightly girl, whose chit-chat amused him and to whom he replied in kind, claiming, on the receipt of her first letter during the summer, that he could not exactly place her among the many Queens of Sheba who had honored him with visits. "It could not be," he replied, "the lady in Bond-street, or Grosvenor-street, or —— Square, or Pall Mall.—We shall make it out, Hannah, when we meet. . . . How do you do? Which parts of Tristram do you like best?—God bless you." With the help of another letter from Hannah, he was able to recall the "good dear girl" and her sister Fanny, whom the *Sentimental Journey*, Yorick predicted, would make "cry as much as ever it made me laugh, or I'll give up the business of sentimental writing."

Thus anticipating the pleasure of laying a new book at the feet of his friends, Sterne drove up to his old lodgings in Bond Street on the first or second of January, 1768. It was the worst sort of weather, cold, raw, and damp. Influenza had set in and was carrying off poor people so fast that the newspapers feared not enough laborers would be left to do the work of the next summer. Everybody was warned against exposure to the inclemency of the season. "Their Majesties," said the newspapers, under date of Monday the fourth of January, "did not attend service yesterday at the Chapel Royal on account of the badness of the weather, but had private service performed in their apartments at the Queen's palace."

On that Sunday, Sterne, becoming careful of his health for the first time in his life, watched the rain from his window all day, forgoing the pleasure of a call on the Jameses and of dining with them and their friends in the evening. But mindful of the engagement, he sent over to Gerrard Street the compliments of the new year to all the household gathered about the firesides—"Miss Ayscough the wise, Miss Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and so on"—with an enclosure for Lord Ossory, should he be present. On Sterne's table lay scattered cards, notes, and invitations out, enough to carry him through a fortnight of dinners. Among them was an urgent request from Mrs. James for aid in obtaining a ticket to Mrs. Cornelius's forthcoming assembly. Never before had there been so great a demand for tickets to this social function, which was

to assume added splendor this year. Mrs. James, at whose table sat Lord Ossory, had pleaded with all her friends, and had everywhere failed. Would Mr. Sterne use his influence? Sterne wrote back that he was not a subscriber to Soho this year, but that he might be depended upon to do his best for her. So he began despatching notes round among his friends; and as they all brought in unfavorable responses, he set out himself the next morning to see what he could do by his presence. The episode concluded pleasantly, if unsuccessfully, with the following letter to the Jameses, on Monday, January 4, 1768:

"My dear Friends,—I have never been a moment at rest since I wrote yesterday about this Soho ticket—I have been at a Secretary of State to get one—have been upon one knee to my friend Sir George Macartney, Mr. Lascelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice*—without mentioning five more—I believe I could as soon get you a place at court, for everybody is going—but I will go out and try a new circle—and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my supplications.—I send you this state of the affair, lest my silence should make you think I had neglected what I promised—but no—Mrs. James knows me better, and would never suppose it would be out of the head of one who is with so much truth her faithful friend."

Though Sterne felt unequal to a Soho assembly, he was drawn, so far as health would permit, rather reluctantly into the old life. If his friends could not have him always at their tables, they visited him in Bond Street, where was held every morning a sort of levee. "I am now tyed down," he complained to the Jameses in February, "neck and heels (twice over) by engagements every day this week, or most joyfully would have trod the old pleasing road from Bond to Gerrard street. . . . I am quite well, but exhausted with a room full of company every morning till dinner—How do I lament I cannot eat my morsel (which is always sweet) with such kind friends!"

As usual, his guests sent in little presents for remembrance, or enrolled themselves among his subscribers, in return for the pleasure of hearing the charming Yorick read from his senti-

* Probably Edwin Lascelles, M.P. for Yorkshire; and Thomas Fitzmaurice, M.P. for Calne.

mental travels in advance of publication. This year he was especially honored with a series of prints from "L. S——n Esq," as the heading to a letter has the blundering disguise, but really, I think, from George Selwyn, the grim wit and politician, who put his name down for the *Sentimental Journey*. On receiving the gift, accompanied by a note proffering friendship, Sterne replied in his most courteous manner, beginning: "Your commendations are very flattering. I know no one whose judgment I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only instance in which I can call it in question. ——Thanks, my good sir, for the prints—I am much your debtor for them—if I recover from my ill state of health and live to revisit Coxwold this summer, I will decorate my study with them, along with six beautiful pictures I have already of the sculptures on poor Ovid's tomb."

There came to Sterne also a much prized gift from overseas in the form of a curiously carved walking-stick, double handled and twisted into all sorts of shapes, which Dr. Eustace of North Carolina* sent over in company with a letter giving its history and uses. The colonial physician, after introducing himself as "a great admirer of Tristram Shandy" and "one of his most zealous defenders against the repeated assaults of prejudice and misapprehension," went on to explain whimsically why the walking-stick should belong to Sterne. "The only reason," he said, "that gave rise to this address to you, is my accidentally having met with a piece of true Shandean statuary, I mean according to vulgar opinion, for to such judges both appear equally destitute of regularity or design. ——It was made by a very ingenious gentleman of this province, and presented to the late Governor Dobbs, after his death Mrs. D. gave it me: its singularity made many desirous of procuring it, but I had resolved, at first, not to part with it, till, upon reflection, I thought it would be a very proper and probably not an unacceptable, compliment to my favourite author, and in his hands might prove as ample a field for meditation as a button-hole, or a broom-stick."

* Dr. John Eustace of Wilmington, N. C., described as a man "who united wit, and genius, and learning, and science." See G. J. McRee, *Life and Correspondence of James Iredell*, I, 27-28, 194 (New York, 1857).

It was too late for the walking-stick of Governor Dobbs ever to go into *Tristram Shandy*; but Sterne sent back by the next ship a meditation, taking, as the physician wished, the singular gift as a symbol of his book for an attack upon all who had failed to appreciate its humor. Never quite sound in his judgment since the old days of his quarrel with his uncle Jaques, Sterne still imagined that he had been persecuted through his literary career by a conspiracy formed against him. Under date of February 9, 1768, Sterne wrote to Dr. Eustace:

“Sir,—I this moment received your obliging letter, and SHANDEAN piece of sculpture along with it; of both which testimonies of your regard I have the justest sense, and return you, dear sir, my best thanks and acknowledgments. Your walking stick is in no sense more SHANDAIIC than in that of its having more handles than one—The parallel breaks only in this, that in using the stick, every one will take the handle which suits his convenience. In TRISTRAM SHANDY, the handle is taken which suits their passions, their ignorance or sensibility. There is so little true feeling in the HERD of the WORLD, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament, when the books first appear’d, ‘that none but wise men should look into them.’ It is too much to write books and find heads to understand them. The world, however, seems to come into a better temper about them, the people of genius here being, to a man, on its side, and the reception it has met with in France, Italy and Germany, hath engag’d one part of the world to give it a second reading, and the other part of it, in order to be on the strongest side, have at length agreed to speak well of it too. A few Hypocrites and Tartufe’s, whose approbation could do it nothing but dishonor, remain unconverted.

“I am very proud, sir, to have had a man, like you, on my side from the beginning; but it is not in the power of any one to taste humor, however he may wish it—’tis the gift of God—and besides, a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him. His own ideas are only call’d forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within, so entirely correspond with those excited, ’tis like reading HIMSELF and not the BOOK.

“In a week’s time, I shall be deliver’d of two volumes of the sentimental travels of MR. YORICK through France and

Italy; but, alas! the ship sails three days too soon, and I have only to lament it deprives me of the pleasure of sending them to you, being, dear sir, with great thanks for the honor you have done me, and with true esteem,

“Your oblig’d and humble servant,
Lau. Sterne.”

Having uttered his last word on *Tristram Shandy*, Sterne was looking forward, as we see, to the *Sentimental Journey*, which was to win over the poor remainder of his enemies. The work had been passing through the press rather slowly, owing to the author’s numerous corrections in the text, apparently down to the moment of publication. To judge from the extant part of the manuscript,* now in the British Museum, and comprising the first volume as published, Sterne brought up with him from Coxwold a fair copy in his own hand for the printer, leaving blank pages enough for easy changes and additions. There is a notion, warranted only by Yorick’s jesting remarks, that Sterne was a careless writer who put down and printed whatever came into his head without premeditation. How false this notion is I have shown in discussing *Tristram Shandy*, whose several instalments were playfully organized, we concluded, on Locke’s theory of associated ideas, while all details were studied with scrupulous concern for humorous or pathetic effects. Much that was there half guessed at may be seen in the manuscript of the *Sentimental Journey* —a neat, underlying copy, which after six weeks of intermittent labor was covered all over with deletions, and interlinear substitutions reaching out into margins and blank pages. Sterne knew, artist as he was, that a point just missed may sometimes be retrieved merely by a new word or a new phrase.

It is perhaps saying too much to imply that Sterne had any occasion in the last stages of his book to retrieve himself from real failure. Already complete was that wonderful series of portraits, ebbing and flowing with the author’s emotions, in the order as we now have them, from the poor Franciscan, the Flemish lady, and La Fleur, on to the dwarf and the beautiful grisette from whom Yorick purchased the gloves. It is rather that these portraits sometimes needed here and there just those

* Egerton MSS., 1610.

touches which make for perfection. No scene in the *Sentimental Journey* struck the fancy of Europe more than the exchange of snuff-boxes between Yorick and Father Lorenzo after their amiable contention. It led in Germany to the formation of little coteries for the study of Sterne, the members of which presented one another with horn snuff-boxes, and promised to cultivate Yorick's gentleness, content with fortune, and pity and pardon for all human errors.* Before turning in his manuscript to the printer, Sterne hesitated between a bald relation of the incident and the details as the world now knows them. In its cancelled form the passage read: "The monk rubbed his horn box upon his sleeve and presented it to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it, with a stream of good nature in his eyes he put it into his bosom—and took his leave." When printed, the passage ran: "The monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunick; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction—he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest—But be it as it would —he begg'd we might exchange boxes—In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it—with a stream of good nature in his eyes he put it into his bosom—and took his leave." How much the scene gains by the elaboration everyone must feel. The mendicant who had come to ask an alms, gave instead all that he had to Yorick, but not until he had heightened the value of his gift by "a little air of brightness."

In view of what Sterne did here, we wonder whether we should not regard as a happy afterthought the *bit of rust* which caught the eye of the Marquis of E * * * *, as he drew his sword from its scabbard before the assembled states at Rennes, and, dropping a tear upon the place, remarked, "I shall find some other way to get it off."

The account of Monsieur Dessein's vamped-up chaise, for whose sorrowful adventures through the passes of Savoy and

* For the queer story of these Lorenzo orders, see H. W. Thayer, *Laurence Sterne in Germany*, 84-89 (New York, 1905): and J. Longo, *Laurence Sterne and Johann Georg Jacobi*, 39-44 (Wien und Leipzig, 1898).

over Mont Cenis Yorick sought to awaken pity, was rather tame as Sterne originally had it; for he wrote at first: "Much indeed was not to be said for it—but something might—and when a few little words will set the poor chaise of an innocent traveller agoing, I hate the man who can be a churl of them." Subsequently a clause was crossed out and another written in its place, so as to make the whole read: "Much indeed was not to be said for it—but something might—and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them." On this passage, Thackeray once put the rhetorical question: "Does anybody believe that this is a real Sentiment? that this luxury of generosity, this gallant rescue of Misery—out of an old cab, is genuine feeling?" Whether Sterne or Thackeray was right, it is worth while to observe that the sentiment was fully premeditated.

The sketch of the beautiful Fleming whom Yorick on a sudden turn of his head met full in the face on his way to Monsieur Dessein's magazine of chaises, was likewise carefully re-worked. "Heaven forbid!" the strange lady exclaimed in the first version, "laying her hand upon her eyes." But as this is not the natural gesture in warding off a threatened blow, Sterne substituted "raising her hand up to her forehead." A moment later Yorick took the stranger's hand and led her towards the *remise* door in silence; whereof Sterne remarked that it was one of those situations "which can happen to a man but once in his life." In after-thought he struck out the comment, preferring to leave undetermined the rarity of the occurrence in real life.

The lament of the Franconian peasant over his dead ass by the roadside caused Sterne much trouble; for several of the sentences were begun, abandoned, and tried two or three times over before the sentiment could be rendered precisely as he wished it. Another perplexity was who should compose the merry kitchen at Amiens on the evening when La Fleur pulled out his fife and led off the dance. At the first trial Sterne was certain that the "*fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hôtel*, the cook, the scullion, etc." would be there; but it took two more humorous trials to unroll *etc.* into "all the household, dogs, and cats, besides an old monkey." There was some doubt, too, as to the sobriquet most fitting for Smollett, the author's arch-

enemy. Sterne had him at first Smeldungus, but left him Smel-fungus. In like manner was partially deodorized the anecdote told of Madame de Rambouillet, by merely substituting a French phrase for the plain, blunt English, originally writ large. Again, while counting the pulse of the grisette, Yorick lost his reckoning, it will be remembered, at the fortieth pulsation, owing to the unexpected entrance of the husband, who passed through the shop from the back parlor to the street. As a late addition came the grisette's remark—" 'Twas nobody but her husband,"—which put Yorick at his ease in running up a fresh score on the pretty wrist still extended towards him. On bidding adieu, Yorick gave the hand of the beautiful grisette, as it was first written, "something betwixt a shake and a squeeze." Had the vulgarity been permitted to stand, the scene would have been spoiled, so whimsically delicate is it in every other detail.

These are merely examples of Sterne's alterations, so numerous that no adequate notion could be given of them without photographing large parts of the manuscript. True, one turns many a clean folio, but substitutions such as have been described are the rule; words and phrases are also frequently transposed, and sentences are re-cast, curtailed, or added to,—all for exactness, clearness, and rhythm. Every change, however, relates to details, never to the general outline of a portrait or to the emotional transition from one to another, any difficulties with which, if they were encountered, are not revealed by a manuscript wherein we see the author only refining, sometimes to an amusing degree. For example. Yorick was not sure whether the packet which bore him across the Channel should reach port at one, two, or three o'clock in the afternoon. He first wrote *two*, then *one*, and finally drawing his pen through each, settled upon *three o'clock* as affording sufficient dramatic time for the Calais episode before the approach of evening. Neither was he sure whether he gave six or eight sous to "the sons and daughters of poverty" who surrounded him as he was leaving the inn at Montreuil; nor whether, on his return to Calais, he walked *a league* or *two leagues* to pluck "a nettle or two" growing over the grave of Father Lorenzo.

More important than attentions to time, place, and number, is the keen sense that Sterne everywhere displayed for the dif-

ferences of meaning between synonyms, though the right word was often slow in making its appearance. Of the following list, he finally chose the second of each pair, crossing out the first and writing the second above it or on the margin: *insolence* and *triumph*, *literata* and *précieuse*, *quest* and *pursuit*, *withdrew* and *disengaged*, *hurt* and *mortified*, *motives* and *movements*, *consolation* and *comfort*, *donnoit* and *présentoit*, *un joli garçon* and *a clever young fellow*, and so on in a descent through scores of others to *ocean* and *sea*, *entered* and *came into*, where rhythm or the desire to escape repetition won the day. Throughout the process Sterne managed his French easily. At times it was not quite correct; accents were often forgotten; and occasionally were dropped off final vowels and consonants of words like *Londre* for *Londres* and *désobligeant* for *désobligeante*; but it was all clear enough to the eye. Beyond these and similar slips, the French translator of the *Sentimental Journey* found it necessary to make very few corrections in the many French phrases scattered through the book. For Sterne's *fille de chambre* was substituted the more usual *femme de chambre*, though both were in use; and *voilà un persiflage* of necessity became *voilà du persiflage*; while the *billet doux* which Yorick sent to Madame de L *** was left intact except for *corporal*, which should have been *caporal*.

Here in the *Sentimental Journey* occurs Sterne's beautiful rendering of the French proverb: *A brebis tondue Dieu mesure le vent.* "God tempers the wind," said the unfortunate maid of Moulins, "to the shorn lamb."* Precisely how Sterne attained to the perfect phrasing along with the perfect rhythm,

* In the *Fragment in the Manner of Rabelais*, written in the Shandy period, Sterne has a phrase about tears which "temper the wind" that was rising upon a discourse. And in *Original Letters of Laurence Sterne*, 154-159 (1788), there is a letter in which it is said of "the kind Being who made us all" that "*he even tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*" This letter to an unnamed friend, bearing the superscription "Lyons, Nov. 15," relates to Sterne's impressions thus far on his journey through France into Italy in the autumn of 1765. Though the letter has been often quoted or referred to as genuine, it is probably a forgery, perpetrated after Sterne's death. On November 15, 1765, Sterne had reached Turin. The forger did not know that. There is, therefore, no real evidence that Sterne's famous proverb, in the form he gave it, occurs in any of his writings before the *Sentimental Journey*, though he was on the way to it in his *Fragment*.

no one can ever know, for the manuscript does not extend thus far; but if inference be justifiable from analogies supported by the manuscript, moral epigrams did not come to him in full expression all at once and without effort. To cite an instance, Yorick was so disturbed while at the Opéra Comique by the boorish conduct of a German towards a dwarf standing in front of him in the parterre, that he was ready to leap out of his box and run to the aid of the poor fellow. Over Yorick's emotions, Sterne first remarked: "An injury sharpen'd by an insult is insufferable"; but not satisfied with the commonplace, he ran his pen through the last part of the sentence, and then re-worked the whole to "An injury sharpen'd by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party." And so it likely was with the famous proverb, which seems easy enough to frame now that the feat has been accomplished. It was only throwing, one may say, the French sentence into the English order and translating *mesure* by *tempers*, and there you have Sterne. Yes: but George Herbert tried his hand at the French proverb in a slightly different form before *près* had dropped out between *brebis* and *tondue*, and gave us the awkward "To a close shorne sheep God gives wind by measure."^{*} Sterne tried his hand and gave us "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," thereby puzzling many a clergyman who has taken the proverb for a text and afterwards searched for it through the wisdom of Solomon, in vain.

Not since the first instalment of *Tristram Shandy* had Sterne taken so great pains with a book, the publication of which Becket was forced to delay until Wednesday or Thursday, the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth of February, 1768,[†] a full month beyond the usual time for Sterne to make his annual literary entrance into society. The work, bearing the title *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, appeared in two styles—in two small octavo volumes with pages measuring about six inches by three and three quarters, and in two larger octavo volumes on imperial paper with wide-margined pages measuring about seven inches by four. In the first style, the price of the set, pages sewed but unbound, was five shillings; in the second style, the price was apparently half

* *Outlandish Proverbs*, No. 861 (London, 1640).

† Registered at Stationers' Hall, February 27, 1768.

a guinea. Except for one episode clearly out of place and for a few incidental references, the travels contained nothing about Italy; indeed, they were extended beyond Paris only by working over in a more sentimental mood the story of Maria and the scene of the vintage dance from *Tristram Shandy*, with the addition of an anecdote re-told after John Craufurd of Errol. But as an announcement that the public might expect an Italian tour in continuation, Sterne had a loose page printed and slipped into the copies for his subscribers. The loose page, rarely to be seen nowadays, read as follows:

“Advertisement.

THE Author begs leave to acknowledge to his Subscribers, that they have a further claim upon him for Two Volumes more than these delivered to them now, and which nothing but ill health could have prevented him, from having ready along with these.

“The Work will be compleated
and delivered to the Subscribers early
the next Winter.”*

There were two hundred and eighty-one subscribers, who took altogether, some entering their names for more than one copy, three hundred and thirty-four sets—one hundred and ninety-nine on ordinary paper, and one hundred and thirty-five on imperial paper. The result may seem disappointing

* It has been asserted more than once (*Notes and Queries*, fifth series, IX, 223) that this advertisement was issued with only the large paper copies. This is an error, for the advertisement as given here is taken from a small paper copy.

There were to have been, it is clear, four volumes of the *Sentimental Journey*—two for France and two for Italy. Sterne's conversation with Alessandro Verri, as quoted in a previous chapter, shows that the author expected to have the work complete at this time; but was prevented by ill health. Subscribers were entitled to four volumes, but they now received only two, with the promise of two more which Sterne never lived to write. The result was that subscribers paid a guinea for two volumes on imperial paper and a half-guinea for copies on ordinary paper—or double the price at which the sets were sold to the outside public.

when compared with the immense array that ushered in the *Sermons of Mr. Yorick* only two years before. Of all Sterne's publications, his sermons, it must be admitted, were the most immediately profitable; but their subsequent sale could not be counted upon; nor is a subscribers' list a sure index of a first sale, inasmuch as many a person who would hesitate to patronize a book which might prove another *Tristram Shandy*, would nevertheless purchase and read it. The new list of subscribers, though falling short of expectations, was a most notable advertisement, wherein were again marshalled troops of friends among the nobility, gentry, and distinguished commoners, including nearly everybody prominently connected with his Majesty's government, all the way down from the Duke of Grafton, the First Lord of the Treasury. And as an assurance that the book contained nothing to bring a blush to the most innocent cheek, one might read in the roll of ecclesiastical titles names like York and Peterborough. All who could afford imperial paper had the honor of a star after their names. Sir George Macartney was thus starred for five sets, and "the young rich Mr. Crewe" was starred for twenty sets, the largest single subscription except Panchaud's, who engaged the same number of small copies for Paris.

No subscribers' list was necessary to ensure the success of the *Sentimental Journey*, the first edition of which was exhausted within a month.* All who wrote of the book in newspapers, magazines, and letters were now ready to take off their hats to Mr. Sterne's genius. All, I should say, except one. Smelfungus, as the type of the splenetic traveller from "a well-known original," of course could not be passed by without a return thrust from Smollett's man on the *Critical Review*,† who lamented, on observing chapters which bore no number, that Yorick was again imposing upon the public "whim for sentiment and caprice for humour." As the reviewer waxed hot, poor Yorick was charged with "making the sufferings of others the objects of his mirth" and of rising "superior to every regard for taste, truth, observation, and reflection"; while La Fleur, "the least unmeaning" of all the sketches, the angry

* The second edition appeared on Tuesday, March 29.—*London Chronicle*, March 26-29, 1768.

† May, 1768.

reviewer finally asserted without any attempt at proof, was "pieced out with shreds . . . barbarously cut out and unskillfully put together from other novels." On the other hand, Walpole, who could never get through three volumes of the "tiresome *Tristram Shandy*," thought the new book "very pleasing, though too much dilated," and recommended it for its "great good nature and strokes of delicacy."^{*} Elizabeth Montagu, who used to lecture Sterne so severely on the free wit of *Tristram Shandy* that "he would shed penitent tears" approved of the *Sentimental Journey*, which, she said, "would not have misbecome a young ensign."

One by one the portraits, beginning with the monk and ending with the last scene at the Piedmont inn, were taken up for comment by the *Monthly Review* in a notice running through March and April. Quite naturally the reviewer was disposed to sport with his "good cousin Yorick," in memory of old days when each had slashed the other's jerkin; but it was all kindly banter. Why should "one of our first-rate pens," it was asked, write "a black pair of silk breeches" instead of the more accurate "a pair of black silk breeches"? or why should he descend to the vulgarism of *lay* for *lie*, as when he says "Maria should *lay* in my bosom," as if Maria were "the name of a favourite pullet"? But these blemishes were all "pitiful minutiae," it was concluded, of no account in a series of travels abounding in "masterly" portraits, "affecting," "touching," "delicate," and so on through the list of epithets of praise.

Tristram Shandy had long ago made Sterne's name familiar through the greater part of literary Europe. Many read the book in France and in Germany; but few even among its friends at home, Sterne used to say, really understood its drift. Certainly none of those who were translating it had any adequate conception of its meaning. The *Sentimental Journey*, clear of any disorder in its art, could be more easily read. Everybody could feel its sentiment and pathos, though its lurking humor might escape them, just as it escaped Thackeray a century later. True, the *Sentimental Journey* does not cut so deeply into life as *Tristram Shandy* but for literary charm time has rightly given it the preference. The narrative—if it be narrative—moves through a series of dramatic portraits,

* *Letters*, edited by Toynbee, VII, 175.

which, like the emotions underlying them, rise bright out of one another, and, after glowing for a moment, fade away with consummate art. Literature has nothing like these little pictures of French life drawn with a fine brush. They have been aptly compared to the choicest pastels of Latour and Watteau, always delicate and yet always brilliant in their coloring. Unlike *Tristram Shandy*, there was nothing local about the *Sentimental Journey*, nothing provincial, nothing even racial. It at once assumed its place as a cosmopolitan classic by the side of *Robinson Crusoe*.

Translations appeared in French and German within a year, and thereafter in Italian, Spanish, Polish, and Russian. Bode, the German translator, when puzzled how to render the word *sentimental*, appealed for aid to his friend Lessing, who coined the adjective *empfindsam* after the analogy of *mühsam*, thus giving, through Sterne, a new word to the German language. It was in this translation, followed by *Tristram Shandy* in 1774, that Goethe and Heine mainly knew Sterne, of whom the former once said: "Yorick Sterne is the best type of wit that ever exerted an influence in literature. Whoever reads him feels himself lifted above the petty cares of the world. His humour is inimitable, and it is not every kind of humour that leaves the soul calm and serene."*

Frénais, the French translator, likewise troubled for an equivalent of *sentimental*, decided to take the word over into French, in the hope that it would prove useful for expressing a new idea. This mutilated version of the original, missing as often as hitting the point of Sterne's anecdotes, brought Yorick's name and strange personality back to the salons which had been captivated by his conversation. The book, said Madame Suard, amused and pleased many, while some few had for it the most profound contempt. The vivacious Mademoiselle de Sommery, for instance, was surprised that anyone should find interest in a dead ass, a lackey, or a mendicant who asks an alms. And she shook with laughter at Yorick's pleasure in holding the gloved hand of a beautiful woman or in counting her pulse beats with the tips of his fingers.

To this and similar ridicule Madame Suard replied finely in a letter to a mutual friend. "The chapters descriptive of these

* Thayer, *Laurence Sterne in Germany*, 105.

incidents," she said there, "certainly have little promise in them; but Sterne's merit, it seems to me, lies in his having attached an interest to details which in themselves have none whatsoever; in his having caught a thousand faint impressions, a thousand fleeting emotions which pass through the heart or the imagination of a sensitive man, and in having rendered them all in piquant phrase and image. He enlarges, so to speak, the human heart by portraying his own sensations, . . . and thereby adds to the stores of our enjoyment. . . . If you do not love Sterne, beware of telling me so, for I fear I should then love you less."*

To a later period belongs the impassioned tribute of Heine, who was as sensitive as Sterne to "the great black eyes" and "pale elegiac faces" which he saw in Italy. "Laurence Sterne," declared Heine in his enthusiasm, "is the born equal of William Shakespeare; and he, too, was nurtured by the Muses on Parnassus. But after the manner of women they quickly spoiled him with their caresses. He was the darling of the pale, tragic goddess. Once in an access of fierce tenderness, she kissed his young heart with such power, passion, and madness, that his heart began to bleed and suddenly understood all the sorrows of this world, and was filled with infinite compassion. Poor young poet heart! But the younger daughter of Mnemosyne, the rosy goddess of humor, quickly ran up to him, and took the suffering boy in her arms, and sought to cheer him with laughter and song; she gave him for playthings the comic mask and the jester's bells, and kissed his lips soothingly, kissing upon them all her levity and mirth, all her wit and mockery."†

* *Lettre d'une Femme sur le Voyage sentimental de Sterne*, in J. B. A. Suard's *Mélanges de Littérature*, III, 111-122 (Paris, 1803). Frénais states his troubles over the word *sentimental* in his *Avertissement* to the *Voyage Sentimental* (Amsterdam et Paris, 1769). Likewise Bode in his *Vorbericht* to *Yoricks Empfindsame Reise* (Hamburg und Bremen, 1768).

† *Die Romantische Schule*. Bk. III, ch. III.

C H A P. XXI.

Illness and Death. March, 1768

BUT Sterne never lived to enjoy to the full his final triumph. Reynolds was to paint the author of the *Sentimental Journey* as he had already twice painted the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Sittings were arranged for the twenty-second of February and the first of March.* The second appointment Sterne was probably unable to keep; and the portrait was left unfinished. The last time we see Sterne afoot is on a Sunday, late in February. He was to breakfast with Beauclerk, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and pass an hour afterwards with Lord Ossory. In the evening he was to dine along with Selwyn with their friends in Gerrard Street. Mrs. James, he had discovered, possessed a talent for drawing. "I presented her last year," he wrote to Selwyn ten days before, "with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her several lessons before I left town.—I wish her to follow this art, to be a compleat mistress of it—and it is singular enough, but not more singular than true, that she does not know how to make a cow or a sheep, tho' she draws figures and landscapes perfectly well." All this was a pretty introduction to a request that Selwyn bring with him an Italian print or two from his collection of "cattle on colour'd paper" for Mrs. James to copy. The two men planned to go over to Gerrard Street half an hour before dinner to see a picture of Mrs. James just "executed by West, most admirably." "He has caught," said Sterne in concluding his letter to Selwyn, "the character of our friend—such goodness is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the soul be ever so much un-harmonized, it is impossible it should remain so.—I will send you a set of my books—they will take with the generality—the women will read this book in the parlour, and Tristram in the bed-chamber.—Good night, dear sir—I am going to take my whey, and then to bed."

* Reynolds, *Pocket Book* for 1768 (Manuscript at the Royal Academy of Arts).

The Sunday evening at Mrs. James's was the last of the thousand dinners which had attended Yorick in his fame. The same week he came down with the winter's influenza, which he had thus far escaped, notwithstanding his weakened condition. At first he tried to maintain his old buoyancy of spirit. "I am ill—very ill," he wrote to Mrs. Montagu, "yet I feel my Existence strongly, and something like revelation along with it, which tells, I shall not dye—but live—and yet any other man would set his house in order." He began a comic "Romance," which he thought might be finished in the course of a week, should his illness continue so long as that. At worst he would brave evils, "Quand je serai mort, on mettra mon nom dans le liste de ces Héros, qui sont morts en plaisantant."* That is, with Scarron and Cervantes and the author of the *Moyen de Parvenir*, who was, like himself, "a poor Canonical." Of his "Romance" we hear no more. As the fever increased, he became less certain of his recovery, as may be seen from his last letter to his daughter near the beginning of March. Mrs. Sterne, who was still ailing, feared that she was going to die and leave Lydia in the hands of a father who would send her out to India as a companion to Mrs. Draper. On hearing from Lydia of his wife's delusion, Sterne wrote back that he never had such a design, that in case his daughter should lose her mother, Mrs. James would become her protector. The disrespectful reference to Mrs. Draper in the letter now to be quoted was doubtless edited in by Lydia, according to her custom as we know it from extant originals. Sterne's last pathetic letter to his daughter, in the form she printed it, ran as follows:

"My dearest Lydia,—My Sentimental Journey, you say, is admired in York by everyone—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no less admired here—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion?—the want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breast—this vile influenza—be not alarm'd I think I shall get the better of it—and shall be with you both the first of May, and if I escape, 'twill not be for a long period, my child—unless a quiet retreat and peace of mind can restore me.—The subject of thy letter has astonish'd me.—She

* R. Blunt, *Mrs. Montagu*, I, 192.

could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the supposition I should survive thy mother, I should bequeath thee as a legacy to Mrs. Draper. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whose virtues I wish thee to imitate, that I shall entrust my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have so often talk'd and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring some part of the milk of human kindness into your breast, which will serve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a small degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful necessity to fly to India for protection, whilst it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.—But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive me—do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account.—I have sent you a necklace, buckles, and the same to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wish that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in justice be less kind to thy mother.—I am never alone—The kindness of my friends is ever the same—I wish tho' I had thee to nurse me—but I am deny'd that.—Write to me twice a week, at least.—God bless thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy affectionate father, L. S."

Influenza prepared the way for pleurisy, which set in during the second week of March; and despite all that could be done for him, the patient grew worse from day to day. On Tuesday, the fifteenth, feeling the approach of death, he took his farewell of the world in a noble and tender letter to Mrs. James, asking her to look to the welfare of Lydia and pleading for pardon for the many follies which had pained his best friends:

"Your poor friend is scarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy—I was bled three times on Thursday, and blister'd on Friday—The physician says I am better—God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength.—Before I have gone thro' half this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hand above a dozen times.—Mr. James was so good to call upon me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoy'd me by

talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. James, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse—that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror—my spirits are fled—’tis a bad omen—do not weep my dear Lady—your tears are too precious to shed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.—Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace, and happiness prove your handmaids.—If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemn’d—which my heart, not my head, betray’d me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom?—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I trust she will find in you.—Mr. James will be a father to her—he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.—Adieu—all grateful thanks to you and Mr. James. Your poor affectionate friend, L. Sterne.”

Sterne lingered on in the full possession of his faculties for three days more. Death came at four o’clock in the afternoon of Friday, March 18, 1768.*

Around the closing scenes in his Bond Street lodgings has grown up a legend, starting from a fact or two, to show that a life of pleasure, as in the case of the *Rake’s Progress*, must end in lonely bitterness. “The celebrated writer Sterne,” said Malone in repeating what he had heard in his youth, “after being the idol of this town, died in a mean lodging without a single friend who felt interest in his fate except Becket, his bookseller.” A little while before his death, according to other parts of the story, Sterne complained like Falstaff of cold in his feet; whereupon one attendant chafed them while another plucked out his gold sleeve-buttons. The next day his landlady,

* *St. James’s Chronicle*, March 17-19.

to be sure of her rent, sold his body, Allan Cunningham heard, to dissectors.*

It is quite easy to dispose of most of the legend. The "mean lodging" was a suite of apartments in the most fashionable quarter of the town, where Sterne was accustomed to receive every morning men of the first rank. As his last illness was coming upon him, he wrote to Lydia in the letter already quoted: "I am never alone—the kindness of my friends is ever the same." This kindly anxiety, it is safe to infer, continued till the end. Mrs. Montagu sent him jellies and other delicacies. Commodore James, we know, called on Monday, the fourteenth, and apparently on the succeeding Thursday. If visitors dropped away during the week, it was only because Sterne was too ill to see them. On the first signs of pleurisy, a physician was summoned to bleed and blister in accordance with the usual practice, and a nurse was placed in watch over the patient. That Molly the house-maid, a cherished servant, who packed and unpacked Sterne's luggage and served his meals through two seasons, robbed him of sleeve-buttons or other trinkets while death was creeping upon him, may be believed by readers who know nothing of the strong attachment that ever existed between Sterne and those who served him. "The poor girl," Sterne wrote in his journal the year before, "is bewitch'd with us." His landlady appears to have been brusque of speech, but there is no evidence that she was a ghoul. If Sterne was in arrears for his rent, we may be certain that Becket discharged the obligation out of the proceeds of the *Sentimental Journey*, which was fast advancing to a second edition. The sick man must have known when he came up to London that the chances were against his return to Cox-

* For stories concerning Sterne's death, see Prior, *Life of Malone*, 373-374 (London, 1860); Leslie and Taylor, *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, I, 293 (London, 1865); Cunningham, biographical sketch of Reynolds in *Lives of Eminent Painters*, edited by W. Sharpe (London, 1886); John Ferriar, *Illustrations of Sterne*, II, 42 (London, 1812); *Notes and Queries*, fifth series, VIII, 249. Cunningham has an amusing story. "The death of Sterne," he relates, "is said to have been hastened by the sarcastic raillery of a lady whom he encountered at the painter's [Reynolds's] table. He offended her by the grossness of his conversation, and, being in a declining state of health, suffered . . . so severely from her wit—that he went home and died."

wold. In his death was nearly fulfilled the wish which he had expressed in *Tristram Shandy*, that he might not die in his own house, but rather in "some decent inn" away from the concern of friends, where "the few cold offices" he should want might be "purchased with a few guineas and paid me with an undisturbed and punctual attention."

Without the aid of fictitious incident to point a moral, the contrast between the full life Sterne had lived and his last moments is sufficiently striking to the imagination. Had he been in his health that Friday afternoon, he would have been a guest at the table of John Craufurd of Errol. Returning from Paris in January, this old friend had established himself for the season, with a French cook and a retinue of other French servants, near Sterne in Clifford Street, in the house of Sir James Gray, who was going as ambassador to Spain. On that Friday afternoon his friends were gathering for a four o'clock dinner. There were present the Duke of Roxburgh, just appointed a lord of his Majesty's bed-chamber, the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, the Earl of Upper-Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and Mr. James. The conversation turned to the illness of Mr. Sterne, "a very great favourite," says the relater, "of the gentlemen's"; and on hearing how serious his illness was, Craufurd immediately sent out John Macdonald, a cadet of a Highland family, then in his service, to enquire how Mr. Sterne was to-day. "I went to Mr. Sterne's lodgings," is the cadet's record from memory; "the mistress opened the door; I enquired how he did? She told me to go up to the nurse. I went into the room, and he was just a dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five he said, '*Now it is come.*' He put up his hand, as if to stop a blow, and died in a minute. The gentlemen were all very sorry, and lamented him very much."*

The news of Sterne's death passed quickly on from his friends to the public. Lady Mary Coke, as noted in her journal, heard of it that evening while playing loo at Caroline Howe's. Of the party were Horace Walpole, the Earl of Ossory, and Lord Eglinton. Lord Ossory, on coming in from Craufurd's dinner, announced the death of "the famous Dr. Sterne." "He seemed," remarked Lady Mary, "to lament him

* John Macdonald, *Travels*, 146-147 (London, 1790).

very much. Lord Eglinton said (but not in a ludicrous manner) that he had taken his ‘Sentimental Journey.’”*

Newspapers contained the usual death notice, some of them adding Hamlet’s lament over the skull of “poor Yorick, . . . a fellow of infinite jest.” And within a week or two, verses began to circulate in newspapers and magazines on Sterne’s humor and pathos. Very sprightly was a poem in which a poet-aster expressed doubt as to where Yorick might now be sojourning, whether in the Elysian Fields or in the darker realms of Pluto. Taking notice of this and other illiberal pens which were meanly endeavoring to injure the reputation of Mr. Sterne, the *London Magazine* for March felt sure that “if the accusing spirit flies up to heaven’s chancery with his indiscretions, it will blush to give them in,” or that “the recording angel in writing them down will drop a tear upon each and wash it away forever.”

The report of Sterne’s death, travelling abroad through the next month, reached Lessing at Hamburg. Though Lessing never met Sterne, he had been reading *Tristram Shandy* since 1763, and recommending it for enlightenment. On being told by Bode, the translator, that Yorick was dead, the great critic and dramatist made a famous remark, afterwards variously repeated to other friends. “I would have given ten years of my own life,” said Lessing, “if I had been able to lengthen Sterne’s by one year.”† Like many other Germans, Lessing wished Sterne to live on, that he might write more lives and opinions, more sermons and more journeys, or no matter what.

Were the moralists of aftertimes to be trusted, Sterne’s funeral was “as friendless as his death-bed,” though the very little really known concerning it points to nothing out of the usual course. Sterne was buried on Tuesday, the twenty-second of March,‡ from his lodgings in Bond Street, then within the parish of St. George’s Church, Hanover Square. Whether few or many mourners came for a last look at Yorick in his death there is no record. The service was conducted, according to

* *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, II, 215-216 (Edinburgh, 1889).

† Bode, *Vorbericht* to his translation of the *Sentimental Journey*; and Thayer, *Laurence Sterne in Germany*, 40 (New York, 1905).

‡ Parish Registry, St. George’s, Hanover Square.

John Croft, by the chaplain of the late Prince of Wales.* The interment was, we may well believe, as was said twelve years afterwards, "most private";† for the burial-ground belonging to the fashionable church in Hanover Square lay far out Oxford Street on the Bayswater Road, over against the broad expanse of Hyde Park. It was a new ground which had been enclosed and consecrated only four years before, with a small mortuary chapel at the entrance. Among the few "gentlemen" who, tradition says, attended Sterne's body through the chapel, named the Ascension, on to his grave by the west wall, were certainly Becket and Commodore James. The record closes with the entry which the sexton made in his book, that sixteen shillings and sixpence—a rather large sum—was paid for prayers at the chapel and for the candle kept burning previous to interment.

The appropriate resting place for Sterne's body would have been the beautiful church at Coxwold by Shandy Hall. But none of his Yorkshire friends, who might have borne the trouble and expense of removal, were in London at the time of his death. Hall-Stevenson had returned to Skelton, and Lord Fauconberg remained at his country-seat through the winter. The group of London gentlemen who took charge of his funeral knew little or nothing of his associations in the north. Since Sterne died in the parish of St. George's, the burial-ground attached to that church must have appeared to them the most natural place for his interment. And yet they should have considered the danger attending burial in the suburbs at a time when dissecting-tables were furnished, without any scruple on the part of anatomists, from remote graveyards. They should have known, if they read the newspapers, that for some time before Sterne's death the resurrection men had been at work on the Bayswater Road and in the neighboring parish of Marylebone. In the hope of putting an end to the sacrilege, the wardens of St. George's placed over their ground

* *Whitefoord Papers*, 230. Croft goes on to say that the chaplain took charge of Sterne's personal effects and burned his "loose papers." Croft was mistaken. The clergyman who did this was Mrs. Sterne's brother-in-law, John Botham, of Ealing, who probably read the funeral service also.

† *Memoirs* prefixed to the collected edition of Sterne's works (London, 1780).

a watch with a large mastiff dog; but in spite of this precaution, a corpse was stolen on a Sunday in the preceding November, while the watch was asleep; and the very dog was carried off with the burden.* It is charitable to suppose that this warning in the newspapers had escaped the notice of those friends who bore Sterne's body to the grave.

However that may be, they were soon to hear, with "great concern and astonishment," that Sterne had gone to the dissecting-table. As the story was told to Hall-Stevenson when he came up to London the next winter, "the body of Mr. Sterne, who was buried near Mary[le]bone, was taken up some time after his interment, and is supposed to have been carried to Oxford, and anatomised by an eminent surgeon of that city."† Besides the mistake in the place of burial, Hall-Stevenson seems also to have been misinformed as to the exact disposition of the body. For Oxford the more carefully elaborated story has Cambridge. To give all the gruesome details of the narrative then current, Sterne's body was stolen from his grave by resurrectionists on the night of Wednesday or Thursday following the interment, and carried the next day in a case to Cambridge, where it was sold to "the anatomical professor" of the university, since identified as Dr. Charles Collignon, "an ingenious, honest man," much skilled in his art. To mitigate the horror of the crime, it is said that none involved in the robbery knew that the body was Sterne's. The discovery came about by mere accident. The professor of anatomy invited two friends to view the dissection of a nameless corpse which had just arrived from London. The work was nearly over when one of them out of curiosity uncovered the face of the dead man and recognized the features of Sterne, whom he had known and associated with not long ago. The poor visitor fainted at the sight, and Professor Collignon, on learning what a famous man lay under his scalpel, took care to retain the skeleton, which "the Rev. Thomas Greene"—presumably the Dean of Salisbury—claimed to have seen at

* *St. James's Chronicle*, November 24-26, 1767.

† Hall-Stevenson, Preface to *Yorick's Sentimental Journey Continued* (second edition, London, 1769). In a third edition, he said that there was no foundation for the story.

Cambridge a few years after. Since the opening of the nineteenth century, various attempts have been made to identify Sterne's skull in the collection at Cambridge, but they have all been fruitless. The tradition has nevertheless persisted among Dr. Collignon's successors down to Dr. Alexander Macalister* that Sterne's skull once reposed in the Anatomical Museum of the university. There is, moreover, an old manuscript note at the end of a copy of the first edition of the *Sentimental Journey*, wherein the writer says that the story was confirmed by Dr. Collignon. Certainly it was very generally believed in after years that Sterne's sojourn was brief on the Bayswater Road.

In consequence of this and other exhumations, it is said, St. George's burial-ground fell into great ill-repute. Overgrown with nettles and weeds, it was for a long time among the most neglected grave-yards in all London; shunned by everybody out of instinctive feelings of horror, it was a spot where no one, if he could help it, ever permitted his friends to be buried. And so it became a place where the poor might be huddled into their graves. Since those days all has changed: the metropolis has spread her protecting wings far beyond Hyde Park; and the old abandoned cemetery by the great Marble Arch, long since closed against the dead, appears as a quiet spot in the midst of a throbbing life.† But as a fitting symbol of the Gothic fears which it formerly inspired, lie some distance from where Sterne was buried the bones of Ann Radcliffe, the once popular romancer of crime and death.

As evidence of final and complete neglect, it has been many times repeated that neither Sterne's friends nor his family cared enough for his memory to mark his grave. The assertion in this form is quite untrue, for none knew Sterne well but to hold him at least in pleasant remembrance; and a stone was in fact projected, for which Garrick wrote the brief epitaph—

* Macalister, *History of the Study of Anatomy in Cambridge* (Cambridge, 1891). See also Willis's *Current Notes*, April, 1854, for a summary of the evidence.

† Cecil Moore, *Brief History of St. George's Chapel* (London, 1883). Though one should not lightly set aside tradition, I rather think that Sterne's body was never exhumed. The story may have started as a jest.

"Shall Pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
 Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
 And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
 Where Genius, Wit, and Humour, sleep with *Sterne?*"—

which Lydia, in the warmth of her heart, thought a "sweet" tribute to her father from one who "loved the man" as well as "admired his works." The project was abandoned, not because of indifference nor of a desire to leave Sterne undistinguished among the dead, but very likely because, in the belief of many, and perhaps on positive assurance from Cambridge, his body no longer reposed in St. George's parish. In succeeding years the want of a memorial to an author whom scores of pens were lauding in verse and prose was not understood by men unacquainted with rumors no longer in active currency. So it happened that Sterne was finally indebted for a headstone, sometime near 1780, to two freemasons, who had read Sterne's books, but never seen the man. Their inscription, summarizing Sterne's literary career and attributing to him all the virtues of freemasonry, though he did not belong to the order, read as follows:

Alas! Poor Yorick.
 Near to this Place
 Lyes the Body of
 The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A.M.
 Dyed September 13th, 1768,
 Aged 53 Years.

[Design]

Ah! Molliter ossa quiescant!

If a sound Head, warm Heart, and Breast humane,
 Unsullied Worth, and Soul without a Stain;
 If mental Powers could ever justly claim
 The well-won Tribute of immortal Fame,
 STERNE WAS THE MAN, who with gigantic Stride,
 Mowed down luxuriant Follies far and wide.
 Yet what, though keenest Knowledge of Mankind
 Unseal'd to him the Springs that move the Mind;
 What did it boot him? ridicul'd, abus'd,

By Fools insulted, and by Prudes accus'd.
In his, mild Reader, view thy future Fate,
Like him despise, what 'twere a Sin to hate.

This monumental Stone was erected to the memory of the deceased, by two BROTHER MASONS: for although he did not live to be a Member of their SOCIETY, yet all his incomparable Performances evidently prove him to have acted by Rule and Square: they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.

W & S

The monument was pronounced at the time “very unworthy” of Sterne’s memory, and the strangers who erected it have since been described as “tippling masons.” It is quite difficult to see in the inscription anything to suggest tippling, nor does it appear on what grounds the brotherhood of masons may be called tipplers, if that be the insinuation. Why not take things as they are? The memorial was a simple slab such as the two men could easily afford; and the inscription, reflecting the bad taste of the authors and their ignorance of Sterne, was yet a sincere encomium from humble admirers of *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. Sterne’s grave remained for more than a century much as the brother masons left it; but thirty years ago the owner of his uncle Richard’s seat near Halifax corrected the obvious mistakes in age and date of death on the headstone, and erected a footstone having the more appropriate inscription:

In
Memory of
The Rev^d Laurence Sterne, M.A.
Rector of Coxwold, Yorkshire,
Born November 24, 1713.
Died March 18, 1768.

The Celebrated Author
of
“Tristram Shandy”
and
“The Sentimental Journey”

Works unsurpassed in the English language,
For a Richness of Humour and a pathetic sympathy
Which will ever render the Name of their Author
Immortal.

“Requiescat in pace.”
The Headstone to this grave
Was Cleaned and Restored, by the owner of the “Sterne”
Property,
At Woodhall, near Halifax, in the County of York,
Who also erected the foot and border stones
In the Year
1893.

As if Sterne's death had been expected in the north, his Yorkshire parishes and the prebendal stall which he held in St. Peter's, were immediately filled by men who were waiting for them. On March 25, or within three or four days after the news of Sterne's death could have reached York, the Rev. Andrew Cheap was collated to Sutton-on-the-Forest, and Dr. William Worthington to the canonry and prebend of North Newbald. Two weeks afterwards Lord Fauconberg nominated the Rev. Thomas Newton to Coxwold, and the Archbishop of York signed the license on the nineteenth of April.* Into these transactions one might read unusual haste, were it not that ecclesiastical business of this kind was always quickly despatched at York and elsewhere in the old days. None of Sterne's successors, family, or friends, as has been often remarked, placed a mural tablet to his memory at Coxwold or at Sutton. This neglect, at first sight rather strange, is sufficiently accounted for by the fact that he died out of his parishes. Where the body lies should be the monument, was then the rule.

Shandy Hall, by the roadside beyond the church at Coxwold, apparently never again used as the parsonage, was occupied for a time by a local surgeon, who let it fall into disrepair. After his death, its owner, Sir George Wombwell of Newburgh Priory, a descendant of Lord Fauconberg, turned the old rambling house into laborers' tenements, blocking up in the process

* Institutions of the Diocese of York, and *York Courant*, April 5, 1768.

inner passages and turning two of the lead-pane windows into outer doorways. Fortunately the desecrating hand barely touched Sterne's study with its great yawning fireplace; and in amends for the past, a bronze tablet has since been placed by the gateway, saying to all travellers:

Shandy Hall
Here dwelt Laurence Sterne
Many Years incumbent
of Coxwold.
Here he wrote *Tristram Shandy*
And the *Sentimental Journey*.
Died in London in 1768
Aged 55 Years

Thus little by little the author of *Tristram Shandy* has been accorded those slight emblems of fame which untoward circumstances rather than anything else denied him immediately after death. Once or twice Sterne expressed a wish that, should he die at home, his body might be laid by the side of his great-grandfather, the archbishop, in the cathedral at York. Although hardly hoping for this honor, he seems to have expected that a marble replica of the Nollekens bust would sometime be placed to his memory near the tomb of his most distinguished ancestor.*

* A marble replica was made for John Hall-Stevenson. It is now at Skelton Castle.

C H A P. XXII.

Lydia and her Mother. Posthumous Sermons and Letters

NO will was found among Sterne's papers. On the fourth of June following his death, letters for the administration of his goods were granted the widow in the Prerogative Court of York, which was still presided over by Francis Topham, the meddler whom Sterne had silenced in the *History of a Good Warm Watch-Coat*. Mrs. Sterne's sureties on the customary bond entered at the same time were two friends of the family, Arthur Ricord, father and son, attorneys at York. The document was signed and sealed in the presence of Robert Jubb the notary, another of their friends. As indicative of the valuation placed upon Sterne's effects, the sureties jointly bound themselves to the sum of £500. No inventory of goods was ever exhibited for comparison with this valuation, but the estimate was nearly correct. Indeed, Sterne's personal effects had already been sold, and all claims upon his estate had been called in by Mr. Ricard the senior, to whom Mrs. Sterne delegated the details of administration. Thus, without strict legal authority, an auction was held out at Shandy Hall, on April 14, for the sale of "all the household goods and furniture of the late Mr. Sterne, . . . with a cow, . . . a parcel of hay, a handsome post-chaise with a pair of exceeding good horses, and a compleat set of coloured table-china." To tempt purchasers, the china was placed on exhibition at a shop in York, and the horses at Bluitt's Inn in Lendal Street, whence the fastest post-chaises set out for London. Sterne's books, including the lot which he had purchased "dirt cheap" a few years before, were sold to Todd and Sotheran at the sign of the Golden Bible in Stonegate, in whose catalogue for 1768 they were advertised to the public. The books brought £80 as against £60 for the horses and chaise. From the sale of Sterne's personal effects altogether was realized about £400.*

* The auction at Shandy Hall was advertised in the *York Courant*, April 12, 1768. Among Sterne's books which went to Todd and Soth-



John Hall-Stevenson
From a painting at Skelton Castle

Against these assets were funeral expenses, and debts, Lydia wrote to Wilkes, amounting to £1100, which must have been the slow accumulation of several years. According to Sterne's account-book, which came under the eye of John Croft, the author received "£1500 of Dodsley at different times for his publications"; and Becket should have paid him quite as much more. The £3000 had all gone in visits to London, in foreign travel, and in the maintenance of wife and daughter abroad. Had the Sternes been good managers, their income from various sources might have proved adequate for their new mode of living, but they were all improvident. Ever since their first sojourn in France, the head of the family had been borrowing small sums from this or that acquaintance—ten, twenty, or fifty pounds here and there—and binding therefor the whole Shandy household until the appearance of a forthcoming instalment of his book. The *Sentimental Journey*, Sterne had hoped, would put him even with the world and enable him, after the sale of his real estate, to make permanent provision for his family.

In the midst of these expectations Sterne died, and the day of reckoning with his creditors was at hand for his widow. From all sides bills came flocking in—for shoes from London, twenty-five pounds for wine from a York merchant, and so on and so forth. Wishing to avoid the disgrace of insolvency, Mrs. Sterne "nobly engaged" to pay off little by little all of her husband's debts out of the rent of the lands at Sutton which had been purchased with the "fortune" she brought him at the time of their marriage, and which yielded forty or fifty pounds a year. At this juncture Hall-Stevenson, with the assistance of Miss A. Moritt of York, a friend of Mrs. Montagu's, came to the rescue of the family by raising a subscription at the York races in the following August, which amounted to more than eight hundred guineas. "Nothing less than five guineas" would be accepted from any one person. Lord Rockingham and Sir George Savile headed the list with fifty. Lord Scarborough put his name down for thirty-five, and the Archbishop of York for ten. It was understood that the handsome purse was for Lydia's benefit only, perhaps to be converted into an eran were Béroalde's *Moyen de Parvenir*, Bouchet's *Serées*, and Bruscambille's *Pensées Facétieuses*.—See Willis's *Current Notes*, April, 1854.

annuity; for Mrs. Sterne, Miss Moritt wrote to Mrs. Montagu, "was so little liked or esteemed, there would not have been a single guinea given if that condition had not been made." Later in the year, John Craufurd, out of "the sincere regard he had for Mr. Sterne," sent in upwards of a hundred guineas, which he collected from his friends, among whom were several of the gentlemen that were dining with him on the day of Sterne's death. There was also a gift from Lord Spencer. In addition to all this, Mrs. Montagu promised Lydia twenty pounds a year; and the Archbishop of York made application for a pension of six or eight pounds for Mrs. Sterne to be paid out of a fund established for the widows of clergymen.*

All of Sterne's personal debts seem to have been eventually paid with the exception of certain notes never presented by his most intimate friends. It proved to be unnecessary to sell any of Sterne's real estate, or to draw upon the subscription money. There was, however, one claim against Sterne's estate which the widow stoutly resisted on the advice of her attorney. The parsonage-house at Sutton, which burned to the ground four years before, still lay in ashes, though Sterne "had been frequently admonished and required to rebuild" it. As vicar of the parish, Sterne was liable for any impairment to the value of the living while he held it. But in this case were two extenuating circumstances which might be pleaded against strict enforcement of the law. The house had been set on fire while Sterne was not in residence—by a careless curate or by some member of his family, from whom it was impossible to recover damages. Again, the house in ashes was not much worse than the house in ruins, such as Sterne found it when he entered upon the living at an expense for repairs which staggered him. Certainly it was not quite just to ask him to build anew to the impoverishment of his estate. Arguing in this way, Sterne easily found means for evading what the Archbishop of York thought the performance of an obvious duty to his parish.

* For these and other details, see Lydia's letters to Wilkes and Hall-Stevenson in J. Almon, *The Correspondence of the late John Wilkes*, V, 7-20 (London, 1805). See also *Whitefoord Papers*, 230-231; *Memoirs* prefixed to Sterne's *Works* (Dublin, 1779); and especially R. Blunt, *Mrs. Montagu*, I, 195-213.

At his death came the crisis. His successor, the Rev. Mr. Cheap, after vainly trying persuasion with Mrs. Sterne, brought suit against her for dilapidations; whereupon, in order to escape the payment of damages, she was compelled to pocket her pride and make an oath of insolvency. Thus in danger of recovering nothing, the Rev. Mr. Cheap accepted from Mrs. Sterne £60 in satisfaction for the claim. All this was afterwards recorded by the angry vicar in the parish registry of Sutton in company with his impressions of the Shandy household, and with the statement that the cost of the suit and of rebuilding reached the sum of £576. 13s. 5d.

Among Sterne's effects upon which an appraiser could have placed no certain value, were his manuscripts, consisting of copies or drafts of letters, fragments or passages cast aside in the final revision of *Tristram Shandy*, notes and suggestions for the continuation of the Sentimental Journey through Italy, and an odd lot of eighteen sermons, which the author had rejected in making up his previous volumes for publication. Of such manuscripts as have survived, the letters are particularly interesting. Clearly anticipating their publication after his death, Sterne copied out many of them which had passed between himself and friends into a letter-book, prefaced with the following information for his wife and daughter: "Fothergil I know has some good ones—Garrick some—Berenger has one or two—Gov. Littleton's Lady (Miss Macartney) numbers—Countess of Edgecomb—Mrs. Moore of Bath—Mrs. Fenton, London—*cum multis aliis*.—These all, if collected with the large number of mine and friends in my possession would print and sell to good account. Hall has by him a great number, [which] with those in this book and in my Bureau—and those above—would make four vols. the size of Shandy—they would sell well—and produce 800 pds. at the least."*

There were other letters and papers also which Sterne had with him in London when he died. At the request of Mrs. Sterne, her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Botham, who then had a parish at Ealing, took charge of all "the loose papers" he could find in the Bond Street lodgings, along with Sterne's

* Some leaves of this old letter-book form a part of the Sterne Manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library. See chapter XXV.

wearing-apparel and trinkets. Everything for which there was a ready purchaser was sold, except Sterne's gold snuff-box, which was given as a present to Hall-Stevenson. The manuscripts Mrs. Sterne directed should be sent down to her. This the Rev. Mr. Botham refused to do. He destroyed a part of them instead. How the evangelical clergyman behaved was told in a letter from Lydia to Mrs. Montagu: "He has read every paper of my poor Father's and has burnt what he did not think proper to communicate to us.—It was not Mama's intention that anyone shou'd read my Father's papers, well knowing that there was some amongst them which ought not to have been seen, no not even by his daughter, nor shou'd I have wished to see one of them. Mama is very much chagrin'd at this, for notwithstanding she can perhaps rely on Mr. Botham's secrecy yet it grieves that even he should be so well acquainted with certain anecdotes. But to burn any paper was very wrong. I hope he will cease so doing and leave that care to Mama."*

Did the comic "Romance" which Sterne was writing when the influenza attacked him go into the fire? Probably. But some of the letters (among them those to Mrs. Draper) escaped the "pious holocaust," and eventually came into Mrs. Sterne's hands or were seen by her. All the manuscripts that could be brought together were carefully examined later by widow and daughter with a view to profit rather than to the enhancement of Sterne's fame. For the present it seemed best to hold the letters, which required editing, for further consideration and to publish as soon as possible the sermons, which might go to the world without much editorial supervision, under the patronage of Mrs. Montagu and Sterne's other friends.

Many local subscribers sent in their names through the winter; and then in the spring Mrs. Sterne and Lydia left York for London to complete the list on the way to France, where they had decided to settle in some quiet place. While in town, they lodged with a "Mr. Williams, paper-merchant,"† in Gerrard Street near the Jameses, who showed them every courtesy and kindness. Through the Jameses and Mrs. Mon-

* R. Blunt, *Mrs. Montagu*, I, 199.

† The address is given in Wilkes's List of Addresses (British Museum, Additional MSS., 30892).

tagu or on their own initiative, they met scores of Sterne's London acquaintances, to whom they told a melancholy story, and gained thereby the coveted subscriptions. In this business, Lydia, who figured as the type of beauty in distress, took the leading part. Adopting the style and manner of her father, she sat in her lodgings despatching requests about town for aid in obtaining subscriptions, or for permission to visit her father's more influential friends in order to make a personal plea in the interest of her mother. "Mrs. and Miss Sterne's compliments," began a formal note in Lydia's hand to John Wilkes, just committed to the King's Bench prison, "wait on Mr. Wilkes. They intend doing themselves the pleasure of calling upon him, if not disagreeable; and would be obliged to him if he would appoint an hour when he will not be engaged. They would not intrude; yet should be happy to see a person whom they honour, and whom Mr. Sterne justly admired. They will, when they see Mr. Wilkes, entreat him to ask some of his friends to subscribe to three volumes of Mr. Sterne's Sermons, which they are now publishing. . . . The simple story of our situation will, I doubt not, engage Mr. Wilkes to do what he can." This and similar appeals brought the number of subscribers up to seven hundred and twenty-nine, a larger, though not more distinguished, list than any that had appeared before Sterne's books during his life-time.

In negotiating with the publishers, Lydia came perilously near sharp practice. As first planned, the sermons were to go to Becket, who made a liberal offer for the copyright; but as the day of publication approached, he demanded a year's credit and otherwise assumed arbitrary airs, to the great annoyance of the widow and daughter, who stood in need of money to take them into France. Thereupon Lydia, resolving to sell the copyright to the highest bidder, sent Becket's final terms to William Strahan, a rival publisher in the Strand, along with the following letter:

"I enclose you Mr. Beckett's proposal—when he last offer'd £400 for the copyright he insisted on no such terms as these —this affair of not offering them to anyone else must be managed with the greatest caution—for you see he says that he will not take them if offer'd elsewhere. He will be judge of the quantity and quality—and insists on a year's credit. All

these points my mother and myself most earnestly desire you to consider.—Unless you could be pretty sure of getting us more than £400, the offering them might perhaps come to Becket's knowledge—yet believe me, Sir, we had rather anyone had them than Becket—he is a *dirty fellow.*"

In the end was effected some sort of compromise, whereby Mrs. Sterne and Lydia may have received £400 in cash for the first edition and for the copyright, which was purchased by a small group of publishers formed by Strahan, Cadell, and Becket. Under their joint auspices appeared, near the first of June, 1769, "Sermons by the late Rev. Mr. Sterne," comprising volumes five, six, and seven of the complete issue. Subscribers' books, it was announced in the newspapers, would be delivered by Becket. The price of the set was 7s. 6d.

In fear of this posthumous collection of miscellaneous sermons, Sterne humorously described them three years before as "the sweepings of the Author's study after his death." This remark of Sterne's was one of the reasons why Becket hesitated to publish them. Lydia, lacking in the humorous imagination of her father, countered by saying that any one of her father's sermons was as good as another, that he always kept them in a bag and when he wanted one "shaked" it up and took the first one that came. Notwithstanding Lydia's remembrance, the extant manuscript* of the "Temporal Advantages of Religion," written all over with corrections, tells another story. It is certain that Sterne had considered the publication of sermons contained in these volumes, revising, curtailing, and adding to them; but rightly decided after a little thought that they had better be kept from the light, for they were mostly ordinary parish homilies, good enough for the nonce, but altogether too commonplace for an audience that should include the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. And beyond this, the sermons abounded in repetitions, not only of thought but of phrase and sentence, sometimes to the extent of a paragraph or more. Half of the sermon entitled the "Thirtieth of January," to cite an extreme instance, on the "great trespass" of our forefathers in putting to death Charles the First, was taken bodily over into "The Ingratitude of Israel." Among these sermons occurs, too, the most flagrant act of plagiarism that

* In the library of Mr. W. K. Bixby of St. Louis.

has ever been charged against Sterne. In 1697, Walter Leightonhouse, late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and then Prebendary of Lincoln, published twelve sermons which he had preached in his cathedral. It was a volume of rather mediocre sermons by a rather obscure clergyman, which Sterne freely appropriated on urgent occasions when a sermon must be prepared on short notice. How closely Sterne followed Leightonhouse the curious may see by comparing the two preachers on the text "Put thou thy trust in the Lord." Sterne did hardly more than paraphrase him.

The Prebendary of Lincoln, in closing, said:

"And although the Fig-tree should not blossom, neither should fruit be in the Vine; although the Labour of the Olive should fail, and the Fields should yield no Meat; although the Flock should be cut off from the Fold, and there should be no Herd in the Stall; yet let us rejoice in the Lord, let us joy in the God of our Salvation."

And the Prebendary of York, by this time aweary of his task, copied out his brother nearly word for word:

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines;—although the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat;—although the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet we will rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation."*

These are but examples of the manner in which Sterne revamped old sermons, whether written by himself or by others, in the business of his parish. A sermon entitled "Evil," to pursue the subject further, closes with a passage from a sermon on the "Advantages of Christianity"; and across the manuscript of sermon forty-four, justifying the ways of Providence to man, Sterne wrote that it was mostly borrowed from Wollaston. Still other sermons, like "Penances" and "On Enthusiasm," whether original or not in their phrasing, merely reflect the violent hatred against the Church of Rome prevalent in '45, a phase of passion through which Sterne had long since passed. And it seems almost impossible that a sermon could

* For this comparison, see Sterne's thirty-fourth sermon, and Leightonhouse's twelfth sermon in *Twelve Sermons preached at the Cathedral Church of Lincoln* (London, 1697). See also *Habakkuk*, 3, 17-18.

ever have come from Yorick's pen so tame and lifeless as the one on the "Sanctity of the Apostles."

In compensation for these inanities, Sterne is still visible here and there at his very best. It is Sterne the humorist who, on rising into the pulpit, reads two texts for the sermon on "Evil"—one from St. Paul and one from Solomon—and then, looking over his congregation, says: "Take either as you like it, you will get nothing by the bargain." Again it is Sterne the eloquent preacher who draws a portrait of the young George the Third under the guise of Asa, the peaceful king, who received his sceptre from the warlike Abijah. "His experience told him," says the preacher weightily of the young king, "that the most successful wars, instead of invigorating, more generally drained away the vitals of government,—and, at the best, ended but in a brighter and more ostentatious kind of poverty and desolation:—therefore he laid aside his sword, and studied the arts of ruling Judah with peace.—Conscience would not suffer Asa to sacrifice his subjects to private views of ambition, and wisdom forbade he should suffer them to offer up themselves to the pretence of public ones;—since enlargement of empire, by the destruction of its people (the natural and only valuable source of strength and riches), was a dishonest and miserable exchange.—And however well the glory of a conquest might appear in the eyes of a common beholder, yet, when bought at that costly rate, a father to his country would behold the triumphs which attended it, and weep, as it passed by him."

Finally, monotonies over "the degeneracy of the times" or "the wickedness of the world" are relieved by Sterne's descriptions of high life as he had seen it, wherein religion has become "a standing jest to enliven discourse when conversation sickens," and wherein are admitted men however infamous their character, and women however abandoned, "to be courted, caressed, and flattered." These fashionable people were exhorted in another sermon to search the Scriptures, if not for moral improvement, at least for æsthetic enjoyment. "There are two sorts of eloquence," the preacher told them; "the one indeed scarce deserves the name of it, which consists chiefly in laboured and polished periods, an over-curious and artificial arrangement of figures, tinsell'd over with a gaudy

embellishment of words, which glitter, but convey little or no light to the understanding. . . . The other sort of eloquence is quite the reverse to this, and which may be said to be the true characteristic of the holy Scriptures; where the excellence does not arise from a laboured and far-fetched elocution, but from a surprising mixture of simplicity and majesty, which is a double character, so difficult to be united, that it is seldom to be met with in compositions merely human." These two types of eloquence Sterne then proceeded to illustrate in a running parallel between great passages in Greek and Hebrew literature. If in the end he did not exactly prove the superiority of the Bible over the classical literatures, he most ably presented and defended a thesis novel to his audience. It would indeed be hard to find, as Cardinal Newman once pointed out, anything better than Sterne's on the "simplicity and majesty" of the Old Testament.*

While publishing the sermons, widow and daughter formed other projects for turning Sterne's popularity into money; in one of which they were anticipated by Hall-Stevenson. It is doubtful whether they could have pieced together in any sort of narrative the notes left by Sterne towards the concluding volumes of the *Sentimental Journey*, which had been promised to subscribers at this time. Still, they must have been surprised when Eugenius appeared in London with the manuscript of *Yorick's Sentimental Journey* completed in two volumes, to which was prefixed a short memoir of Sterne, remarkable for its inaccuracies and the advertisement that the work had been based upon the "facts, events, and observations" of the last part of Mr. Sterne's travels abroad, as related to the author in the intimacy of friendship. Despite his claim, Hall-Stevenson merely re-told the familiar incidents of the *Sentimental Journey*, everywhere vulgarizing them. It was the author's plan to represent Yorick as re-visiting the old scenes and describing the changes wrought by a year or two. The grisette of silken eyelashes was glad to see her old friend again and to sell him more gloves. Hearing at Moulins that Maria had just died of a broken heart, Yorick sought out her grave, that he might shed a tear upon it as a last tribute to virtue. Of the tour through Italy, for which all readers were expectant, there was no word.

* Sterne's forty-second sermon and Newman's *Idea of a University*.

And yet, without serious censure, this impudent fraud upon the public easily passed current at home and on the Continent.

Another project was suggested to the Sternes by Wilkes on one of their visits to his prison. He offered to write for their benefit the authorized biography of Sterne, provided Hall-Stevenson, who had just shown his biographical skill, could be drawn into partnership with him. Widow and daughter thereupon broached the scheme to the master of Skelton, who readily consented to have his name associated with the man most talked of in England. As her part in the undertaking, Lydia was to collect and arrange her father's correspondence supplementary to the memoir, and to draw a frontispiece for each volume. At near the same time, a new edition of *Tristram Shandy* was also to be brought out in six volumes, with six illustrations—the two well-known ones by Hogarth (Trim's reading the sermon, and the baptism of Tristram), and four new ones by Lydia, of which she submitted three sentimental subjects to Wilkes for his approval: "Maria with the goat, with my father beside her"; "the sick-bed of poor Le Fevre . . . with Uncle Toby and Trim by his bedside"; and "Le Fevre's son with the picture of his mother in his hand, the cushion by his bed-side on which he has just prayed." In the meantime, Becket was to be browbeaten, on the threat of giving the work to another publisher, into promising £400 for the "Life of Mr. Sterne" written by "two men of such genius as Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Hall."

These expectations were doomed from the first to disappointment. Hall-Stevenson, though of the best intentions, was too indolent for the serious labors of a biographer; and Wilkes, just then the centre of the political universe, was too busy with his trial for outlawry, and with manifestoes and Middlesex elections, to employ his pen for others. Lydia had none of the talent necessary for editing her father's letters, and her amateurish drawings would have excited ridicule when brought into competition with Hogarth's masterpieces.

As yet not disillusioned, Mrs. Sterne and her daughter retired for an indefinite period to Angoulême in southern France, where they resumed the genteel life of other days. "Angoulême is a pretty town," Lydia wrote to Wilkes on July 22, 1769, not long after her arrival; "the country most

delightful, and from the principal walk there is a very fine prospect; a serpentine river, which joins the Garonne at Bourdeaux, has a very good effect; trees in the middle of it, which form little islands, where the inhabitants go and take the *fresco*:—in short, 'tis a most pleasing prospect; and I know no greater pleasure than sitting by the side of the river, reading Milton or Shakespeare to my mother. Sometimes I take my guitar and sing to her. Thus do the hours slide away imperceptibly; with reading, writing, drawing, and music."

Already the girl had misgivings about the biography. "It is now time," the letter went on to say, "to remind Mr. Wilkes of his kind promise—to exhort him to fulfil it. If you knew, dear sir, how much we are straitened as to our income, you would not neglect it. We should be truly happy to be so much obliged to you that we may join, to our admiration of Mr. Wilkes in his public character, tears of gratitude whenever we hear his name mentioned, for the peculiar service he has rendered us. Much shall we owe to Mr. Hall for that and many other favours; but to you do we owe the kind intention which we beg you to put in practice. As I know Mr. Hall is somewhat lazy, as you were the promoter, write to him yourself: he will be more attentive to what you say." Lydia began to fear, too, that she would be unable to furnish the illustrations for the work without the assistance of a drawing-master. And the correspondence of her father, on further examination, was quite different from what she and her mother expected. "*Entre nous*," she informed Wilkes, "we neither of us wish to publish those Letters; but if we cannot do otherwise, we will, and prefix the Life to them." A note was earnestly requested from Wilkes, which should be addressed to "Made-moiselle Sterne, demoiselle Angloise, chez Mons. Bologne, Rue Cordeliers," to advise her in her perplexities over the drawings and the letters, and to assure her that in any case Mr. Wilkes would perform his part in the undertaking.

Through the long summer into the autumn, Lydia looked every day for a reply from Wilkes which never came; while in the meantime ready money had disappeared, and all that had been placed with Panchaud was in danger of being lost by the banker's unexpected failure in July. In desperation, Lydia again wrote a pitiable letter to Wilkes, dated October

24, 1769, to remind him once more of his obligations and to hold him up to them if possible. "How long," she pleaded with him, "have I waited with impatience for a letter from Mr. Wilkes, in answer to that I wrote him above two months ago! I fear he is not well; I fear his own affairs have not allowed him time to answer me; in short, I am full of fears. Hope deferred makes the heart sick. Three lines, with a promise of writing Tristram's Life for the benefit of his widow and daughter, would make us happy.—A promise, did I say? that I already have: but a second *assurance*. Indeed, my dear sir, since I last wrote we stand more in need of such an act of kindness. Panchaud's failure has hurt us considerably: we have, I fear, lost more than, in our circumstances, we could afford to lose. Do not, I beseech you, disappoint us: let me have a single line from you, 'I will perform my promise,' and joy will take place of our sorrow. I trust you will write to Hall; in pity, do."

Near the same time, the distressed girl wrote to Hall-Stevenson in similar vein. Autumn passed and winter came on with no word from either of her father's biographers. Upon Wilkes she could intrude no further, but to Hall-Stevenson was sent a last letter, requesting the courtesy of a reply if nothing more:

"Angoulême, Feb. 13, 1770.

"Dear Sir,

"'Tis at least six months since I wrote to you on an interesting subject to us; namely, to put you in mind of a kind promise you made me, of assisting Mr. Wilkes in the scheme he had formed for our benefit, of writing the Life of Mr. Sterne. I wrote also to him; but you have neither of you favoured me with an answer. If you ever felt what 'hope deferred' occasions, you would not have put us under that painful situation. From whom the neglect arises, I know not; but surely a line from you, dear sir, would not have cost you much trouble. Tax me not with boldness for using the word *neglect*: as you both promised, out of the benevolence of your hearts, to write my father's Life for the benefit of his widow and daughter; and as I myself look upon a promise as sacred, and I doubt not but you think as I do; in that case the word is not improper. In short, dear sir, I ask but this of you; to tell

me by a very short letter, whether we may depend on yours and Mr. Wilkes's promise, or if we must renounce the pleasing expectation. But, dear sir, consider that the fulfilling of it may put £400 into our pockets; and that the declining it would be unkind, after having made us hope and depend upon that kindness. Let this plead my excuse.

"If you do not choose to take the trouble to wait on Mr. Wilkes, send him my letter, and let me know the *oui ou le non*. Still let me urge, press, and entreat Mr. Hall, to be as good as his word: if he will interest himself in our behalf, 'twill but be acting consistent with his character; 'twill prove that Eugenius was the friend of Yorick——nothing can prove it stronger than befriending his widow and daughter. Adieu, dear Sir! Believe me your most obliged, humble servant, L. Sterne."

This letter was turned over to Wilkes in accordance with Lydia's request; and therewith ended the project for a biography of Sterne, supplemented by his original letters and embellished with original drawings by his daughter. Throughout the transaction a reader's sympathy at this late date rests with Lydia and her mother, who were betrayed by two affable gentlemen who broke promises as readily as they made them. On the other hand, the conduct of widow and daughter, if not exactly censurable, had been lacking in good taste and respectful consideration for Sterne's memory. All along, their one aim had been to make the most out of his literary remains. They were always short of money. They were always complaining of delay in remittances from their attorney at York, from Becket, from Mrs. James, from Mrs. Montagu. And it was always costing them more to live than they expected. What had become of the thousand guineas, on which they were silent? They were restless, ill at ease, in their paradise. They were superior to the people with whom they had to associate. They were shut out from the world with a mere pittance from Mr. Sterne's friends. They looked around everywhere for more money and at length they decided to try Mrs. Draper.

Mrs. Draper, after a long but pleasant voyage, our narrative should explain, had safely reached Bombay early in 1768, "once more restored to health and strength." Her husband she

found "in possession of health and a good post," and her sister Louisa, a widow after an unfortunate marriage, now in course of becoming wife to Colonel Pemble, then in command of the military forces at Bombay. "I live intirely in the Country with my dear Louisa," she wrote from High Meadow in the suburbs to her aunt Elizabeth, "bathe in the Sea daily, drink Milk, and have commenced Horsewoman."

This agreeable life with a sister who had grown attractive in her widowhood, had to be given up in the autumn because of Draper's transference to Tellicherry, as chief of the factory at that station. But it so turned out that Mrs. Draper was never happier than during the first months in her new sphere, where, according to the exigencies of the occasion, she played in turn the parts of "wife of a Merchant, soldier and Inn-keeper, for in such different capacities," she wrote pleasantly, "is the chief of Tellicherry destined to act." And when her husband lost his two clerks, she took charge for a time of all his correspondence. This temporary position in his office she liked because, she wrote home, "it gives me consequence, and him pleasure." "The Country," to go on further with her intimate letters, "is pleasant, and healthy (a second Montpellier); our house (A Fort and property of the Company), a Magnificent one furnish'd too at our Masters expence and the allowance for supporting it Creditably, what you would term genteely, tho' it does not defray the charges of our Liqours, which alone amount to 600 a year; and such a sum, vast as it seems, is not extravagant in our situation,—for we are obliged to keep a Public Table—and six months in the Year, have a full house of shipping Gentry—that resort to us for traffic and Intelligence, from all parts of India, China, and Asia."

In these new surroundings were resumed the recreations begun with her sister at High Meadow. "I ride on Horseback daily," she informed her cousin Tom, "I bathe in the Sea, read Volumes, and fill Reams of Paper, writing scribble." To her life at Tellicherry came additional zest from the perilous situation of the settlement at this time, for Hyder Ali and the fierce Mahrattas then held in subjection the territory about the town, and were infesting the coast as far north as Bombay, interfering with traffic on the sea and rendering unsafe passage from one station to another without a convoy. Under these

circumstances, Mrs. Draper was always attended in her rides to the beach and in the neighborhood by "a guard of six sepoys armed with drawn Sabres and loaded Pistols," while a faithful Malabar servant followed her everywhere like a shadow. In spite of these precautions for her safety, "I was within a hour once," she wrote of Hyder Ali, "of being his Prisoner—and cannot say, but I thought it a piece of good fortune to escape that honour—tho' he has promised to treat all English Ladies well, that chearfully submit to the Laws of his Seraglio." One letter speaks of sorrow for the death of "our poor little boy" left behind in England with his sister; and there were moments in this uncertain life when she longed for the flatteries of those who told her that she was born for the stage or the salon rather than for India; but as yet Mrs. Draper was content to reign as queen of the little settlement on the Malabar Coast.

Then news reached her out of England, from letters and from all she talked with in the Company's ships, that Mrs. Sterne was threatening to make a public scandal of her relations with Yorick by publishing their correspondence. There was really nothing in those sentimental relations, Mrs. Draper averred in a letter to her cousin Tom, which could not be justified, were truth and candor her judges; but an ungenerous world, she was equally aware, would read whatever it pleased into her letters should they be once published. Under the impending exposure, Mrs. Draper suffered for months keen torture, during which she denounced the whole Sterne family, not omitting Yorick himself, because he had flattered her into an indiscreet correspondence.

As soon, however, as she understood the reason for Mrs. Sterne's conduct, she gained her poise and acted accordingly. On receiving the news of Sterne's death, Mrs. Draper, supposing that Mrs. Sterne was also dead or "privately confined" as an insane person, had immediately sent an invitation to Lydia to come out to the East and share her own prospects as friend and companion. At this letter Mrs. Sterne became furious since it contained no reference to herself, as if she were a nonentity; and Lydia in a belated reply resented the gratuitous interference. In this mood, Lydia and her mother came up to London. Either then or before they obtained Mrs. Draper's letters to

Sterne and the *Journal to Eliza*, which the Rev. Mr. Botham had discovered in Sterne's lodgings after his death and for some reason had not burned. There were also in London copies of Sterne's letters to Mrs. Draper, which Mrs. Draper herself had thoughtlessly made for some curious friend, just as she had sent one of them to her cousin Tom. These likewise seem to have come into possession of the widow and daughter.

At any rate, all or the major part of the correspondence between Yorick and Eliza, it was rumored, would appear among the original letters accompanying the biography by Wilkes and Hall-Stevenson. The truth of this rumor was subsequently confirmed either through Mrs. James or directly by Lydia, who sought to excuse herself and her mother on the score of necessity. Money must be had and the letters were now the only available source. Quick to take the hint, Mrs. Draper wrote to Mrs. James on the impulse of the moment: "O my dear Friend, for God sake, pay them all the money of mine in your Hands—would it were twice as much! the Ring too is much at Mrs. Sterne's service—as should be every thing I have in the world, rather than I would freely owe the shaddow of an obligation to her."

On the tacit if not formal understanding that her letters should be deposited with Mrs. James, Mrs. Draper promised to pay Becket whatever he might hope to profit by their publication should they be offered to him, and to make up a generous purse for the Sternes out of India. Fulfilling the essential half of the promise, she began sending Mrs. James various small bills for the benefit of Mrs. Sterne and Lydia, which in the course of two or three years amounted to twelve hundred rupees. Half of the sum came from the contributions of acquaintances immediately surrounding her; and half was collected at her urgent request by Colonel Donald Campbell of Barbreck among his fellow officers at Bengal. As an inducement to his share in the work, Mrs. Draper drew a very flattering portrait of Lydia in one of her letters to Colonel Campbell, suggesting that he seek an introduction to Miss Sterne on his next visit to England and bring her back as his wife. And to prepare Lydia for his coming, she sent a similar portrait of the colonel to Mrs. James, saying: "He is, I think, one of ten thousand—sensible, sweet tempered, and Amiable, to a very

great degree—added to which, lively, comical and accomplished—Young, Handsome, rich, and a Soldier!—What fine Girl would wish more?"*

For this happy sequel to a transaction which humiliated Mrs. Draper as much as it discredited Mrs. Sterne, Colonel Campbell arrived in England a year or more too late. Sometime in the summer of 1770, Mrs. Sterne and Lydia left Angoulême, migrating south to Albi, a lovely brick-built town on the Tarn, not far from their old friends at Toulouse. "The situation of this Village," Lydia wrote to Mrs. Montagu, "is pretty, our little house is agreeable, but there is little society, and the little there is, is scarce worth the trouble of searching after.—Both my mother and myself prefer Books to stupid conversation. And in such a little provincial Town as this the men are ignorant, the women still more so, except in the affair of the Toilet. But in general the French are good natured and sometimes we go amongst them, and return with more pleasure to our Books—I remember my Father complain'd at Toulouse that by conversing much with the French his understanding diminish'd every day."

From Albi on March 23, 1772, Lydia informed Mrs. Montagu, as her godmother, that she had had an offer of marriage, which "tho' not advantageous, yet was far from disagreeable" to her. Her mother objected to the marriage while not absolutely opposing it, Lydia said. There was of course a difference in religion; but the young man, though a Catholic, was no bigot, for he had assured Lydia that she would have as his wife "full liberty" to practice her own religion. What most troubled the girl was that his father "insisted upon very hard terms," namely, that her mother "should give up her estate immediately" as the bride's dower. Mrs. Sterne was "willing almost to leave herself without bread for the advantage of Lydia"; but it made the daughter's heart bleed to think of her mother destitute of all the necessaries of life. At this point in her letter, Lydia fell upon her knees and prayed that Mrs. Montagu, whatever might happen, would not withdraw

* Colonel Campbell was then twenty-two years old. There is an account of him in James Douglas, *Bombay and Western India*, I, 425-427 (London, 1893).

her bounty of former years. It was "a humble petition" that Mrs. Montagu support Mrs. Sterne so long as she might live.

Mrs. Montagu readily agreed to transfer Lydia's allowance of twenty pounds a year to Mrs. Sterne; but as Lydia's godmother she could not assent to "the momentous affair" of her marriage "with the same good will." About that the woman who knew the world wrote to Lydia: "What I shall say on this subject is not meant to offend the gentleman who you have a desire to marry. I am a perfect stranger to his character, his fortune, and even his name. You do not say anything of them, all you give your friends is that you are going to marry a man of a different religion, and to reduce your mother to almost beggary, both these things you confess. You seem at the same time to declare steadfastness in religion and filial piety to your parent. My dear cousin, the actions not the words are what shall decide the judgment of God and man. If your husband has any zeal or regard for his religion he will be earnest to make you embrace it from regard to you and reverence to God; if he is void of religion he will think such a mark of your complaisance a trifle, and the authority of the husband will interpose where faith stands neuter. Your children must of necessity be ——"

Lydia was unable to heed the advice. The rest of the story is told by the archives of Albi. On April 28, 1772, Lydia Sterne abjured the Protestant religion in the private chapel of the provost's house, and was thereupon admitted to the Roman Catholic Church in order to remove the last obstacle to her marriage on the same day and in the same place with Jean Baptiste Alexandre de Medalle, described as only twenty years old, while Lydia was in her twenty-fifth year. The young man belonged to a good family, being the son of a gentleman employed in the Customs at Albi under the title of *receveur des décimes*. "*Le mariage*," it stands written in the *Inventaire des Archives Communales d'Albi*, "*était forcé, urgent; car alors la loi autorisait la recherche de la paternité.*"* Attempts have

* For the record of Lydia's marriage, the birth of a son, and Mrs. Sterne's death, see *Athenaeum*, June 18, 1870; and *Notes and Queries*, fourth series, VI, 153, and XII, 200. The search in the archives of Albi was originally made by Paul Stapfer. His account as published contains several inaccuracies which are here corrected.

been made to explain away this extraordinary gloss on the marriage; but its meaning should be clear to all who read, as much as if it said in an Englishman's blunt French: "*Mademoiselle Sterne était déjà à l'époque de son mariage en chemin de devenir mère.*" By one of the ironies of fate a letter was on its way from Mrs. Draper at the very time of the inauspicious marriage, recommending to Miss Sterne the favorable reception of Colonel Campbell.

Mrs. Sterne, who was then very ill, did not witness the scene in the provost's chapel. Since coming into France she had been relapsing into her old malady. The hallucinations of pre-Shandean days returned. One night she imagined that an ugly man was descending the chimney on a rope with the intent to kill her with a large knife; and thereafter all the chimneys of the house at Albi had to be kept grated. Epileptic fits followed. Sometime in January, 1773, within a year of her daughter's marriage, Mrs. Sterne died at Albi—at the house of a physician named Lionières, at No. 9 Rue St. Antoine, within sight of the noble towers of Sainte Cécile. So ended the life of the vivacious Miss Lumley of the York Assembly Rooms, whose unhappiness began with her husband's fame.

As a dramatic close to the career of Lydia, has grown up a story that she and her husband took an active part in the French Revolution and fell victims to the Reign of Terror. In place of this legend can be presented only a few disjointed facts, not half so striking as the conclusion to the old historical romances dealing with the French Revolution, and yet really quite as tragic as any of them. During the autumn after Mrs. Sterne's death, Mrs. Medalle and her husband disposed of all the real estate at Sutton-in-the-Forest, very likely with the aid of the squire of Stillington. The Tindall or Dawson farm and the lands purchased of Richard Harland were conveyed by herself and husband (described in the deed as "gentleman") to the mortgagees, Dean Fountayne and Stephen Croft. The dwellings and closes which came to Sterne under the Sutton Enclosure Act were purchased in part by Thomas Proud of Newburgh and in part by Robert Wright of Claxton. All the conveyances bore as witnesses to the signatures of the Medalles, it may be of interest to note, the names of Jean François Gardes and Guierre Limory of Albi, who, we may suppose,

were friends of the family.* Of Lydia's youthful husband there is only one word more. He died a year and some months later, leaving with his widow a son born soon after the marriage.

Mrs. Medalle now took up again her father's correspondence, the publication of which had been deferred rather than abandoned on the withdrawal of Wilkes and Hall-Stevenson from the undertaking. For performing the labor alone she received much encouragement from the attitude of the public, which was absorbing every year sentimental tales and journeys put out in imitation of the original, while an anecdote of the humorist or a letter purporting to be his found ready admittance to newspapers and magazines. The first number of the *Lady's Magazine*, for example, which was started in 1770, opened with "A Sentimental Journey by a Lady," and three years later a periodical called the *Sentimental Magazine* was launched for promoting the sentimental style and philosophy of the "inimitable" Yorick. The eagerness of the public to read something more of Sterne's, or to know more about him, led to many forgeries, of which may be mentioned an imaginary autobiography, eked out by moral sayings, that appeared in 1770, bearing the title of *The Posthumous Works of a late Celebrated Genius*, since known as *The Koran*, under which name the forgery has been several times published in editions of Sterne's works aiming at completeness. Its author, it should have been known, was Richard Griffith the elder, who betted with a friend that he could write a book which "would pass current on the world as a writing of Mr. Sterne"; and won (as he said himself) the bet.† Not much, however, really Sterne's, appeared between 1769 and 1773, when somebody edited and published ten letters from Sterne to Mrs. Draper, which served to float more forgeries, sometimes interspersed with genuine scraps.

As if her arrival had been timed to profit most by this awakened interest in Sterne, Mrs. Medalle came to London in the spring of 1775, with a rare collection of letters, which

* Three deeds comprising the transaction were registered at Northallerton, one on May 4, and the other two on May 30, 1774.

† See Griffith's anonymous *Something New*, II, 152 (second edition, London, 1772).

she and Mrs. Sterne had brought together before going into France, and to which additions were still to be made through the summer. The daughter of Sterne took genteel lodgings, sat for her portrait, and altogether displayed her father's skill in whetting the public appetite for a new book by talk about it long in advance of publication.

"*Speedily will be published,*" as she and Becket phrased the advertisement for the newspapers, "Embellished with an elegant engraving of Mrs. Medalle, from a picture by Mr. West, (with a dedication to Mr. GARRICK) SOME MEMOIRS of the LIFE and FAMILY of the late Mr. LAURENCE STERNE. Written by Himself. To which will be added, 1. Genuine Letters to his most intimate friends on various subjects, with those to his wife, before and after marriage; as also those written to his daughter. 2. A Fragment, in the manner of Rabelais. Now first published by his daughter (Mrs. Medalle) from the originals in her father's hand-writing.

"Printed for T. Becket, Adelphi, in the Strand.

"Mrs. Medalle begs leave to return her most grateful thanks to those Ladies and Gentlemen who have already favoured her with so many of her father's letters, and still intreats those who may have any by them, to send them to her Bookseller as above, (as speedily as possible) that they may be inserted in the edition now prepared for the press."

After repeated advertisements of this kind, the letters and miscellanies—three volumes in the whole—were at length published on October 25, 1775. The title was varied from the announcement to "LETTERS of the late Rev. Mr. LAURENCE STERNE, to his most intimate FRIENDS. With a FRAGMENT in the Manner of *Rabelais*. To which are prefix'd, MEMOIRS of His LIFE AND FAMILY. Written by HIMSELF. And Published by his Daughter, Mrs. MEDALLE." The portrait by West, which was engraved by Caldwall for a frontispiece, represented Lydia in the fashionable dress of the period bending over the bust of her father, with one hand resting on his laurelled head and the other holding a sheet of manuscript. In no better taste was the dedication to Garrick, which aimed helplessly at the whimsical style of Sterne. A brief preface, following Garrick's epitaph, assured the public that the authenticity of the letters might be depended upon. Some of them,

said Mrs. Medalle, had been preserved by her mother, and others had been furnished by her father's friends, from whom she had "experienced much benevolence and generosity." Then followed two elegies, reprinted from the magazines, in one of which Sterne was ranked next to Shakespeare. After these introductory details, came the brief autobiography that Sterne wrote near his death to satisfy Lydia's curiosity, and one hundred and eighteen letters, if we count *An Impromptu* forming part of a letter which was sent to the publisher by a certain S. P., living at Exeter. The third volume concluded with *The Fragment in the Manner of Rabelais*, which appears to have been a discarded digression originally written for the fourth volume of *Tristram Shandy*.

The autobiography was a masterly piece of condensation, what the French call a *précis*, wherein one continuous paragraph, running over a few pages, sufficed the author for the story of his ancestry and of his life down to the first visit to France, to say nothing of whimsical comment and anecdote by the way. No wonder that the marvellous sketch, as the first authentic revelation of Sterne in the pre-Shandean period, was widely quoted in magazines and newspapers, where it was usually given the place of honor on the first page. And for Sterne in his intimacies were the sentimental outpourings of the young Prebendary of York in letters to Miss Lumley while she was away in the country; descriptions of his doings in London in the first flush of his fame, sent down to his friend Stephen Croft, the squire of Stillington; reckless impromptus to Hall-Stevenson and the London smart set; promises of amendment to Warburton; his first French triumph all written out for Garrick; and his last letter to Mrs. James as he lay dying. Surely no one could ask for more. Walpole of course intended a compliment when he wrote to Mason two days after publication: "I have run through a volume of Sterne's *Letters*, and have read more unentertaining stuff."

In view of the rich material that Mrs. Medalle thus presented to the public, perhaps one should not be too insistent on her shortcomings as an editor. Misprints, mistakes in French phrases, and misnumbering of letters may be set down, if one wishes, to the ignorance of the compositor. Neither should a reader complain overmuch because proper names were sup-

pressed, or indicated by their first and last letters or by an initial before a dash or a line of stars, for such was the custom of the day. People then liked to guess that D——d G——k, Esq., meant David Garrick, Esq., and to count the eight stars of the Earl of S * * * * * * * * into the Earl of Shelburne. The task of editing Sterne's letters, it must be admitted further, would have been difficult for anyone however skilled, since many of them bore no date. Still, Mrs. Medalle cannot be excused for making slight attempt to place them in chronological sequence, for throwing them together, as it were, helter-skelter, so that they tell no continuous story. She began by assigning the Croft letters of 1760 to the indefinite period before the appearance of *Tristram Shandy*, and, with some improvements here and there, she proceeded in this slip-shod path to the end. It would, indeed, be difficult to find in the entire range of literary biography a more shiftless piece of work.

To incompetency Mrs. Medalle added an amusing dishonesty wherever her mother or Mrs. Draper was concerned. The merry references to Mrs. Sterne were eliminated from all the correspondence except the Latin epistle to Hall-Stevenson, which Lydia evidently could not read, else she would never have permitted to stand: "*Nescio quid est materia cum me, sed sum fatigatus et ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam.*" And in all the sentimental passages on Eliza, her portrait, and her journal, the editor either substituted her own name or removed the warmth of phrase, leaving them quite cool and harmless. Just how she did this, it will be pleasant to see. To a letter from Coxwold to the Jameses in the summer of 1767, Sterne appended a long postscript from which we have already quoted:

"I have just received as a present from a right Honourable a most elegant gold snuff fabricated for me at Paris—I wish Eliza was here, I would lay it at her feet—however, I will enrich my gold Box, with her picture,—and if the Donor does not approve of such an acquisition to his pledge of friendship—I will send him his Box again—

"May I presume to inclose you the Letter I write to Mrs. Draper—I know you will write yourself—and my Letter may have the honour to chaperon yours to India. Mrs. Sterne

and my daughter are coming to stay a couple of months with [me], as far as from Avignon—and then return—Here's Complaisance for you—I went five hundred miles the last Spring, out of my way, to pay my wife a week's visit—and she is at the expence of coming post a thousand miles to return it—what a happy pair!—however, en passant, she takes back sixteen hundred pounds into France with her—and will do me the honour likewise to strip me of every thing I have—except Eliza's Picture. Adieu."

After passing through Lydia's hands, the postscript came out reduced to the following brief paragraph:

"I have just received, as a present from a man I shall ever love, a most elegant gold snuff box, fabricated for me at Paris —'tis not the first pledge I have received of his friendship.—May I presume to enclose you a letter of chit-chat which I shall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourself, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India—they will neither of them be the worse received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their destined port, as they go first to Bengal."

The motives for most of these changes are apparent enough. But why "a right Honourable"—meaning, it would seem, Sir George Macartney—should be turned into "a man I shall ever love" is an enigma. Whether mutilations like this extend generally through the letters edited by Mrs. Medalle, there are no means of determining, for few of the originals have come to light. It would of course be unfair to infer from one or two instances that Lydia everywhere played fast and loose with the text; it is more likely that she was content, unless her mother and Mrs. Draper were involved, merely to improve her father's style by substituting here and there a commonplace expression for his piquant phrases.

Her mission to England over, Mrs. Medalle returned to Albi. The rest of her story may be told, so far as one knows it, in a single sentence. Her son was placed in the Benedictine school at Sorèze, where he died in 1783, his mother, it was expressly stated, being already dead. Asthmatic from childhood, Lydia, who wrote to Mrs. Montagu in 1771 that she was very thin and in very bad health, had doubtless succumbed

to the same disease that her father so long struggled against only to be overcome in the end. The little boy, "not made to last long," any more than were Sterne's brothers and sisters, was the last descendant of the humorist.

C H A P. XXIII.

Mrs. Elizabeth Draper

MRS. DRAPER, too, was already dead after an eventful career since we last saw her as queen of Tellicherry, attended in her progresses by a guard of sepoys. In 1771, her husband was appointed chief of the factory at Surat, the most lucrative position he had yet held, whence she wrote on her birthday a long letter to her cousin Tom descriptive of a typical day with friends amid the new scenes.* Every morning she rose with the lark and ambled out on her palfrey eight or ten miles, after the fox sometimes, and at rarer intervals joining large parties in the hunt for antelopes with leopards. At night there was an occasional dance followed by supping on a cool terrace till daybreak. But despite exercise in the open air and an abstemious diet, consisting of "soupe and vegetables with sherbet and milk," her health, she complained, was breaking under the fierce heats of Surat; and scandal, do what she might, persisted in pursuing her, all because she liked the conversation of sensible men better than the unmeaning chit-chat of the women around her. Far from being the "gay, dissipated, agreeable woman" that she was accounted by "the worldly wise," she would have much preferred to the life she was living at Surat the quiet of a "thatched palace" in England, with her books and an appreciative husband who could moralize with her the rural scene.

The next year, Draper was removed from his position at Surat and recalled to Bombay, not because of any inefficiency on his part, but owing, it was said, to a cabal formed against him. "We are adventurers again," Mrs. Draper wrote home from Bombay, "and so much to seek for Wealth as we were the first Day of our landing here." Neither husband nor wife was able to withstand adversity, though but temporary. There

* The account of Mrs. Draper is based mostly upon manuscript letters, some of which have been published by Wright and Slater in *Sterne's Eliza*. See also a chapter on Mrs. Draper and incidental references to her in James Douglas, *Bombay and Western India*.

were hot altercations between them, culminating in criminations and recriminations which need be touched on but lightly. The ostensible point of dispute, to begin with, was over Mrs. Draper's return to England. Her husband, she claimed, had distinctly promised her that she might be with her daughter on her twelfth birthday, occurring in October, 1773. A longer sojourn in India, she often repeated, would mean a ruined constitution and quick-coming death. Draper, who perhaps did not deny his promise, pleaded the expense of the journey and of a life apart. If his wife's health were declining, she might follow the advice of her physician and visit the neighboring hot springs, which were as good as any in England.

The troubles between husband and wife were reaching an acute stage in the spring of 1772, when Mrs. Draper described her unhappy situation in two letters home—one to her cousin Tom and one to Mrs. James, which, taken together, really constitute an autobiography covering more than a hundred pages of print. Now thoroughly disillusioned, Mrs. Draper passed in review her trivial education, the ill-starred marriage to a "cool, phlegmatic" official, who was accusing her of intrigues which she had no opportunity of forming were she disposed to them, the friendship with Sterne, the efforts to aid his widow and daughter, her literary aims and ambitions, and the sorrow that was fast settling close upon her. Of Sterne she said, "I was almost an Idolator of His Worth, while I fancied him the Mild, Generous, Good Yorick, we had so often thought him to be." But "his Death," she must add with words underscored, "gave me to know, that he was tainted with the Vices of Injustice, meanness and Folly."

Of herself and husband, she wrote to Mrs. James: "I cannot manage to acquire confirmed Health in this detested Country; and what is far worse, I cannot induce Mr. Draper to let me return to England; tho' he must be sensible, that both my Constitution and Mind, are suffering by the effects of a Warm Climate—I do, and must wonder that he will not, for what good Purpose my Residence here can promote, I am quite at a loss to imagine, as I am disposed to think favorably of Mr. D's Generosity and Principles. My dear James, it is evident to the whole of our Acquaintance, that our Minds are not pair'd, and therefore I will not scruple informing *you*—that I neither

do, nor will any more, if I can help it live with him as a Wife —my reasons for this are cogent; be assured they are;—or I would not have formed the Resolution—I explain them not to the World—tho' I could do it, and with credit to myself; but for that very cause I will persevere in my silence —as I love not selfish Panegyricks.—How wretched must be that Woman's Fate, my dear James, who loving Home, and having a Taste for the Acquitments [*sic*], both useful and Agreeable, can find nothing congenial in her Partner's Sentiments—nothing companionable, nothing engagingly domestic in his Manner, to endear his Presence, nor even any thing of that Great, or respectful sort, which creates Public Praise, and by such means, often lays the Foundation of Esteem, and Complacency at Home.”

The sad record was relieved by many charming feminine traits of character and ennobled by the mother yearning to be with her daughter left behind in England.

One aspect of the self-drawn portrait has especial interest somewhat apart from the approaching crisis in her relations with her husband. Since her return to India, Mrs. Draper had developed into a Bluestocking. She probably had no personal acquaintance with Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, whose assemblies of Bluestockings were then famous; but the *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespear* duly reached India. After reading Mrs. Montagu's book, Mrs. Draper declared that she “would rather be an Attendant on her Person, than the first Peeress of the Realm.” And so under this new inspiration Mrs. Draper resumed the scribbling to which she had been encouraged by Sterne. “A little piece or two” that she “discarded some years ago,” were completed; they were “not perhaps unworthy of the press,” but they were never printed. Though these efforts seem to be lost, Mrs. Draper took advantage of the occasion to weave into her letter to Mrs. James various little essays, which may be described in her phrase as “of the moral kind,” because they have to do with practical conduct. Anxiety for the welfare of her daughter Betsey, who had been put to school at Kensington, leads to several pages on the boarding-school and the parlor-boarder, which are good enough to find a place in one of Mrs. Chapone's essays. A little way on, she relates the “story of a married pair, which,” she

says, "pleased me greatly, from the sensible singularity of it." The tale tells of a wealthy and indolent man in North India who married a smart young woman to "rouse his mind from its usual state of Inactivity"—and he succeeded. The wife, too, discarded her light airs, and became a most agreeable woman. It all reads like a character-sketch from Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. There is also an experiment in the sentimental style, wherein is told the story of "a smart pretty French woman," who, shutting out all promiscuous loves and friendships, kept her heart for her dear husband alone and one "sweet woman" across the Alps. "The lovely Janatone," writes Mrs. Draper, "died three Years ago—after surviving her Husband about a Week and her Friend a twelvemonth." This constant couple, she said, were travelling in England when she was there, and Sterne introduced them to her. (Was the devoted wife who could live but a week without her husband the Janatone that Sterne twice met at Montreuil on his sentimental tours? I daresay she was.) And besides these, there are other sketches from life, and vivid descriptions of society at Bombay. If Eliza did not write exactly, as Sterne flattered her, "with an angel's pen," she knew how to ramble agreeably.

Crudities that appear in Mrs. Draper's written speech were not observable in her conversation, which charmed the circle of young civilians and travellers who gathered round her at Bombay. To her more intimate friendship was admitted a certain George Horsley, who used to sit and read poetry to her. Illness sent him back to England, with extravagant letters of recommendation from her to the Sclaters and the Jameses, as a young man possessing "one of the most active Minds and Generous Hearts that ever I knew inhabit a human Frame." To his care she entrusted diamond rings and other jewels valued at £600, which he was to sell for her in England. She gave her passport, too, to a Mr. Gambier, "a fine youth and dear to me and all who know him on the score of his Worth, strict Principles, and Admirable Manners." Much greater men than these, typical of many, came under her spell. James Forbes, author of *Oriental Memoirs*, knew her well when a young man, and remembered to the end her "refined tastes and accomplishments."* Likewise the Abbé Raynal, the historian

* *Oriental Memoirs*, I, 338-339 (London, 1813).

of the Indies, made her acquaintance at Bombay, and experienced at their first meeting a sensation which puzzled him. "It was too warm," he said, "to be no more than friendship; it was too pure to be love. Had it been a passion, Eliza would have pitied me; she would have endeavoured to bring me back to my reason, and I should have completely lost it." And of the personality that awakened his admiration, the ecclesiastic added: "Eliza's mind was cultivated, but the effects of this art were never perceived. It had done nothing more than embellish nature; it served in her case only to make the charm more lasting. Every instant increased the delight she inspired; every instant rendered her more interesting."^{*}

Mrs. Draper's sentimental friendships with young men, from whom she accepted costly presents, were quite sufficient to occasion comment and arouse suspicions in her husband, though there may have been, as she always averred, no harm in her conduct beyond impropriety from the standpoint of convention. On the other hand, to restate her side of the story, her husband had been engaged, ever since her return to India, in one coarse intrigue after another. During their last year together—for it had come to that—the Drapers lived at Marine House, Mazagon, sometimes called Belvidere House, commanding a fine prospect of Bombay and its harbor. Through the year Mrs. Draper continued to insist on her husband's fulfilment of his promise with reference to the visit to England, and he continued to remain hopelessly immovable in his refusal. The long impending crisis came early in January, 1773, when the time for Mrs. Draper's sailing was at hand, were she to arrive in England by her daughter's birthday. On the evening of Monday, the eleventh of January, occurred an altercation between husband and wife in which each accused the other of misconduct, Mr. Draper naming Sir John Clark of the British navy, and Mrs. Draper retaliating with the name of Miss Leeds, one of her women in attendance, whom she claimed had fabricated the story against herself out of jealousy. Driven to desperation, Mrs. Draper fled from Marine House on the night of the following Thursday, and placed herself under the protection of her admirer, thus

* Raynal, *Histoire Philosophique et Politique, . . . des Européens dans les deux Indes*, II, 88-89 (new edition, Avignon, 1786).

lending color to the suspicions of her husband. She escaped, it was said at the time, by letting herself down to the officer's ship by a rope from her window.*

Three letters are extant which Mrs. Draper wrote on the evening of her elopement. In the first of them, she gave "a faithful servant and friend," one Eliza Mihill, about to return to England, an order on George Horsley for all her jewels. "Accept it, my dear woman," wrote Mrs. Draper, "as the best token in my power, expressive of my good-will to you." To Mr. Horsley she addressed a brief, impassioned note explaining what she had done for Betty Mihill and what she was about to do for her own freedom. The third letter, which was left behind for Mr. Draper in justification of her conduct, was composed under great agitation of mind at the moment of the last perilous step, for which she took full responsibility. After beseeching that her husband temper justice with mercy if he believed her "all in fault," Mrs. Draper proceeded to plead her cause:

"I speak in the singular number, because I would not wound you by the mention of a name that I know must be displeasing to you; but, Draper, believe me for once, when I solemnly assure you, that it is you only who have driven me to serious Extremities. But from the conversation on Monday last he had nothing to hope, or you to fear. Lost to reputation, and all hopes of living with my dearest girl on peaceable or creditable terms, urged by a despair of gaining any one point with you, and resenting, strongly resenting, I own it your avowed preference of Leeds to myself, I MYSELF Proposed the scheme of leaving you thus abruptly. Forgive me, Draper, if its accomplishment has excited anguish; but if pride is only wounded by the measure, sacrifice that I beseech you to the sentiment of humanity, as indeed you may, and may be amply revenged in the compunction I shall feel to the hour of my death, for a conduct that will so utterly disgrace me with all I love, and do not let this confirm the prejudice imbibed by Leed's tale, as I swear to you THAT WAS FALSE, though my present mode of acting may rather seem the consequence of it than of a more recent event. Oh! that prejudice had not been deaf to the reasonable requests of a wounded spirit, or that you, Draper

* David Price, *Memoirs . . . of a Field Officer*, 61 (1839).

could have read my very soul, as undisguisedly, as sensibility and innocence must ever wish to be read!

“But this is too like recrimination which I would wish to avoid. I can only say in my justification, Draper, that if you imagine I plume myself on the Success of my scheme, you do me a great wrong. My heart bleeds for what I suppose may possibly be the sufferings of yours, though too surely had you loved, all this could never have been. My head is too much disturbed to write with any degree of connection. No matter, for if your own mind does not suggest palliatives, all I can say will be of little avail. I go, I know not whither, but I will never be a tax on you, Draper. Indeed, I will not, and do not suspect me of being capable of adding to my portion of infamy. I am not a hardened or depraved creature—I never will be so. The enclosed are the only bills owing that I know of, except about six rupees to Doojee, the shoemaker. I have never meant to load myself with many spoils to your prejudice, but a moderate provision of linen has obliged me to secure part of what was mine, to obviate some very mortifying difficulties. The pearls and silk cloathes are not in the least diminished. Betty’s picture, of all the ornaments, is the only one I have ventured to make mine.

“I presume not to recommend any of the persons to you who were immediately officiating about me; but this I conjure you to believe as strictly true, that not one of them or any living soul in the Marine House or Mazagon, was at all privy to my scheme, either directly or indirectly, nor do I believe that any one of them had the smallest suspicion of the matter; unless the two evident Concern occasioned by my present conflict induced them to think Something extraordinary was in agitation. O! Draper! a word, a look, sympathetick of regret on Tuesday or Wednesday would have saved me the perilous adventure, and such a portion of remorse as would be sufficient to fill up the longer life. I reiterate my request that vindictive measures may not be pursued. Leave me to my fate I conjure you, Draper, and in doing this you will leave me to misery inexpressible, for you are not to think, that I am either satisfied with myself or my prospects, though the latter are entirely my own seeking.

“God bless you, may health and prosperity be yours, and

happiness too, as I doubt not but it will, if you suffer your resentments to be subdued by the aid of true and reasonable reflections. Do not let that false idea of my triumphing induce you to acts of vengeance I implore you, Draper, for indeed that can never be, nor am I capable of bearing you the least ill-will; or treating your name or memory with irreverence, now that I have released myself from your dominion. Suffer me but to be unmolested, and I will engage to steer through life with some degree of approbation, if not respect. Adieu! again Mr. Draper, and be assured I have told you nothing but the truth, however it may clash with yours and the general opinion.”*

Mrs. Draper’s elopement startled all civil and military India, for no woman was more widely known in the East. She became by this act the beautiful heroine of romance rescued by her lover from the tyranny of an ill-sorted or hateful marriage. In her flight she sought refuge with her rich uncle, John Whitehill, at Masulipatam—his “seat of empire,” whence he superintended the fiscal administration of five northern provinces ceded to the East India Company at the close of the war with Hyder Ali. “His House, his Purse, Servants, Credit” were all placed at his niece’s devotion. While under the protection of her powerful uncle, Mrs. Draper could safely view from a distance the fury of a husband who saw himself outwitted on all sides. From the mayor’s court at Bombay a writ was obtained for the arrest of Sir John Clark, but the sheriff was unable to serve it, owing to the violent interference of Captain Benjamin Marlow. And when the enraged husband threatened an action for divorce, Mrs. Draper, with the aid of her uncle, collected against him evidence to be placed in the hands of his superior officers so damaging to his private character that his better judgment called a halt to the contemplated proceedings. He was made to see that he could not take further action against his wife without endangering all hope of remunerative service for the future.

On going to her uncle’s, it had been Mrs. Draper’s inten-

* Mrs. Draper’s three farewell letters were published in the *Times of India*, February 24, 1894; and in the overland weekly issue of March 3, 1894.

tion to remain with him for the rest of her life should he wish it, for her prospects of ever seeing England again were then very remote. In the autumn of 1773, she accompanied him to Rajahmundry, some eighty miles distant, where he pitched his tents for the winter and began negotiations with the zemindars, or petty princes of his provinces, over the land taxes of the next three years. The novelty of life in tents, joined with renewed health, put Mrs. Draper into spirits for a time; but she soon found Rajahmundry as uncongenial to her taste as was any other part of India. This restlessness crept into a confidential letter to her cousin Tom of Hoddington, dated January 20, 1774, written to inform him of her present situation. Her uncle, she told Tom, was an "extraordinary character," upright in all his dealings with the native princes, and generous to a degree she had never before witnessed in any man; and yet, though possessing all these good qualities, he was so passionate and jealous in his affections that he could not brook any preference for others. Some sign of preference, though sentimental, Mrs. Draper showed in an unguarded moment for her uncle's devoted assistant in the administration, "premier" she called him, a young man near her own age, named Sullivan, who knew how to address "the heart and judgement without misleading either." After that unguarded moment, life ran less smoothly at Rajamundry, though there is no indication of open breach between uncle and niece.

The letter to her cousin clearly foreshadowed Mrs. Draper's return to England towards the close of 1774. Henceforth her life was to be passed with her daughter among relatives and friends at home. While in London she occupied lodgings at "Mr. Woodhill's, Number 3 Queen Anne Street West, Cavendish Square,"* within comfortable reach of the Jameses and the Nunehams, among whom she could hardly have failed to meet Mrs. Medalle, unless precautions were taken against it. Eclat was given to her re-entrance into the old circles by the publication, two years before, of ten letters which she had received from Sterne at the height of his infatuation. Some mystery surrounds the appearance of the little volume bearing the title of *Letters from Yorick to Eliza*, printed for W. Johnston. It was ushered in with a dedication to Lord

* Wilkes, List of Addresses, in the British Museum.

Apsley, then Lord High Chancellor, whose father, the old Lord Bathurst, once introduced himself to Sterne at the Princess of Wales's court and took him home to dine with him. A preface by an anonymous editor in the guise of publisher authenticated the letters, saying that they had been faithfully copied with Mrs. Draper's permission by a gentleman at Bombay. He told the public who Eliza was, and commented upon "the tender friendship" between her and Sterne. What he said of Mrs. Draper was, so far as it went, accurate; it was first-hand knowledge; and except in capitals and punctuation, the letters seem to have been in no way tampered with; at any rate a comparison of the printed text with the copy of the first letter, still extant in Mrs. Draper's own hand, reveals no differences beyond these minor details. Whatever may be one's opinion as to the propriety of the publication during Mrs. Draper's life-time, it was an honest book; and Mrs. Draper, if she consented to its publication while she was still in India, may be commended for not including in the volume the later letters from Sterne reflecting upon the greed and violent temper of his wife, since dead.

As the Eliza of this remarkable series of letters (of which three editions were brought out by other publishers a few months after her return to England), Mrs. Draper received many attentions from Sterne's old friends, who were curious to see the woman to whom Yorick sent his sermons and *Tristram Shandy*, to whom he indited love epistles on going out to breakfast, on returning from Lord Bathurst's, or while waiting in Soho for Mr. James to dress. They wanted to see, too, her replies from which Sterne quoted a moral observation or two, expressing the opinion that her part of the correspondence should be published. "When I am in want of ready cash," he said, "and ill health will not permit my genius to exert itself, I shall print your letters, as finished essays, 'by an unfortunate Indian lady.' The style is new; and would almost be a sufficient recommendation for their selling well, without merit —but their sense, natural ease, and spirit, is not to be equalled, I believe, in this section of the globe; nor, I will answer for it, by any of your countrywomen in yours." On the strength of this warm recommendation of Mrs. Draper's epistolary style, a publisher tried to flatter her into print as

another Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; but "her modesty was invincible to all the publisher's endeavours." "Altho' Mr. Sterne was partial to every thing of her's," she invariably replied, good sense triumphing over vanity, "she could not hope that the world would be so too." Some letters had better be published posthumously; and to this class belonged Mrs. Draper's. In lieu of what she refused to give out to the public, the literary forger, as might be expected, offered his wares. In April, 1775, appeared *Letters from Eliza to Yorick*, purporting to be correct copies of Mrs. Draper's letters to Sterne received "from a lady, not more dignified by her rank in life, than elevated by her understanding." The slight volume was entirely the work of an outsider.

Several well-known men were at once eager to win Mrs. Draper's friendship. Wilkes, after introducing her to his daughter, set out on Sterne's path to closer relations by sending her a present of books, accompanied by praise of her wit and conversation. In return, Mrs. Draper thanked him for the volumes, but deprecated the politician's flattery, the intent of which she could not have failed to understand. William Combe, the subsequent author of *Dr. Syntax*, was also ambitious of standing in her favor, and long afterwards foolishly boasted that she was more partial to him than she had ever been to Sterne. But the nearest successor to Sterne was the Abbé Raynal, who, since their meeting at Bombay, had been in correspondence with Mrs. Draper and now associated with her in England. Like Sterne, he extolled her beauty, her candor, and sensibility, and imagined her the inspirer of all his work. Losing self-control completely, the Abbé proposed that she leave her family and friends and take up her residence with him in France. "What joy did I not expect," he wrote, "from seeing her sought after by men of genius, and beloved by women of the most refined tastes." Mrs. Draper valued the distinguished friendship; but if she ever had any thought of quitting England for Paris, she was prevented by illness and death.

After 1775 Mrs. Draper sinks from view. It is probable that she lived in retirement with her daughter among relatives, despite the attempts to allure her into questionable friendships. She was surely a welcome visitor at Hoddington, the seat of

her cousin Thomas Limbrey Sclater, who had been her confidential correspondent since childhood. And by some turn in her fortunes, over which one can only idly speculate, she seems to have been taken under the protection of Sir William Draper, kinsman and perhaps brother to her husband. This old warrior, who had fought with his regiment by the side of Clive in India and led a successful expedition against the Philippines, was then settled on the Clifton Downs near Bristol. At his seat, named Manilla Hall, after the city which he had captured, Mrs. Draper may have passed her last years. Such at least is the conjecture of local history.*

In any case, Mrs. Draper's residence at Clifton was brief. The young woman whose oval face and brilliant eyes had startled two ecclesiastics out of propriety, died on August 3, 1778, in the thirty-fifth year of her age. She was buried in the cathedral at Bristol, where a diamond in the north aisle of the choir marks her grave. Near-by in the north transept was erected, two years after her death, a mural monument by Bacon, the popular sculptor. The addition of a nave to the cathedral a century later made it necessary to take down all the monuments in the transepts. Mrs. Draper's was then removed to the beautiful cloisters. From a plain base rises a pointed arch of Sienna marble, under which stand, by the side of a pedestal supporting an urn, two draped female figures of white marble in *alto reliefo*; of which the one, holding a torch in her right hand, is looking away and upward, while the eyes of the other are cast down towards a basket in her left hand containing a pelican feeding her young. Across and over the urn, above and between the two figures, lies an exquisitely carved wreath. An inscription, interpreting the allegory, says that in Mrs. Draper were united "Genius and Benevolence."†

The three men who had professed admiration for Mrs. Draper took notice of her death, each in his own characteristic way. Wilkes bluntly wrote the word *dead* after her name in his address-book, else he might forget it. Combe, the literary hack, traded upon her name by bringing out the next year two volumes of *Letters Supposed to have been Written by Yorick*

* George Pryce, *A Popular History of Bristol*, 119 (Bristol, 1861).

† J. Britton, *History of the Cathedral Church of Bristol*, 63 (London, 1830); Pryce, *A Popular History of Bristol*, as above.

and *Eliza*. The fictitious correspondence, cleverly enough framed, began with Mrs. Draper's return to India in 1767, and closed with a farewell letter from Sterne just as death was impending. Raynal opened his *History of the Indies*, which was then passing to a second edition, and inserted a mad eulogy upon Eliza, from which I have quoted the soberer passages. "Territory of Anjengo," he exclaimed, addressing the land of her birth, "in thyself thou art nothing! But thou hast given birth to Eliza. A day will come when the emporiums founded by Europeans upon Asiatic shores will exist no more.

. . . The grass will cover them, or the Indian, avenged at last, will build upon their ruins. But if my works be destined to endure, the name of Anjengo will dwell in the memories of men. Those who read me, those whom the winds shall drive to these shores, will say, "There was the birthplace of Eliza Draper." To the influence of the happy climate of Anjengo were attributed the personal charms of Mrs. Draper, which even the gloomy skies of England could not obscure. "A statuary," said the Abbé, "who would have wished to represent Voluptuousness, would have taken her for his model; and she would equally have served for him who might have had a figure of Modesty to portray. . . . In every thing that Eliza did, an irresistible charm was diffused around her. Desire, but of a timid and bashful cast, followed her steps in silence. Only a man of honour would have dared to love her, but he would not have dared to avow his passion. . . . In her last moments, Eliza's thoughts were fixed upon her friend; and I cannot write a line without having before me the memorial she has left me. Oh! that she could also have endowed my pen with her graces and her virtue!"* If these concluding sentences may be read literally, Raynal received a letter from Mrs. Draper just before her death. Not long after this he visited Bristol with Burke. It is just a surmise, if nothing more, that he placed in the cathedral the monument to Mrs. Draper's memory.

Anjengo was again apostrophized by James Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs*; and to the various places where Mrs. Draper lived while in India, travellers long made pilgrimages. Colonel James Welsh of the Madras infantry visited

* For the complete eulogy, see the *Histoire Philosophique*, II, 85-89.

the house at Anjengo in which, it was said, she was born, and carried away from a broken window pieces of oyster-shell and mother-of-pearl as mementos. He took pains to write also in his *Reminiscences* that the house she lived in at Tellicherry was still standing in 1812. A tree on the estate of her uncle at Masulipatam was called, it is said, Eliza's tree, in memory of her sojourn there after the flight from her husband. But a more interesting as well as more accessible shrine was the scene of her elopement overlooking the harbor of Bombay. Sketches of Belvidere House were brought to England by J. B. Fraser, the traveller and explorer; and from them Robert Burford painted a panorama for public exhibition in London. Those who were unable to make the voyage to India might thus imagine the window from which Mrs. Draper descended to the ship of Sir John Clark, and hear the story that many a person had seen her ghost o' nights flitting about the corridors and verandahs of Belvidere in hoop and farthingale.*

At the same time Gothic fancy built up a pretty legend round the prebendal house where Sterne sometimes slept when in York. The humorist wrote, they used to say, *Tristram Shandy* in the parlor below, and slept above in a large "old fashioned room, with furniture coeval with its form, heavy and dark and calculated to excite every association favourable to the abode of spirits dark as Erebus." For a full quarter century after his death, Sterne's ghost had the habit of revisiting the old bedroom every night just as the bell in the great minster tolled twelve, and of tapping thrice the forehead of anyone who might be sleeping there. The actor Charles Mathews, who took the lodgings while playing at York, because they were cheap, found Sterne's visitations in no wise troublesome, and at length laid the perturbed spirit.†

* Douglas, *Bombay and Western India*, I, 177, 403, 418. A vignette of the view of Belvidere was made for the *Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction*, July 9, 1831.

† *Memoirs of Mathews*, I, 247-255.

C H A P. XXIV.

A Character of Sterne

ACENTURY and a half has rolled by since Sterne's ghost last walked his chambers in Stonegate; but even now one may feel the spell that Yorick once cast over his contemporaries, who were loth to let him die; who, long after he was dead and gone, imitated him in their books and correspondence, who sometimes forged his name to letters and whimsical impromptus such as they imagined he might have written, and kept on relating anecdotes of him, as if he were still living.

Few or none who knew Sterne well, from his valet to his archbishop and the men of fashion who crowded round him in his lodgings or at St. James's, and gave him the place of honor at their tables, ever broke friendship with him. Johnson, it is true, refused his company and thundered against "that man Sterne," but Johnson had really no acquaintance with him or with his books. If Warburton in a passion called Sterne "a scoundrel," it was after Sterne had told the Bishop of Gloucester that he could not accept him as guide and pattern in literature and conduct, without suppressing such talents as God had endowed him with. On the other hand, Lord Bathurst took Sterne under his protection as the wit that most reminded him of the glorious age of Queen Anne. Lord Spencer invited him to his country-seat, filled his purse with guineas, and was ever pressing him to delay his journey into Yorkshire. A box was always reserved for him and his company at both the theatres. Garrick took him home, dined him, and introduced him to "numbers of great people"; while Mrs. Garrick, delighted with the new guest, told him to regard their house as his own, to come and go whenever he pleased. Suard, though he associated with Sterne for only a few months, carried the image of him down to death. Whenever in after years Yorick's name was mentioned, Suard's eyes brightened, and he began to relate anecdotes about the Chevalier Sterne as he appeared in the salons, imitating, as he did so, his voice, manners, and gestures.

Lessing's famous remark that he stood ready to shorten his

own life could he thereby prolong Yorick's, would seem to be not quite sincere, had it not been several times repeated by the dramatist; for the two men never met. But Sterne's contemporaries made no distinction between Mr. Tristram Shandy and the book bearing his name. "Know the one," they used to say, "and you know the other." It has been reserved mostly for professional critics of later times to take Sterne to task for his slovenly style, for slang and solecisms, and for a loose syntax which drifts into the chaos of stars and dashes. Such criticism never occurred to those who knew the man or could imagine him. Whether speaking or writing, Sterne might be heedless of conventional syntax; but he was always perfectly clear. His dashes and stars were not mere tricks to puzzle the reader; they stood for real pauses and suppressions in a narrative which aimed to reproduce the illusion of his natural speech, with all its easy flow, warmth, and color. To read Sterne was for those in the secret like listening to him. Lessing, who was able to divine the author from his books, paid him as fine a compliment as was ever paid to genius.

Sterne's personality, like a great actor's, loses perforce its brilliancy in the pale reflection of a biography, wherein traits of manner and character are obscured by numberless facts, dates, and minor details necessary to a true relation of the humorist's career, but requiring effort to carry in the memory and thereafter combine into a living portrait. No biographer, though the spell may be upon him, can hope to make it quite clear why Sterne captivated the world that came within his influence. His wit, humor, and pathos, which exactly hit the temper of his age, seem a little antiquated now as we derive these qualities second-hand from the books which he left behind him, and from the numerous anecdotes which were related after him, all re-wrought for literary effect. His unpremeditated letters, such as have not been tampered with by editors and biographers, still retain most of their pristine flavor. In these letters perhaps the man will live long after his books, as must sometime happen, have been overtaken by oblivion. We may look upon the wonderful portraits that were painted of him by Reynolds and Gainsborough and Carmontelle, and observe his dress, figure, features, and bright, eager eyes; but

we must add from our imagination the smile and the voice of the king's jester.

Moreover, manners and morals have changed in so many ways since Sterne's time, that one is in danger of misjudging him. No ecclesiastic could now live the life that was lived by Sterne. He and his compeers would be promptly unfrocked. The scenes through which Sterne passed, the men and women with whom he associated, and the jests over which they laughed, have long since become less frequent in society. Thackeray, who knew more of other men surrounding the Georges than he knew specifically of Sterne, made his confession when he said, after reading the letters of Selwyn and Walpole: "I am scared as I look round at this society—at this King, at these courtiers, at these politicians, at these bishops—at this flaunting vice and levity; . . . wits and prodigals; some persevering in their bad ways: some repentant, but relapsing; beautiful ladies, parasites, humble chaplains, led captains." In more complaisant mood Thackeray nevertheless felt the fascination of it all. "I should like to have seen," he then confessed, "the Folly. It was a splendid, embroidered, beruffled, snuff-boxed, red-heeled, impudent Folly, and knew how to make itself respected." In this old world of the Georges, where the cardinal virtues were all forgotten, Sterne reigned as the supreme jester.

When Sterne first came to London in triumph, he was far from being an awkward country parson, lean, lank, and pale, such as later caricature has represented him. He was a man hardly beyond the prime of life, of slight figure, near six feet in height, of rather prominent nose, with cheeks and lips still retaining traces of youthful color and fulness,—and eyes soft and gentle as a woman's when they were in repose, but dark and brilliant when his spirit was stirred by conversation and repartee. In bearing he was from the first supple and courteous to an extraordinary degree. His oddities, which friends watched and commented upon, but never quite described, seem to have consisted in a drollery of face and voice when he paid a compliment or related a jest, combined, if under the excitement of burgundy and good fellowship, with droll movements of head and arms extending to the whole body, not at all ungraceful, one may be sure, but odd and peculiar, like Corporal

Trim's. Then it was that his wonderful eyes took on their wild gleam.

This is all it should be, for Sterne was a gentleman who had always chosen his companions among gentlemen. He belonged to an old and honorable family, whose men, sometimes possessing solid attainments, were commonly hasty of temper; whose women were alert and vivacious. His father, "a little smart man," inheriting the characteristics of the Sternes and Rawdons, was withal "of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design." Out of pity for the sad state of a woman beneath him in rank, the poor ensign married her, said the son, quarrelled with a fellow officer over a goose, and was straightway run through the body; but survived after a fashion, and followed his flag to the West Indies and to death of a fever. In thus describing his father, Laurence described his own temperament. Like his father, he showed himself lacking in that prudence and good sense necessary for getting on with grave people. He quarrelled with the one man who could make or unmake him at will. If not literally run through the body like his father before him, he received his quietus for the moment.

But time has its revenges. Sterne wrote his book; and within three months Mr. Tristram Shandy was as widely known throughout England as the Prime Minister who accepted the dedication. Thenceforth Sterne lived in the glare of the world. Blinded at first by the excess of light, he despatched letters down to York every day, saying that no man had ever been so honored by the great. No less than ten noblemen called at his lodgings on a single morning. Garrick came; Hogarth came; Reynolds came. The bishops all sent in their compliments; Rockingham took him to Court; and Yorick was soon dining with the ladies of her Majesty's bed-chamber. The jests and anecdotes with which he everywhere set tables in a roar were passed on to the coffee-houses, and thence through news-mongers to the world at large. And wherever the tall man in black went—and no doors were closed against him,—he was as much at home as when in his country parish, driving his cattle afield or running down a goose for his friend Mr. Blake of York.

Such was Sterne's career in its abridgment. I have often

thought, in following it, of a remark that George Eliot once made of Rousseau and her other wayward literary passions. "I wish you thoroughly to understand," she declared to a friend, "that the writers who have most profoundly influenced me . . . are not in the least oracles to me. It is just possible that I may not embrace one of their opinions,—that I may wish my life to be shaped quite differently from theirs." Still she read on and on in Rousseau and the rest, under the irresistible sway of emotions and perceptions novel to all her previous experiences. So it is with Sterne. It seemed to his contemporaries, as it seems to us, that no man ever possessed so keen a zest for living. You see this in his early life, in his preaching, in his reading, in his pastimes, and even in his farming. Write to me, he entreated a correspondent after returning home from his first campaign in town, and your letter "will find me either pruning, or digging, or trenching, or weeding, or hacking up old roots, or wheeling away rubbish." You see this zest in its startling fulness after the Yorkshire parson had begun his long and steady tramp through the rounds of pleasure in London, Bath, Paris, and Italy. When his course was finished, he had exhausted all pleasurable sensations, those of the peasant as well as those of the great world. If there were times when melancholy and despondency crept over him, he wisely kept within his lodgings or at Shandy Hall away from friends, and fought out single-handed the battle with evil spirits.

In the background of Sterne's character thus lay, as Bagehot once pointed out, a calm pagan philosophy. Although he well knew that he was sacrificing his life to pleasure, he never halted or swerved from the path on which he had set out; for he felt that he was but fulfilling his destiny. To the physicians who told him that he could not continue in his course another month, he replied that he had heard the same story for thirteen years. When the dreadful hemorrhages, so numerous that we cannot count them, fell upon him, he accepted them without murmur, as the darkness which nature interposes between periods of light. And when he saw the approach of the "all-composing" night from which he knew no dawn would appear, he merely remarked that he should like "another seven or eight months, . . . but be that as it pleases God." It was

doubtless this cheerful readiness of Sterne to take all that nature gives, down to the last struggle, that Goethe had in mind when he said that Sterne was the finest type of wit whose presence had ever been felt in literature.

This man who accepted life as he found it was endowed with none of the grave virtues or contemptible vices described by moralists. If you run through the list of them as laid down by Aristotle or by Dante, you may stop a moment upon this or that virtue or upon this or that vice, but you quickly pass on to the end, with the perception that none pertains greatly to this man's character. Indeed, for certain of the practical virtues, Sterne expressed the most profound contempt, classing them with the deadliest of the seven deadly sins. Caution and Discretion, for example—the virtues of Samuel Richardson and his heroines—were to Sterne only the evil propensities of human nature, inasmuch as they are always intruding upon a man's conduct to prevent the free and spontaneous expression of his real selfhood. "They encompass," he often said in varying phrase, "the heart with adamant." Such virtues and such vices as Sterne possessed were simple and elemental.

Sterne could always be relied upon to perform with fidelity all ecclesiastical offices with which he was charged by his archbishop or by his dean and chapter. When absent from Sutton or Coxwold, he was careful to place over them capable curates, and to see to it that his surrogates made annual visitations to those other parishes lying within the jurisdiction of his commissaryships. In all his engagements and appointments, he strove to be punctual to the hour, whether they were for business or for relaxation; and if illness or other circumstance intervened to keep him at home, he sent a note of apology so courteous in its phrasing that the receiver placed it aside among his treasures. So it was in the obscure days at Sutton and so it was after Sterne had entered the world of fashion. It must have been quite worth while for Lord Spencer to have presented him with a silver standish merely for the sake of the acknowledgment wherein Sterne blessed him in the name of himself, wife, and daughter, saying that "when the Fates, or Follies of the Shandean family have melted down every ounce of silver belonging to it, . . . this shall go last to the Mint." If Sterne made any remark at dinner in the licence of his wit

which he thought might hurt the feelings of the host or of a sensitive guest, he appeared the next morning with a graceful apology, or sent a messenger with a note laying it all to the burgundy and asking that no offence be taken where none was intended. Sterne was generous to all who were dependent upon him. His contracts with the poor and obscure men whom he left in charge of his parishes show a consideration uncommon in those days, when pluralists were accustomed to grind and otherwise misuse their curates. Sometimes he gave a curate the whole value of a living. The persisting opinion that he long neglected his mother, we now know, is quite untrue. Furthermore, Sterne was always most attentive to the welfare of his wife and daughter, for whose health and ease he provided to the full extent of his purse. Six months before his death, he set in order his letters and stray papers, that they might be published for their benefit; and his last thoughts, as he lay dying, were upon Lydia.

Strangely enough, Sterne has been depicted as a hypocrite, as a Joseph Surface, thoroughly corrupt in his heart, but posing as a moralist or a man of fine sentiments. No portrait could be further from the truth, for Sterne never pretended to be other than he was. Such qualities as nature gave him—whether they be called virtues or whether they be called vices—he wore upon his sleeve. If he felt no zeal for a cause, he never professed to have any. For a brief period he joined with his Church in denunciation of the Stuart Pretender and the Jesuits who were seeking restoration in England, but his passions soon cooled; he became disgusted with the part which he was playing, and resolved “that if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented or a new one raised—I would have no hand in it, one way or t’other.” Rather than be suffocated, “I would almost subscribe,” he added, “to anything which does not choke me on the first passage.” In all this Sterne was perfectly sincere. Moreover, he believed the gospel as he preached it. He accepted his Church and all that it taught without question, not because he had meditated profoundly upon its doctrines, but because it was the Church of his ancestors in which he had grown up from childhood. To him the Bible was the most eloquent of books because it was inspired; and for the same reason the men and women therein portrayed were types of

men and women of all times. When he set up a defence of miracles, taking Hezekiah for his theme, before the Parisian philosophers gathered at the English embassy, it was because he actually believed that the shadow went back ten degrees on the dial of Ahaz, certainly not because he wished to appear odd and facetious. Any other inference would be to misunderstand completely the Yorkshire parson.

In contrast with intellects so highly cultivated as Holbach's or Diderot's, Sterne was ludicrously weak in the reasoning faculty and in that poise of character which comes from it. Locke was the only philosopher whom he could understand; all others were charlatans who poured forth words without meaning. His sermons, always graceful and sometimes entertaining, display no logic, with the possible exception of the one which Voltaire praised for its subtle analysis of conscience. And even in that sermon, Sterne's discernments concern not so much the intellect as the feelings which lead conscience astray. "Reason," Sterne once said, "is half of it sense," and he thereby described himself. For his was a most abnormal personality. Exceedingly sensitive to pleasure and to pain, he gave way to the emotions of the moment, receiving no guidance from reason, for he had none. Himself aware of this, he said variously, "I generally act from the first impulse" or "according as the fly stings."

Had Sterne's heart been bad, he would have been a menace to society; but his heart was not bad. I can discern in him nothing mean or cowardly beyond the general run of people with whom he associated—Thackeray to the contrary notwithstanding. "The extravagant applause that was at first given to his works," wrote Mrs. Montagu, "turn'd his head with vanity. He was received abroad with great distinction which made him still more vain, so that he really believes his book to be the finest thing the age has produced." When Cousin Elizabeth said this Sterne had not yet written the *Sentimental Journey*, which as "poor Tristram's last performance," she thought "the best." Successful authors are always vain, if that be the right word. Mrs. Montagu was made "very happy" by the praises that greeted her *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespear*. Though Sterne may have had a large dose of vanity, that worries us no longer. His books,

really quite as fine as anything his age produced, have weathered the storms of a century and a half and are still afloat with colors almost as gay as ever. Against his vanity, "the last infirmity of noble minds," may be set the fact that he was always courteous, generous, and unselfish. A young man from Milan, as I have told the story, once came to London to learn about English manners and customs and to see the men whose names had reached Italy. He called upon the author of *Tristram Shandy* on a rainy day. Sterne greeted the visitor with an embrace, took off his wet coat and placed it over a chair, then led him to the fire and began "a delicious conversation" over the chocolate. Most who came within Sterne's circle watched him, as we have watched him, amused rather than shocked, to see him, oblivious of all conventions, follow his momentary impulses into the wild follies and extravagances of high life. Only the grave shook their heads. To all others Sterne was a delightful absurdity.

Sterne's impulsive nature was nowhere more conspicuous than in his relations with women. Feminine beauty simply overpowered him. First came Miss Lumley, whom he married because she was the first; and then followed in his later days Miss Fourmantelle, "my witty widow Mrs. Ferguson," Mrs. Vesey with her blue stockings, Lady Percy, and Mrs. Draper home from India without her husband, to mention a few of the unnumbered names. The women who awakened his admiration, Sterne divided into three classes, discovering their types in Venus, Minerva, and Juno. None of the three goddesses, however, quite satisfied his ideal; for Venus, lovely as she was, had no wit; Minerva had wit, but she was inclined to be a prude; and Juno, for all her beauty, was too imperial. Venus he liked to look at as she whipped up to his carriage in Hyde Park and invited him to her cabinet for a dish of tea. Minerva and Juno, whom he saw in Mrs. Garrick and Mrs. James, he adored with bent knee from a safe distance, whence incense might be cast upon their altars. But when Venus and Minerva appeared in one woman, at once beautiful, witty, and vivacious, his poor heart utterly collapsed.

About women of this last type Sterne liked to dawdle, exchanging, in antiquated phrase, "tender sentiments"; he liked, no doubt,—as we read in the *Sentimental Journey*—to touch

the tips of their fingers and to count their pulse beats, all for the pleasurable sensations which he felt running along his nerves. In return, these sentimental women were enraptured; sometimes they came north during the summer to meet him at York and to be chaperoned by him, as he called it, to Scarborough for a week or a fortnight. The infatuation, except perhaps in the case of Mrs. Draper, was never a deep passion; it was only a transient emotional quiver, which quickly passed unless renewed by another sight of the charming face and figure. "We are all born," said Sterne as we have before quoted him, "with passions which ebb and flow (else they would play the devil with us) to new objects." The Anglican clergyman, remarked a Frenchman who observed his behavior in Paris, was in love with the whole sex, and thereby preserved his purity. That may be quite true. Certainly it would be unjust to charge Sterne with gross immoralities, for there was nothing of the beast about the sublimated Yorick. His sins may have been only those sins of the imagination which frequently accompany a wasting disease; for we should not forget that Sterne had the phthisical temperament. Perhaps Coleridge correctly divined him when he said that Sterne resembled a child who just touches a hot teapot with trembling fingers because it has been forbidden him. And yet who knows? He lived in a society where the seventh commandment was most inconvenient and where no discredit fell upon a man if he broke it.

Of course I am entering no defence in behalf of Sterne's conduct. I am merely correlating it with his volatile disposition. Nor would it serve any purpose to censure him for those follies and indiscretions over which he wept penitent tears as he held the hand of Mrs. Montagu. True, one is amazed at the freedoms of the old society—amazed even now in the licence of the twentieth century, which is a rather pale reflection of what once was. Were it not for Sterne's humor, the man and his books would have become long since intolerable. But the everlasting humor of the man saves him; it lifts him out of the world of moral conventions into a world of his own making. We must accept him as he was, else close the book. Everything about him was unique—his appearance, what he did, what he said, what he wrote. Acts for which you would reproach yourself or your nearest friends, you pass over in his

case, for in them lurks some overmastering absurdity. "I am a queer dog," he wrote in reply to an unknown correspondent who conjectured that he must be one when over his cups, "I am a queer dog,—only you must not wait for my being so till supper, much less an hour after,—for I am so before I breakfast." No one could ever predict what Sterne would do under given circumstances. When in company, he sometimes sat the melancholy Jaques; at other times, he flashed forth a wild jest; and if it took well, then came another and another still wilder. There is the same wildness in *Tristram Shandy*, which opens with a jest, runs into buffoonery, and closes with a cock-and-bull story. But Sterne's humor was often, as in the *Sentimental Journey*, quiet and elusive. If a fly buzzed about his nose, he must catch it and safely carry it in his hand to the window and let it go free. If he saw a donkey munching an artichoke, he must give him a macaroon, just to watch the changes in the animal's countenance as he drops a bitter morsel for a sweet one. Governed by his whims in small and great things, Sterne was thoroughly unstable where the emotions were concerned.

As we view him in his books and in his life, Sterne had brief serious moods, but he quickly passed out of them into his humor. When he advised a brother of the cloth "to tell a lie to save a lie," he did not exactly mean it so, but he could not resist the humor of the absurd injunction. He must have been sorely troubled over his wife's insanity, but he could not tell his friends of her illness without awakening a smile as he said: "Madame fancies herself the Queen of Bohemia and I am indulging her in the notion. Every day I drive her through my stubble field, with bladders fastened to the wheels of her chaise to make a noise, and then I tell her this is the way they course in Bohemia."

Nothing, however sacred, was immune against Sterne's wit. He was, if one wishes to put it that way, indecent and profane. And yet indecency or profanity never appears in his letters and books by itself or for its own sake. His loosest jests not only have their humorous point, but they often cut rather deeply into human nature. He had, as we have said, very little of the animal in him; and perhaps for this very reason, in the opinion of the late Theodore Watts-Dunton, he was amused by certain

physical instincts and natural functions of the body when contrasted with the higher nature to which all lay claim. His imagination was ever playing with these inconsistencies, and down they went without premeditation, as might be easily illustrated from the conversations at Shandy Hall. Queer analogies of all sorts were ever running in Sterne's head. If it were a hot day, he thought of Nebuchadnezzar's oven. If he took a text from Solomon, he could not help questioning its truth on rising into the pulpit, for the antithesis between the wise man of the Hebrews and a York prebendary was too good to lose. He has been charged with parodies of St. Paul's greetings to the Corinthians. Of this he was, indeed, guilty on several occasions, but only when writing to a company of wits who spent their leisure in reading Rabelais and literature of that kind. The contrast between the little church that St. Paul founded at Corinth and a group of jesters that met under the roof of Hall-Stevenson could not be resisted. It must be sent to the Demoniacs for their amusement.

Sterne is, I daresay, the most complete example in modern literature of a man whose other faculties are overpowered by a sense of humor. He feels, he imagines, and he at once perceives the incongruities of things as ordered by man or by nature; but he does not think, nor has he any appreciation of moral values. What to others seems serious or sacred is to him only an occasion for a sally of wit. In a measure all great humorists since Aristophanes and Lucian have resembled him, for unrestrained utterance is essential to humor. The humorist is a free lance recognizing no barriers to his wit. All that his race most prizes—its religion, its social ideals, its traditions, its history, and its heroes—is fair game for him, just as much as the most trivial act of everyday life. He is, as Yorick named himself, the king's jester, privileged to break in at all times upon the feast with his odd ridicule. But most humorists have had their moods of high seriousness, when they have turned from the gay to the grave aspects of things. In *Don Quixote* there is so much tragedy behind the farce that Charles Kingsley thought it the saddest book ever written. Likewise Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, comedy though it is, has its tragic moments. Shakespeare passed from Falstaff and the blackguards that supped at the Boar's Head to Hamlet, Lear, and Othello.

Fielding, in the midst of his comedy, had a way of letting one into a deeper self, as in that great passage where he cuts short an exaggerated description of Sophia's charms with the remark—"but most of all she resembled one whose image can never depart from my breast,"—in allusion to his wife just dead. To all these men there was something besides the humorist. There were in reserve for them great moral and intellectual forces. However far they may have been carried by their humor, there was at some point a quick recovery of the normal selfhood. Sterne had no such reserve powers, for he was compounded of sensations only. In his life and in his books, he added extravagance to extravagance, running the course to the end, for there was no force to check and turn him backward. He was a humorist pure and simple, and nothing else.

The modern world had not seen another much like him. The ancients—though I do not pretend to speak with authority—may have had such a humorist in Lucian. But there is a difference in the quality of their humor. Lucian was sharp and acidulous. Sterne rarely, perhaps nowhere except in the sketch of Dr. Slop, reached the border where humor passes into satire; for satire means a degree of seriousness unknown to him. With Swift, Sterne said *vive la bagatelle*; but he added—what Swift could never say—*vive la joie*, declaring the joy of life to be "the first of human possessions."

This buoyant temper, however, should not be confounded with anything so formal as that peculiar optimism of his day which said that "this is the best of all possible worlds." Sterne knew nothing of Leibnitz and he laughed at all *isms* as whims-whams of the imagination. He lived for the pleasure of living, just as his books have lived for the pleasure they give.

Never, I daresay, since the sensation caused by the publication of *Tristram Shandy* has Sterne been more alive than he is to-day. He survived the Victorian era, though he was hard hit by it. Thackeray and Dickens absorbed him. Bulwer-Lytton imitated him and stole from him. But Sterne the man was mostly condemned as if the man and his books were not one. That phase passing, Sterne now steps out into the twentieth century. We have looked him over. He would be amused to know that we see in him, with some differences, a man of our own times. His "psychology of impulse," though he could

never have invented a phrase like that, is ours. His sentimentalism, in a measure, is ours, though his but played over the surface of the mind, while ours has crept into the depths of the subconscious. That is to say, Sterne took delight in misplaced or excessive emotion, knowing it to be such; while sentimentalism is now inwrought in contemporary drama and fiction without our being fully aware of it; and when we suspect its presence, we pretend that it is not there—which is hypocrisy. Sterne's freedom in manners and conduct is very modern also, only his was less defiant. And in his disregard of tradition, his style is especially ours. Perhaps the parallel runs no further. The new generation in this industrial age makes pleasure a sober business; whereas Sterne took what the world has to give, lightly, naturally, humorously. His sense of humor we have somewhere lost; and could Yorick now revisit the upper air, he would doubtless find us, as he found the French on his sentimental travels, “too serious” and hence not a little dull.

C H A P. XXV

Sterne's Letter Book

IT was Sterne's custom to make and keep copies of such of his letters as particularly pleased him and, to some extent, of letters that he received from others. As early as 1761, in the "Memorandums" left with Elizabeth Montagu for his wife, when he feared that death was impending, he mentioned several places where "bundles" and "piles" of his letters might be found, if it were decided to publish them—in his bureau at Coxwold, in the garrets of his house at York, and with John Hall-Stevenson. These bundles must have been broken up and afterwards drawn upon by his daughter, Mrs. Medalle, when she brought out a collection of her father's letters in 1775. But for some reason she made no use of a Commonplace or Letter Book containing drafts and copies of Sterne's own letters along with copies of a few letters from his friends and admirers. Mrs. Medalle did indeed publish two letters found in the Letter Book, but her versions show that she obtained them from a different source. The Letter Book, which Mrs. Medalle overlooked or forgot about, was acquired in 1897 by the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and it now forms a part of the rare Collection of Sterne manuscripts in the Library bearing his name. By permission of the present J. Pierpont Morgan, the original Letter Book is here published for the first time.

This Letter Book, evidently incomplete* as we have it, consists of 35 leaves, measuring $7\frac{3}{4}$ x $6\frac{3}{8}$ inches and written usually but not invariably on both sides. Only ten pages are blank. *It is all in Sterne's own hand.* Owing to a shifting of the leaves at some time, perhaps the fault of the binder, the letters do not always appear in chronological order, and I have taken the liberty of re-arranging them here and there. The spelling, abbreviations, and punctuation of the manuscripts have been carefully retained; but I could not, of course, reproduce in print the many interlinear alterations or the curious

* For a reference to another page of the Letter Book, see this biography, II, 295.

Telling it, I know has some good ones - garnet some -
Hall, ~~Marshall~~ has several hundreds, they
have been waste most of em in too careleff a way.
includes his portraits. - Berenger has one or two
Gov & Co. Gladys Lady (Miss Macarthy) numbers -
Countess of Edgecomb - Mrs Moore of Bath - W^m Featon
London - cum multi aliis - If all if collected
with the large number of mine & friends in my
possession would print a well to good account - - -

• Hall has by him a great number of
those in this book & in my Bureau. - & those
above w^t make 4 Vols the size of Shady
— they would sell well - & produce
800 p^t at the least -

S P D J S J D
Cartouche
Hall has
many
of
great
numbers

Reduced facsimile of the first page of Sterne's Letter Book
From the manuscript in the Pierpoint Morgan Library

deletions that Sterne made by running his thumb or forefinger through a word or phrase he disliked as the quickest way of getting rid of it when something better came suddenly to mind. As his goose-quill (plucked from one of the birds running about the garden) moved along rapidly, he would place a period or draw a short line, if he had time for either, under the raised letters of common abbreviations like M^{rs}, y^{rs}, w^{ch}, and w^d. Otherwise he let them hang loose in the air. It would be refining too much to distinguish in print between a period and an embryonic dash; so it is all periods here if there was any mark in the manuscript beneath superior letters. Sterne paid no attention to the rule that the first word of an independent sentence had better begin with a capital letter nor that a word, especially if it be the name of a friend whom you are addressing, should not be spelled in too many ways. "You," however, he often wrote most courteously with an initial capital. Occasionally the end of a parenthesis or the end of a quotation is not indicated; and sometimes a word or a letter within a word is lost or repeated by a fast-moving quill. These slips I have let stand; and I have tried to retain Sterne's peculiar dash, which, having different meanings according to its length, the humorist lifted into the realm of art. This dash survives in the less flexible three dots . . . of Mr. H. G. Wells and his brother novelists, just as his "That is another story" has survived in the tales of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

In several instances, it has been difficult, if not impossible, to determine whether a particular letter is a draft of a letter or a copy of a letter as it was actually sent, or a letter with some re-phrasing made with a view to publication. This three-fold question I have taken up in my comment upon each of the letters.

The Letter Book, it will be quickly seen, is the most interesting group of Sterne manuscripts that has come to light since the publication, twenty years ago, of *The Journal to Eliza*. Some of the letters exhibit Sterne in his gayest moods, where little or no sentiment intrudes. In others he is playing upon the emotions of sentimental women who have written to him or enquired about him. And occasionally, as in his letter to the Bramine (which is pitched to the key of *The Journal to Eliza*), he gives free rein to his own sentimental imagination.

A few of the letters, it should be said in conclusion, have already been published, but from other sources. In these instances, a comparison between the letters as given here and as they have appeared elsewhere, will show how ingrained was Sterne's sense for style.

The Letter Book ends, in my re-arrangement of it, with the letter to the Bramine, numbered XVIII. But I have added several other autograph letters from manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Collection. These letters differ from most of the preceding in that no one of them is a draft or a copy: they are a group of Sterne's letters in their final form. With one exception, they have all been published somewhere, but usually with a number of misreadings of the manuscripts, or with an editor's attempt to improve upon Sterne's style by substituting commonplace for piquant phrases. The reader will not fail to see how Sterne, in two letters from York, paved a way over the length of England to Garrick's friendship, nor to compare his draft of a letter to Berenger, in the Letter Book, with the letter after Sterne's imagination has had a chance to play about his first humorous conception.

To this little group of letters, I have appended, also from the Pierpont Morgan Collection, the "Memorandums," a sort of advisory testament, which Sterne wrote out when confronted with the sudden apparition of Death.

I.

THIS is the surviving part of the wrapper which contained the letters in the Letter Book. It is a memorandum which Sterne evidently wrote down and left at Coxwold for his wife and daughter just before he set out on his last trip to London. Near the beginning is a deleted passage which in part reads as follows: "Hall has rec'd hundreds, they have been wrote most of 'em in too careless a way, besides he is careless."

Sterne's life-long friend, Marmaduke Fothergill, a gentleman of York, was the son of the Rev. Marmaduke Fothergill, D.D. He died, August 13, 1778. (See *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1778, page 392.) Mr. Hall is John Hall-Stevenson. Berenger and Miss Macartney are identified in letters that follow. The "Countess of Edgecomb" is Emma Gilbert, only daughter of John Gilbert, Archbishop of York. She married, August 6, 1761, George, third Baron Mount-Edgcumbe (afterwards Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe). None of the

letters that passed between Sterne and Miss Gilbert have ever been published, though he several times mentions her in letters to others. She took his side in the controversy over the indecorums of *Tristram Shandy*. Mrs. Moore is "the charming widow" he met at Bath in April, 1765. Nothing is known of Mrs. Fenton, though some of Sterne's letters addressed to "Mrs. F——" may have been to her rather than to Mrs. Ferguson.

Fothergil I know has some good ones—Garrick some.—Benger has one or two—Gov^r Littletons Lady. (Miss Macartney) numbers—Countess of Edgecomb—M^{rs} Moore of Bath—M^{rs} Fenton London—cum multis aliis—These all if collected with the large number of mine & friends in my possession would print & sell to good acc^t — — —

Hall has by him a great number wth those in this book & in my Bureau—& those above w^d make 4 Vo^{ls} the size of Shandy — — — they would sell well— — & produce 800 p^{ds} at the least—

II.

THIS is a careful copy of a draft of a letter which first appeared, without date and with many inaccuracies, as Letter CXXI in Sterne's *Works* (London, 1780), and has since been many times reprinted. In *The Archivist* for September, 1894 (vol. VII, No. 27, p. 40) the letter was printed from the manuscript then in the collection of Mr. E. Barker of West Kensington. The text of 1780 shows, in addition to misreadings, how the editor played fast and loose with Sterne's phrases. The text of 1894 gives the letter correctly in its final form. The letter as it appears in the Letter Book is printed here for the first time. It varies greatly from the other two versions.

It is not known to whom the letter was addressed. Apparently he was a York friend acquainted with Marmaduke Fothergill.

York . Jan. 1. 1760

Dear Sir.

I have rec^d y^r Letter of Counsil which contrary to my natural humour, has set me half a day upon looking a little gravely and upon thinking a little gravely too. sometimes I concluded you had not spoke out, but had stronger grounds for some discourageing Hints upon Tristram Shandy, than what your good nature knew well how to tell me— — particularly with regard to the point of prudence as a Divine &c— — and that

you really thought in your heart the vein of humour too light for the colour of my Cassock——a Meditation upon the four last things had suited it better—I own—but then it must not have been wrote by me.

My friend M^r Fothergil whom I regard in the class I do you, as my best of criticks and well wishers,—preaches every day to me upon this Text of yours—get your preferment, Lory, first he says and then write and welcome—but my dear gentlemen, suppose this self same preferment is long o' coming (& for aught I know I may not be prefer'd till the resurrection of the Just)—& I continue all that time in hard Labour—how shall I manage my pains?—You both fright me with *after pains*, like good philosophers, knowing that one passion is best to be combatted by another.

—I deny it—I have not gone as far as Swift—He keeps due distance from Rabelais—& I from him. Swift sais 500 things, I dare not say,—unless I was Dean of Saint Patricks.

As for the ambitiosa Ornamenta you hint at,—Upon revising my book, I will shrift my conscience as I go along upon that sin—and whatever ornaments it confesses to, of that kind, shall be defaced without mercy—they are vices of my constitution more than a Love of finery & Parade when I fall into them—and tho' I have a terrible dread of writing like a dutch Commentator—yet these luxuriant Shoots, as far as I am a Judge, shall be pruned, if not entirely cut away for the tree's good.

As for Slop's fall—’tis most circumstantially related, & the affair most trifling—& perhaps you may be right in saying ’tis overloaded—but not, dear S^r because of the slightness of the incident—that very thing should constitute the humour, which consists in treating the most insignificant Things with such *Ornamenta ambitiosa*, as would make one sick in another place.

I know not whether I am entirely free from the fault Ovid is so justly censured for—of being *Nimium ingenij sui amator*. the hint however is right—to sport too much with a Man's own wit is surfeiting: like toying with a man's mistress, it may be delightful enough to the Inamorato but of little or no entertainment to By-standers. in general I have ever endeavour'd

to avoid it, by leaving off as soon as possible whenever a point of humour or Wit was started, for fear of saying too much; and tother day a gentleman found fault with me upon that very score—but yours and my friend Fothergils Judgment upon this head, I hold to be more truely nice and critical—and on that side, it is the safest to err.

After all, I fear Tristram Shandy must go into the world with a hundred faults—if he is so happy as to have some striking beauties, merciful & good Judges will spare it as God did Sodom for the ten Righteous that are therein.

I am, Sir

Yrs L. Sterne

III.

UNPUBLISHED. This is the draft of a letter that Sterne sent, on a Saturday in March, 1760, to Richard Berenger, Gentleman of the Horse to George the Third. The letter as afterwards elaborated was first published by Percy Fitzgerald in his *Life of Laurence Sterne*, Vol. I, 160-161 (revised edition, London, 1896). For the letter as it passed through the post, see No. XXI.

My dear Berenger.

You bid me tell you all my wants—what the duce can the man want now? what would I not give to have but ten strokes of Howgarth's witty chissel at the front of my next Edition of Tristram Shandy [the Vanity of a pretty woman in the hey-day of her Triumphs, is a fool to the vanity of a successful author—*Orna me*, sigh'd Swift to Pope,—unite something of yours to mine to wind us together in one sheet down to posterity—I will, I will; said Pope—but you don't do it enough said Swift—

Now the loosest Sketch in nature of Trim's reading the sermon to my father & my uncle Toby will content me—

I would hold out my lank purse—I would shut my eyes—& you should put your hand into it, & take out what [you] liked for it—Blockhead! This gift is not bought with money—perish thee, & thy gold with thee.

What shall we do? I would not propose a disagreeable thing to one I so much admire, for the whole world:—You are a

hard faced, impudent honest dog——prithee stop, & *sans manegment*, begin thus.

“M^r Hogarth, my friend Shandy——but go on your own way——as I shall do mine, all my Life.

So adieu.

IV.

UNPUBLISHED. The letter from William Warburton (the Bishop of Gloucester) to which Sterne refers, was written from Prior-Park, June 15, 1760. Sterne's reply is dated “Coxwold, June 19” [1760]. The letter to Miss Macartney thus appears to have been written at Coxwold late in June, 1760.

Mary Macartney, whom Sterne met in London the previous winter, was the daughter of James Macartney of Longford, Ireland. On June 2, 1761, she married William Henry Lyttelton (afterwards Lord Lyttelton, Third Baron of Frankley), who was at the time Governor of South Carolina. The next year her husband was transferred to Jamaica, where she died May 28, 1765.

To Miss M. Macartney

An urn of cold water in the driest stage of the driest Desert in Arabia, pour'd out by an angel's hand to a thirsty Pilgrim, could not have been more gratefully received than Miss Macartney's Letter——pray is that Simile too warm? or conceived too orientally? if it is; I could easily mend it, by saying with the dull phlegm of an unfeeling John Trot, (*suivant les ordonances*) *That Y^{rs} of the 8th Inst. “came safe to hand.”*

—Lord defend me from all literary commerce with those, who indite epistles as Attornys do Bonds, by filling up blanks, and who in lieu of sending me what I sat expecting—a Letter—surprise me with an Essay cut & clip'd at all corners. to me inconsiderate Soul that I am, who never yet knew what it was to speak or write one premeditated word, such an intercourse would be an abomination; & I would as soon go and commit fornication wth the Moabites, as have a hand in any thing of this kind unless written in that careless irregularity of a good and an easy heart——& now tis time & justly critical too to thank you for y^{rs} and tell you twas just such a one as my soul delights in.

Yes——You was extreamly good in writing to Tristram at

all—but in writing to him so soon, you was infinitely so: nor can all y^r wit talk me out of the belief: tis the 40th article of my faith & I adore you for it: but is there any need in thus apotheosizing Miss Macartney to make a Devil of myself——no; fair Angel (for now I have got you into heaven, I will keep you there as long as I chuse)—I was not six weeks in deliberating whether I should worship you, or no——nor how——nor with what insense, or with what ceremonies——but the cares and dissipations of this world had got in betwixt me and my devotion—as they do to many other good people——till Conscience awoke and would no longer be trifled with it.

I admire your Simile of conjugal squabbles ending in very pleasant harmony and if I durst would write you a Sermon upon this Text of yours—but I am upon my good behaviour; god bless you however, for what you say upon *Discretion* (or Reflection I forget w^{ch})—but I verily believe you take a delight in recommending these two prudent old gentlewomen to me, merely because you know they are not entirely to my taste—I'm sure with regard to Discretion, tho' I have no great communications with her—I had always a regard for her at the bottome—She is a very honest Woman; & I should be a brute to use her ill——only I insist upon it, she must not spoil good company.

“God forgive me, for the Volumes of Ribaldry I've been the cause of”—now I say, god forgive them——and tis the pray'r I constantly put up for those who use me most unhandsomely—the Bishop of Gloucester, who (to be sure) bears evils of this kind—so as no man ever bore 'em, has wrote me a congratulatory Letter thereupon—the Summ total of all w^{ch} is—That we bear the Sufferings of other people with great Philosophy—I only wish one could bear the excellencies of some people with the same Indifference——

& that I was not so much, as I
am, Y^{rs}

L. Sterne

V.

UNPUBLISHED. Mr. Brown was a clergyman living in Geneva, where Hall-Stevenson became acquainted with him. On receiving

the enquiry about the author of *Tristram Shandy*, the master of Skelton sent the letter over to Coxwold. Sterne made a copy of it and doubtless returned the original to Hall-Stevenson.

From M^r Brown to J. Hall Esq^{re}

Geneva, July 25. 1760

—Tristram Shandy has at last made his way here. never did I read any thing with more delectation. What a comical Fellow the author must be! & I may add also what a Connoisseur in Mankind! Perhaps if the Book has any fault at all, it is, that some of his touches are too refined to be perceived in their full force & extent by every Reader. We have been told here he is a Brother of the cloath; pray is it really so? or in what part of the Vineyard does he labour? I'd ride fifty miles to smoak a pipe with him, for I could lay any wager that so much humour has not been hatch'd or concocted in his pericrainium without the genial fumes of celestial Tobacco: but perhaps like one of the same Trade, tho' his Letters be strong and powerful, his speech is mean and his bodily presence contemptible—

—Yet I can hardly think it. He must be a queer dog, if not sooner, at least after supper; I would lay too, that he is no stranger to Montaigne; nay that he is full as well acquainted with him, as with the book of common prayer, or the Bishop of London's pastoral Letters; tho at the same time I would be far from insinuating, either on one hand, that his Reverence is not as good a Tradesman in his way as any of his neighbours, —or on the other, That this celebrated Performance of his, is not perfectly an Original. The Character of Uncle Toby, his conversations with his Brother, who is also a very drole and excellent personage, & I protest such Characters I have known —his Acc^{ts} of the Campaign &c &c are inimitable. I have been much diverted wth some people here who have read it. they torture their brains to find out some hidden meaning in it, & will per force have all the Starts—Digressions—& Ecarts which the Author runs out into, & which are surely the Excellencies of his Piece, to be the constituent Members of a close connected Story. is it not provoking to meet with such wise acres who, tho' there be no trace of any consistent plan in the

whole of their insipid Life, & tho' their Conversation if continued for half a quarter of an hour has neither head or tail, yet will pretend to seek for connection in a Work of this Nature.

Adieu . Dear Sir
&c &c—

VI.

UNPUBLISHED. This letter, a reply to the foregoing, appears to be *not* a draft, but a copy of the letter as sent to Mr. Brown. In neither of the two letters are there any of Sterne's usual attempts at deletion of phrases that did not quite satisfy him.

To M^r Brown at Geneva

York. Sep^t 9 . 1760

Sir

My good friend M^r Hall knowing how happy it would make me, to hear that Tristram Shandy had found his way to Geneva, and had met with so kind a reception from a person of your Character, was so obliging as to send me y^r letter to him. I return you Sir, all due thanks and desire you will suffer me to place the many civilities done to this ungracious whelp of mine, to my own account, and accept of my best acknowledgements thereupon.

You are absolutely right in most of your conjectures about me (unless what are excessively panygerical)—1st That I am “a queer dog”—, only that you must not wait for my being so, till supper, much less till an hour after—for I am so before I breakfast. 2^d “for my conning Montaigne as much as my pray'r book”—there you are right again,—but mark, a 2^d time, I have not said I admire him as much;—tho' had he been alive, I would certainly have gone twice as far to have smoakd a pipe with him, as with Arch-Bishop Laud or his Chaplains, (tho' one of 'em by the bye, was my grandfather). As for the meanness of my speech, and contemptibility of my bodily presence,—I'm the worst Judge in the world of 'em—Hall is ten times better acquainted with those particulars of me, & will write you word. In y^r Conjecture of smoaking Tobacco—there you are sadly out—not that the conjecture was bad but

that my brain is so—it will not bear Tobacco, inasmuch as the fumes thereof do concoct my conceits too fast so that they would be all done to rags before they could be well served up—the heat however at 2^d hand, does very well with them, so that you may rely upon it, that for every mile you go to meet me for this end, I will go twain; and tho I can not smoak wth you, yet to shew you, I am in full harmony with you, I'll fiddle you a grave movement whilst you pipe it in your way & Hall shall dance a Saraband to us with a pair of bellows & Tongs, in which accompaniment You must know, he has done wonders since he left Geneva.

The Wise heads I see on the continent are made up of the same materials, & cast in the same Moulds, with the Wise heads of this Island,—they philosophize upon Tristram Shandy alike to a T—they all look to high—tis ever the fate of low minds.

Be assured I am an unworthy Labourer in the Vineyard—and I verily believe some of the Lords of it, wish me out—being under terrible alarms that I may one day or other do more harm than good in it.—

If you honour me wth a Letter directed to me Prebendary of York, it will find me either pruning, or digging or trenching, or weeding, or hacking up old roots, or wheeling away Rubbish——Whatever I am about, depend upon it, Y^r Letter will find me much Y^rs for I am with the greatest esteem

for Y^r Character & self
S^r Y^r most Obliged &c . L. Sterne

VII.

FIRST published in *Sterne's Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions* (London, 1775). It is Letter IX in that collection. This is Sterne's first letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Vesey, the Bluestocking, known as "The Sylph" among her intimate friends. As we find Sterne going to Ranelagh with Mrs. Vesey the next winter, the June of this letter is 1761.

Until recently this letter has been regarded as spurious. Here, however, we have it in Sterne's own hand as he copied it for his Letter Book. A comparison between the copy and the printed version shows some inaccuracies and re-phrasing by the editor of the volume in which it first appeared.

To M^{rs} Vesey.

London .

June 20.

of the two bad cassocs, fair Lady which I am worth in the world, I would this moment freely give the better of 'em to find out by what irresistible force of magic it is, that I am influenced to write a Letter to you upon so short an Acquaintance—*short*, did I say—I unsay it again: I have had the happiness to be acquainted with M^{rs} Vesey almost time immemorial—surely the most penetrating of her sex need not be told that intercourses of this kind are not to be dated by hours, days or months, but by the slow or rapid progress of our intimacies which can be measured only by the degrees of penetration by w^{ch} we discover Characters at first sight, or by the openness and frankness of heart w^{ch} lets the by-stander into it, without the pains of reflection; either of these spares us, what a short life can ill afford and that is, that long and unconscionable time in forming Connections, which had much better be spent in tasting the fruits of them—now, I maintain that of this frame & contexture is the fair M^{rs} Vesey—her character is to be read at once; I saw it before I had walk'd ten paces besides her.—I believe in my Conscience, dear Lady, that you have absolutely no inside at all.—

That you are graceful, & elegant & most desirable &c &c.
every common beholder, who only stares at You as a dutch Boore does at the Queen of Sheba in a puppit Show can readily find out; But that You are sensible, and gentle and tender—& from end to the other of you full of the sweetest tones & modulations, requires a Connoisseur of more taste & feeling—in honest truth You are a System of harmonic Vibrations—You are the sweetest and best tuned, of all Instruments—O Lord! I would give away my other Cassoc to touch you—but in giving this last rag of my Priesthood for this pleasure you perceive I should be left naked—nay if not quite disordered:—so divine a hand as y^{rs} would presently get me into order again—but if You suppose, this would leave me, as You found me—believe me dear Lady, You are mistaken.

all this which being weigh'd and put together, let me ask you my dearest M^{rs} V. what business you had to come here

from Ireland—or rather, what business have You to go back again—the deuce take you wth your musical and other powers —could nothing serve you but you must turn T. Shandys head, as if it was not turn'd enough already: as for turning my heart; I forgive You, as you have been so good as to turn it towards so excellent & heavenly an Object—

now, dear M^{rs} Vesey, if You can help it, dont think of Y^rself. but believe me wth great Esteem for y^r Character & self. Y^rs L—S—

VIII.

UNPUBLISHED. Copy with minor alterations. This letter should be read in connection with Letter IV in *Original Letters of the Late Reverend Mr. Laurence Sterne* (London, 1788), having the superscription, “Coxwold, near Easingwold, August 8, 1764.” The Telemachus in both letters, to whom Sterne plays the part of Mentor in dealings with “Calypso and her Nymphs,” was probably William Combe, who had met Sterne in France and subsequently visited Sterne at Coxwold and Hall-Stevenson at Skelton. After running through a small fortune, Combe, it is said, tried the army for a time. Hence the reference to him as “my Militia Captain.” The Calypso from whom the two men ran away was some unknown lady (possibly the Countess of Edgcumbe), by whom they were entertained in London in June, 1764, when Sterne stopped there for three weeks on his way home from France. The girl who at parting gave Sterne “a golden-headed pencil and pinchbeck ruler” is most courteously disguised under the name of the beautiful Princess of Micomicon, somewhere in Guinea—whom Sancho Panza wanted to marry.

The letter was written just after Sterne reached York at the end of June, 1764.

York.

Do You think, dear Lady,—shandy-headed as I am, that I could be served with a Letter de Cachet, without instantly obeying the summons, or sending some lawful excuse by the return of the Courier?

—fugitive as I am—I have not run away from my loyalty—I fled with a Militia captain: it was not from Principles of rebellion,—but of virtue, that we made our escapes: The

Goddess of Prudence and Self-denial bears witness to our Motives—We ran headlong like a Telemachus and a Mentor from a Calypso & her Nymphs, hastening as fast as our members would let us, from the ensnaring favours of an enchanting Court, the delights of which, we forefelt in the end, must have un-*captain'd* the Captain—& dis-*order'd* the Priest. We beseech You, to think of both of us, as we are—nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice.

To begin, (in good manners) with myself. think not, dear xxxx, when I fled,—think not, that I could run away from the remembrance of past kindnesses, or the expectation of future ones—Good God! Is it possible I could forget my red leather pocket-book with silver clasps?—my two sticks of seal wax—my Scissars, (which by the bye want grinding) & my pen-knife. Unhappy man! wander where I may, have I not the *trioptick* hibernian pair of Spectacles, w^{ch} xxx gave me, ever upon my nose, magnifying every crooked step I take? do I not carry about me the golden headed pencil & pinchbeck Ruler which the truely virtuous & open hearted Princess Micomicon, put into my hands at parting—hallowed & mystick Gifts convey'd by a heavenly hand, to mark & measure down my back-slidings and my fore-slidings—*les egarmens de mon coeur, & mon esprit pendent mon exile!*

As for my Militia-Captain, my thrice worthy fellow wanderer, and the kind contriver & coadjutor of my escape—Let not my pen—but let his own Atchievements write his elogy. This moment that I am writing is he preparing to plunge himself into dangers, to forget himself—his friends—& think only of his country—now does the drum beat—& the shril Fife shriek in his ears—his pulse quickens—mark how he girds on his sword—for heaven's sake! where will this end?

he is going, with his whole Batallion to Leeds—to Leeds?—yes, M^{d'm} he is going to root out the manufactures—to give the spinsters & Weavers no elbow room—to compliment Industry with a Jubilee—by all that is good! He will do the State some service; & they shall know it.

I am
&c &c—
L. S.

IX.

UNPUBLISHED. Apparently a copy, with some re-phrasing, of a letter to Miss Sarah Tuting, about to leave for Italy. Sterne overtook her at Naples. In a letter to Mr. Foley, his banker in Paris, dated August 6, 1764, Sterne described her as "a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom."

To Miss T——

Coxwold Augst

27. 1764

—Well! once more adieu! —farewell! God be with you! in this long journey may no thorn grow near the path you tread; and when you lie down, may your pillow, gentle Sally, be soft as your own breast; and every dream be tinged with pleasures which hearts like yours are only destined to inherit—so get well, dear Lady, merely not to lose y^r birth right *here*—& do not die to enter upon it too soon hereafter.

This is mere Selfishness; and yet I thought I was writing the most sentimental Letter that ever the hand of true gallantry traced out—and o' my conscience I still believe I am—but I wait to be accused before I justify.

Now is it possible I can give you any advice in w^{ch} your good sence & philosophy has not got the start of me in regard to your health? so far as it depends upon your mind. for here I must take the Liberty to inform You, that it is oweing to that great & good sensibility of Y^{rs}, that any hint upon that upon that [*upon that repeated*] score, can be made excusable: for if you hunger and thirst like a kindly Soul with too warm an impatience after those You have left behind—You will languish away the little fragment which is left of you to a shadow: The heart must be cheerful and free from desires during all this Pilgrimage in search of health—no hard jostlings in your journey must disturb either body or mind one moment—if you have left a Philander—think not about him—You must smile upon inconveniences and impositions—upon bad inns—& what will hurt you most of all because most contrary to y^r nature—upon unfeeling looks.

The gentle Sally T—— is made up of too fine a texture for the rough wearing of the world—some gentle Brother, or some one who sticks closer than a Brother, should now take her

by the hand, and lead her tenderly along her way—pick carefully out the smoothest tracks for her—scatter roses on them—& when the tax'd and weary fibre tells him she is weary—take her up in his arms——

I despise Mankind, that not one of the race does this for her——You know what I have to say further
——but adieu.

Y^{rs} faithfully
L. S

X.

UNPUBLISHED. Copy with some dressing-up for publication. This nonsensical letter, in which Sterne for obvious reasons refers to himself as but forty-four years old, though he was really in his fifty-second year, was probably written soon after his return to London from a visit to Bath in the spring of 1765. The Mrs. F—— to whom the letter is addressed has not been identified. She could not have been Mrs. Ferguson, for Sterne had been acquainted with that “witty widow” for many years. She was another “witty widow.” Was she Mrs. Fenton? and did Sterne first meet her at Bath? The questions may be asked but not answered.

To M^{rs} F——

—and pray what occasion, (either real or ideal) have You Madam, to write a Letter from Bath to Town, to enquire whether Tristram Shandy is a married Man or no?—and You may ask in Your turn, if you please, What occasion has Tristram Shandy gentleman to sit down and answer it?

for the first, dear Lady (for we are beginning to be a little acquainted) You must answer to your own conscience—as I shall the 2^d, to mine; for from an honest attention to my internal workings in that part where the Conscience of a gallant man resides, I perceive plainly, that such fair advances from so fair a Princess—(freer & freer still) are not to be withheld by one of Tristram Shandy's make and complexion—Why my dear Creature (—we shall soon be got up to the very climax of familiarity)—If T. Shandy had but one single spark of galanty-fire in any one apartment of his whole Tenement, so kind a tap at the dore would have call'd it all forth to have enquired What gentle Dame it was that stood without—good

God! is it You M^{rs} F ——! What a fire have you lighted up! tis enough to set the whole house in a flame

"If Tristram Shandy was a single Man"—(o dear!)—“from the Attacks of Jack Dick and Peter I am quite secure—(this by the by Madam, requires proof)—But my dear Tristram! *If thou wast a single man*—bless me, Mad^m, this is downright wishing for I swear it is in the *optative Mood* & no other—well! but my dear T. Shandy wast thou a single Man, I should not know what to say—& may I be Tristram'd to death, if I should know what to do—

do You know my dear Angle (for you may feel I am creeping still closer to you and before I get to the end of my letter I forsee the freedome betwixt us will be kept within no decent bounds)—do You know I say to what a devil of a shadow of a tantalizing Help mate you must have fallen a victime on that supposition—why my most adorable! except that I am tolerably strait made, and near six feet high, and that my Nose, (whatever as an historian I say to the contrary), is an inch at least longer than most of my neighbours—except that —That I am a two footed animal without one Lineament of Hair of the beast upon me, totally spiritualized out of all form for conubial purposes—let me whisper, I am now 44—and shall this time twelve-month be 45—That I am moreover of of a thin, dry, hectic, unperspirable habit of Body—so sublimated and rarified in all my parts That a Lady of y^r Wit would not give a brass farthing for a dozen such: next May when I am at my best, You shall try me—tho I tell You before hand I have not an ounce & a half of carnality about me —& what is that for so long a journey?

In such a Land of scarsity, I well know, That Wit profiteth nothing—all I have to say is, That as I sh^d have little else to give, what I had, should be most plenteously shed upon you.—but then, the devil an' all is, You are a Wit Y^rself, and tho' there might be abundance of peace so long as the *Moon* endured—Yet when that luscious period was run out, I fear we sh^d never agree one day to an end; there would be such Satyre & sarcasm—scoffing & flouting—rallying & reparteeing of it,—thrusting & parrying in one dark corner or another, There w^d be nothing but mischief—but then—as we sh^d be two people of excellent Sense, we sh^d make up matters as fast as they

went wrong—What tender reconciliations!—by heaven! it would be a Land of promise—milk & Honey!

—Honey! aye there's the rub—

—I once got a surfeit of it

I have the honour to be with the utmost
regard

Mad^m Y^r most obed^t humble Serv^t

T. Shandy.

XI.

UNPUBLISHED. Copy. The jest of this letter was suggested by two passages in the fourth instalment of *Tristram Shandy*, which was published January 22, 1765. (See Book VII, Ch. XIII; and Book VIII, Ch. V.) Like the Pythagoreans, Jenny had a way of "getting out of the world, in order to think well." Some unknown reader at Bath saw a chance for a jest and sent it in, some time in the spring or summer of 1765. Sterne thought it worth copying into his Letter Book.

Sir

Poor M^r Shandy's Sister Jennny [*sic*] going down into the cellar (tho' I am not very sure with which foot she took the first step, but believe it was the left) to draw beer, surrounded with a cloud of philosophical thoughts, observed the beer run in a constant stream into the black utensil—the noise immediately calling to her remembrance that which she had heard so often, she naturally look'd down, but saw no water——

The Shandy-family desire this may be the 2^d chapter of y^r next book, and that this original Letter be preserved with the same care, & in the same Cabinet with the Bishop of Gloucester's Letter .

from Sir

y^r humble Servant

Jenny Shandy

Bath

XII.

UNPUBLISHED. Apparently a copy, with one alteration, of a letter to John, Lord Spencer (created Viscount Spencer of Althorp in 1761, and Earl in 1765), thanking him for a silver standish. An account of the friendship between Sterne and Lord Spencer is given in this biography.

Coxwold Oct. 1. 1765

My Lord

I wish I knew how to thank you properly for your obliging present; for to do it with all the sense I have of your goodness to me, would offend You; and to do it with less—would offend myself. I can only say to Lord Spencer "*That I thank him*" and promise him at the same time what I know will be more acceptable, That I will make his kind Wish in the Inscription* as prophetic as the singularity of so odd a composition as I am made up of, will let me.

I will trouble your Lordship with nothing more upon this subject—but this—That when the Fates—or Follies of the Shandean family have melted down every ounce of silver belonging to it—

—That this shall go last to the Mint,—but I blush at the thought; for in the worst wreck that can happen, I hereby ordain and decree, That the rest of the Shandeans retire philosophically into some corner of the world with this Testimony of Lord Spencer's Kindness to their Ancestor.

I have, my Lord, the honour to be, with the truest regard

Yr Lord^{ps}
faithful Servant
L. Sterne

* Laurentio Sterne A. M:
Joannes Comes Spencer
Musas, charitasque omnes
propicias precatur.

XIII.

UNPUBLISHED. A fair copy made by Sterne from an unpublished letter by Hall-Stevenson on the attacks upon him in the London magazines. These attacks were especially violent on the appearance of *Two Lyric Epistles* in April, 1760. On the part played by William Warburton, the Bishop of Gloucester, in the controversy over these facetious poems, see Warburton's letter to Sterne, June 15, 1760, and Sterne's reply, June 19, 1760.

Crasy Castle
July 13 – 1766

From J. Hall Esq^{re}

You see, my dear Cosin, the Reviewers have have [sic] had a stroke at me, and in good truth not without cause—and so I

am very contrite for my bestiality with the Bishop of G——
but there is no help for it; so lend me some assistance to set
me well again with myself. it was against my own feelings—
but for the sake of a Joke many a wiser man has done as
beastly a thing.

Adio.

Antonio.

XIV.

UNPUBLISHED. Draft or copy (with some re-phrasing) of Sterne's reply to the foregoing letter. In his reply Sterne alludes to his letter to Dr. * * * * * *, dated January 30, 1760, concerning Dr. Kunastrokius and to a passage in the first instalment of *Tristram Shandy* (Book I, Ch. VII).

This and the preceding letter, though clearly dated 1766, probably belong to the summer of 1760. That is, in making copies of them, Sterne inadvertently wrote 1766 for 1760. There are instances of similar mistakes in Sterne's correspondence.

Coxwold

July 15 . 1766

To J. Hall Esq^{re}

Thou has so tender a conscience my dear Cosin Antonio,
and takest on so sadly for thy sins, that thou wast certainly
meant and intended to have gone to heaven—if ever Wit went
there—but of that, I have some slight mistrusts, inasmuch as
we have all of us (accounting myself, thou seest, as one) had,
if not our good things, at least our good sayings in this life; &
the Devil thou knowest, who is made up of spight, will not
let them pass for nothing: and now I am persuaded in my
mind, that it was by suggestions of Satan, which, I trust my
dear Antonio, we shall live finally to beat down under our
feet, That thou gavest heed unto these Reviewers, & didst not
rather chuse to cut them, as Jehudi did the role, with a pen-
knife, than vex and pucker thy conscience at the rate thou
doest. Heaven forgive me! for I said twice as much both of
Kunastrokius and Solomon too—but every footman and cham-
ber maid in town knew both their stories before hand—& so
there was an end of the matter.

These poor Devils, as well as thou and I, will have *their Say*—or else they cannot have their supper; & the best way I trow is to let them stop their own mouths—

A thousand nothings, or worse than nothings, have been every day snatching my pen out of my hands since I parted with you; I take it up today in good earnest & shall not let it go till York races—unless the devil should tempt you in y^r contritions to Scarborough—If you would profit by y^r misfortunes, & laugh away misery there for a week—ecco lo il vero Punchinello! I am your man, only send me Letter of *Ifs*, and *hows*, and *whens*” for you know I have reformed my Cavalry—B — — has left me his post chaise, & when I say my Lord’s prayer, I always think of it—to understand w^{ch} it will put thee Antony, to runing over thy *Pater noster* w^{ch} I fear thou hast not done these many years.

May god give you grace
& believe me, dear Cosin
most Aff^{ly} Yrs

L. S.

XV.

PUBLISHED, from another manuscript, by Sterne’s daughter, Mrs. Medalle, in *Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne*, Vol. III, 22-26 (London, 1775). This letter could not have been written just as it is by Sancho. Not only is it in Sterne’s own hand but it is mostly in Sterne’s style. As I surmise, the original letter that Sterne received from Sancho was elaborated for the Letter Book. It is a fair copy ready for the printer.

At this time Sancho, as the letter shows, was in the service of Charles, Lord Cadogan, a colonel in the Horse Guards and a trustee of the British Museum.

The sermon from which Sancho’s quotation was taken is the one entitled *Job’s Account of the Shortness and Troubles of Life, Considered*.

Reverend Sir—

It would be an insult, (or perhaps look like one), on your Humanity, to apologise for the Liberty of this address—*unknowning* and *unknown*. I am one of those people whom

the illiberal and vulgar call a Nee—gur—: the early part of my Life was rather unlucky; as I was placed in a family who judged that Ignorance was the best Security for obedience: a little Reading and writing, I got by unwearied application—the latter part of my life has been more fortunate; having spent it in the honourable service of one of the best families in the kingdome; my chief pleasure has been books; philanthropy I adore—how much do I owe you good Sir, for that soul pleasing Character of your amiable uncle Toby! I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal—Your Sermons good Sir, are a cordial: but to the point, the reason of this address. in your 10th Discourse—p.78 Vol.2^d. is this truely affecting passage. “Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this, have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious Tyrants who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses—Consider Slavery—what it is,—how bitter a draught! and how many millions have been made to drink of it—

of all my favourite writers, not one do I remember, that has had a tear to spare for the distresses of my poor moorish brethren, Yourself, and the truely humane auther of S^r George Ellison excepted: I think Sir, you will forgive, perhaps applaud me for zealously intreating you to give half an hours attention to slavery (as it is at this day undergone in the West Indies; that subject handled in your own manner, would ease the Yoke of many, perhaps occasion a reformation throughout our Islands—But should only *one* be the better for it—gracious God! what a feast! very sure I am, that Yorick is an Epicurean in Charity—universally read & universally admired—you could not fail. dear Sir think in me, you behold the uplifted hands of Millions of my moorish brethren—Grief (you pathetically observe), is eloquent—figure to yourselves their attitudes—hear their supplicatory address—humanity must comply

in which humble hope permit me to subscribe myself Rev^d Sir, your most humble and Obedient Servant

Ignatius Sancho .

July 21. 1766

(Lord Cadogan's White hall)—

XVI.

PUBLISHED, from a somewhat different copy, by Mrs. Medalle, in *Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne*, Vol. III, 27-30. This and the preceding letter, taken together, form a sentimental discourse on slavery.

Coxwold

July 27. 1766

There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events, as well as the great ones of this world; for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting, when your Letter of recommendation in behalf of so many of her brethren and Sisters came to me—by why, *her brethren?*—or yours? Sancho,—any more than mine: it is by the finest tints and most insensible gradations that nature descends from the fairest face about St James's, to the sootyest complexion in Africa: at which tint of these, is it, Sancho, that the ties of blood & nature cease? and how many tones must we descend lower still in the scale, 'ere Mercy is to vanish with them? but tis no uncommon thing my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it, like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so.

for my own part, I never look westward, (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burdens which our brethren are there carrying; and could I take one ounce from the Shoulders of a few of 'em who are the heaviest loaden'd, I would go a Pilgrimage to Mecca for their Sakes—which by the by, exceeds your Walk, Sancho, of ten miles to see the honest Corporal, in about the same proportion that a Visit of Humanity should one, of mere form—if you meant the Corporal more he is your Debtor

If I can weave the Tale I have wrote, into what I am about, tis at the service of the afflicted; and a much greater matter: for in honest truth, it casts, a great Shade upon the world, that so great a part of it, are, and have been so long bound down in chains of darkness & in chains of misery; and I cannot but both honour and felicitate you, That by so much laudable diligence you have freed yourself from one—and that, by falling into the hands of so good & merciful a family,

Providence has rescued you from the other—and so, good hearted Sancho, adieu! & be assured I will not forget yr Letter.

L. Sterne—

XVII.

UNPUBLISHED. Copy, with alterations, of an unpublished letter to some young man (perhaps William Combe) who had suddenly gone over to Paris.

To —————

London Bond street
Jan - 6 - 1767

I arrived here but yesterday, where, (after a terrible journey in most inhospitable weather) I was met agreeably with your Letter from Paris—I first sympathize for the unkind greeting upon french-ground which you met with by your over throw—may it be the last shock you receive in this world!—this reflection, costs me a deep Sigh—& alas! my friend! I dread it will let you go off no cheaper—I fear something has gone wrong with you; if so; why would not you make me a partner? I am a dab at giving advice,—& I esteemd and loved you—& you knew it.

If I am wrong, my friendship has only been too quick sighted and perhaps too easily alarm'd by false appearances; only there were some little mysterious turns & windings in the manner of your leaving England, which mark'd the steps of an entangled man. is it some nasty scrape of gallantry?—or a more cleanly one of simple Love? If it is the latter, I'll put off my Cassock & turn Knight Errant for you, & say the kindest things of you to Dulcinea that Dulcinea ever heard—if she has a Champion—and words will not atchieve it—I'll enter the Lists with him, and break a spear in your behalf; tho by the by, mine is half rusty, and should be hung up in the old family hall amongst Pistols without Cocks, and Helmets which have lost their Wizards—

I miscarried of my tenth Volume by the violence of a fever, I have just got thro'—I have however gone on to my reckoning with the ninth, of w^{ch} I am all this week in Labour pains;

& if to Days Advertiser is to be depended upon shall be safely deliver'd by tuesday.

adieu. I heartily wish your happiness—seek it where you will, my dear Sir, You will find it no where, but in Company with Virtue and Honour .

I am &c —
L-S-

XVIII.

UNPUBLISHED. This, I infer from the erasures, is a draft rather than a copy of a letter to the Bramine, i.e., Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, then on the way to India. The superscription, which Sterne tried to blot out with his pen is “Coxwold, June 18.” The year, not given, must be 1767. Towards the close of the letter, Sterne asks the Bramine why she has not yet written to him. Her first letter awaited him when he came to York on July 27. (See *The Journal to Eliza*, under that date.) Cordelia, over whose grave Sterne sentimentalizes, was one of the “long-lost sisters” who lie buried in the ruins of Byland Abbey, two miles from Coxwold.

My dear Bramine

I have some time forboded I should think of you too much; and behold it is come to pass; for there is not a day in which I have not of late, detected myself a dozen times at least in the fact of thinking and reflecting some way or other with pleasure upon you; but in no time or place, do I call your figure so strongly up to my imagination and enjoy so much of of y^r good heart and sweet converse as when I am in company with my Nuns: tis for this reason, since I have got down to this all-peaceful and romantick retreat, that my Love and my Devotion are ever taking me and leading me gently by the hand to these delicious Mansions of our long-lost Sisters: I am just now return'd from one of my nightly visits; & tho' tis late, for I was detain'd there an hour longer than I was aware of, by the sad silence and breathlessness of the night, and the delusive subject (for it was yourself) which took up the conversation—yet late as it is, I cannot go to bed without writing to you & telling you how much, and how many kind things we have been talking about you these two hours—Cordelia! said I as I lay half reclined upon her grave—long—long, has thy spirit triumphed over these infirmities, and all the

contentions to w^{ch} the human hearts are subject—alas! thou hast had thy share—for she look'd, I thought, down upon me with such a pleasurable sweetness—so like a delegated Angel whose breast glow'd with fire, that Cordelia could not have been a stranger to the passion on earth—poor, hapless Maid! cried I—Cordelia gently waved her head—it was enough—I turn'd the discourse to the object of my own disquietudes—I talk'd to her of my Bramine—I told her, how kindly nature had formd you—how gentle—how wise—how good—Cordelia, (me thought) was touchd with my description, and glow'd insensibly, as sympathetic Spirits do, as I went on—This Sisterly kind Being with whose Idea I have inflamed your Love, Cordelia! has promised, that she will one night or other come in person, and in this sacred Asylum pay your Shade a sentimental Visit along with me—when? when? said she, animated with desire—God knows, said I pulling out my handkerchief & droping tears faster than I could wipe them off—when God knows! said I, crying bitterly as I repeated the words—God knows! but I feel something like prophetic conviction within me, which says, that this gentlest of her Sex will some time take sanctuary from the cares and treachery of the world and come peacefully & live amongst You—and why not sleep amongst us too?—O heaven! said I, laying my hand upon my heart—and will not you, Yorick, mix your ashes with us too?—for ever my Cordelia! and some kind hearted Swain shall come and weed our graves, as I have weeded thine, and when he has done, shall sit down at our feet and tell us the Stories of his passions and his disappointments.

My dear Bramine, tell me honestly, if you do not wish from your soul to have been of this party—aye! but then as it was dark and lonely, I must have been taken by the hand & led home by you to your retired Cottage—and what then? But I stop here—& leave you to furnish the answer.—*a propos*—pray when you first made a conquest of T. Shandy did it ever enter your head what a visionary, romantic, kind of a Being you had got hold of? When the Bramine suffered so careless and laughing a Creature to enter her [roof?], did she dream of a man of Sentiments, and that She was opening the door to such a one, to make him prisoner for Life—O Woman! to what purpose hast thou exercised this power over me? or, to

answer what end in nature, was I led by so mysterious a path to know you—to love you—and fruitlessly to lament and sigh that I can only send my spirit after you, as I have done this night to my Cordelia—poor! spotless Shade! the world at least is so merciful as not to be jealous of our Intercourse—I can paint thee blessed Spirit all-generous and kind as hers I write to—I can lie besides thy grave, and drop tears of tenderness upon the Turf w^{ch} covers thee, and not one passenger turn his head aside to remark or envy one—But for thee, dear Bramine, (for alas! alas! what a world do we live in)—it tells me, I must not approach your Shrine, even were it to worship you with [with repeated] the most unspotted Sacrifice—at this distance, it will give me leave to offer it up upon y^r altar—and at present I must be content with that Licence—then Let me, my dear Goddesse, accept it kindly—let me swear before her Altar That She never had heard a prayer from a warmer heart; or rec^d Insense from a more honest Votary—Let me tell her once more I love her; and as a good Christian is taught to love his maker—that is, for his own sake and the excellencies of his Nature.

now in answer to all this, why have I never rec^d one gracious nod, conveyed thro' from You? why do you not write to me? is writing painful? or is it only so, to me? dear Lady write anything, and write it any how, so it but comes from y^r heart, twil be better than the best Letter that ever came from Pope's head—in short, write y^r Nonsense, if you have any—write y^r Chit Chat—your pleasures, your pains, y^r present humours and present feelings (would to God I had just now hold of y^r hand).—I want to hear you are well—I want to hear You say, you have something more than cold esteem for me—in short I know not what I want I want [*sic*]—

I have the honour to be, dear Bramine—
&c &c &c—

The Bramin

XIX.

THIS is the very autograph letter that Sterne wrote out and sent to Miss Fourmantelle for her to copy and send to Garrick as if it were her own. Here we have Sterne's comment upon himself and *Tris-*

tram Shandy. Published in *Unpublished Letters of Laurence Sterne*, pp. 8-9, in *Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society*, Vol. II (London, 1855-1856). See this biography, I, 181.

York Jan. 1 [1760]

S^r

I dare say You will wonder to receive an Epistle from me, and the Subject of it will surprise You still more, because it is to tell You something about Books.

There are two Volumes just published here which have made a great noise, & have had a prodigious Run; for in 2 Days after they came out, the Bookseller sold two hundred—& continues selling them very fast. It is, *The Life & Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, which the Author told me last night at our Concert, he had sent up to London, so perhaps you have seen it; if you have not seen it, pray get it & read it, because it has a great Character as a witty smart Book, and if You think it is so, your good word in Town will do the Author, I am sure great Service; You must understand, He is a kind & generous friend of mine whom Providence has attach'd to me in this part of the world where I came a stranger—& I could not think how I could make a better return than by endeavouring to make you a friend to him & his Performance.—this is all my Excuse for this Liberty, which I hope you will excuse. His name is Sterne, a gentleman of great Preferment & a Prebendary of the Church of York, & has a great Character in these Parts as a man of Learning & wit,—the Graver People however say, tis not fit for young Ladies to read his Book. so perhaps you'l think it not fit for a young Lady to recommend it. however the Nobility, & great Folks stand up mightily for it, & say tis a good Book tho' a little tawdry in some places,—

I am dear Sir

Y^r most Obd^t &
humble Servant

XX.

ORIGINAL letter to David Garrick. Removed in 1922 from the Autograph Album of the Duke of Sussex. First published in *The Archivist*, September, 1894 (Vol. VII, No. 27, p. 140-141). This letter may be regarded as "a follow-up" of the preceding. Dr. God-

dard, to whom there is a reference, was probably the Harry Goddard who first informed Mrs. Montagu's brother, Matthew Robinson, of Sterne's marriage. See E. J. Climenon, *Elizabeth Montagu*, Vol. I, 73-74.

York Jan 27. 1760

Sir

I had a strong Propensity when I did myself the pleasure of sending You the two Vol^s, to have accompanied them with a Letter to You:—I took up my Pen twice—hang it!—I shall write a vile insinuating Letter, the english of which will be,—to beg M^r Garrick's good word for my Book, whether the Book deserves it [or] no—I will not,—the Book shall go to the Devil first. But being told yesterday by Doct^r Goddard, That You had actually spoke well of my Book, that Scruple is got over, and I feel myself at Liberty to attend to the Movements of Gratitude (& perhaps of Vanity) to return You my Thanks, Sir, which I heartily do, for the great Service & Honour, your good Word has done me. I know not what it was (tho' I lye abominably, because I know very well) which inclined me more to wish for your Approbation, than any Other's—but my first Impulse, was to send it to You, to have had your Critique upon it, before it went to the Press—it fell out otherwise, and has therefore gone forth into the world, hot as it came from my Brain, without one Correction:—tis however a picture of myself, & so far may bid the fairer for being an Original.

I sometimes think of a Cervantic Comedy upon these & the Materials of y^e 3^d & 4th Vol^s which will be still more dramatick,—tho' I as often distrust its Successe, unless at the Universities.

Half a word of Encouragement would be enough to make me conceive, & bring forth something for the Stage (how good, or how bad, is another Story).

I am

Sir

with the most sincere Esteem for
Y^r great Talents

Y^r most obliged & humble Servant

Laurence Sterne.

I know very well) which incined me more to
writ for your Approbation, than any other's — but
my first Impulse, was to shew it to you, to have
had your Critique upon it, before it went to the
Press — it fell out otherwise, and has therefore gone forth
into the world, hov as it came from my Brain,
without one Correction: — this however a pretence
of myself, & so far may bid the faires for being
an Original.

I sometimes think of a Cervantine Comedy
upon these & the Materials of 4³ & 4⁴ Vol. which
will be still more Dramatick, tho I often distrust
its success, unless at the Universities.

Half a word of Encouragement would
be enough to make me concise & bring forth
something for the Stage (how good, or how bad,
is another story).

I am sir
with the most sincere Esteem for
y^r great Talents
y^r most obliged & humble Servt.
Laurence Sterne.

Reduced facsimile of a page from a letter to Garrick
From the manuscript in the Pierpont Morgan Library

XXI.

THE letter to Richard Berenger as it was sent. See No. III for the draft and comment.

Saturday

My dear Berenger .

You bid me tell You all my Wants——What the Devil in Hell can the fellow want now?—By the Father of the Sciences (you know his Name) I would give both my Ears (If I was not to loose my Credit by it) for no more than ten Strokes of *Howgarth's* witty Chissel, to clap at the Front of my next Edition of *Shandy* .—The Vanity of pretty Girl in the Hey day of her Roses & Lillies, is a fool to that of Author of my Stamp—Oft did Swift sigh to Pope in these Words—Orna me—Unite something of Yours to mine, to transmit us down together hand in hand to futurity. The loosest Sketch in Nature, of Trim's reading the Sermon to my Father &c; w^d do the Business——& it w^d mutually illustrate his System & mine —But my dear Shandy with what face—I would hold out my lank Purse—I would Shut my Eyes—, & You should put in your hand, & take out what you liked for it—*Ignoramus!* Fool! Blockhead! Symoniack!—This Grace is not to be *bought* with money—perish thee & thy Gold with thee!

What Shall we do? I have the worst face in the world to ask a favour with—& besides I would not propose a disagreeable thing to one I so much admire for the whole world—but you can say any thing—You are an impudent honest Dog & can't set a face upon a bad Matter—prithee sally out to Leicester fields, and when You have knockd at the door (for you must knock first) and art got in—begin thus “—M^r Hogarth, I have been with my friend Shandy this morning”—but go on y^r own Way—as I shall do mine I esteem You & am my dear Mentor

Y^rs most Shandaically
L Sterne

XXII.

ORIGINAL letter written by Sterne, when in London, to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. First published, with a few mistakes in reading the manuscript, by Emily J. Climenson, in *Elizabeth Montagu*, Vol. II,

175-176 (London, 1906). On the quarrels in the Church of York, see the fourth and seventh chapters of this biography. Dr. William Herring, the Chancellor, apparently tried to stir up trouble between Sterne and Dean Fountayne after the publication of *A Political Romance* in 1759. The letter that Sterne "wrote last month to the Dean" is also mentioned in the "Memorandums," dated December, 28, 1761. The correspondence probably belongs to the spring of 1761. Samuel Torriano, a young man in Mrs. Montagu's set, was then secretary to John Gilbert, Archbishop of York (who died at his house at Twickenham, August 9, 1761).

Madam .

I never was so much at a loss, as I find myself at this instant that I am going to answer the letter I have had the honour & happiness to receive from you by M^r Torriano; being ten times more oppress'd with the excesse of your candour & goodness than I was before with the subject of my complaint: It was entirely oweing to the Idea I had, in common with all the world, of M^{rs} Montague, that I felt sorrow at all—or communicated what I felt to my friend; w^{ch} last step I should not have taken but from the great reliance I had upon the excellency of y^r Character: I wanted mercy—but not sacrificise; and am obliged in my turn, to beg pardon of You, which I do from my Soul, for putting You to the pain of excuseing, what in fact was more a misfortune, than a fault; & but a necessary consequence of a train of Impressions given to my disadvantage; The Chancellor of York D^r Herring, was I suppose the person, who interested himself in the honour of the Dean of York, & requested that act of friendship to be done the Dean, by bringing about a Separation betwixt the Dean & myself—the poor Gentleman has been labouring this point many Years—but not out of Zeal for the Dean's Character, but to secure the next Residentialship to the Dean of S^t Asaph his Son; he has outwitted himself at last, & has now all the foul play to settle with his Conscience, without gaining, or being ever likely to gain his purpose:—I take the Liberty of incloseing a Letter, I wrote last month to the Dean, which will give some light into my hard measure—& shew You, that I was as much a protection to the Dean of York—as he to me: The Answer to this has made me easy with regard to my Views in the

Church of York; & as it has cemented anew the Dean & myself beyond the power of any future breach, I thought it would give you Satisfaction to see how my Interests stand—& how much & undeserved I have been abused: when You have read it—It shall never be read more, for reasons your penetration will see at once.

I return You thanks for the Interest You took in my wife—& there is not an honest Man, who will not do me the Justice to say, I have ever given her the Character of as moral & virtuous a woman as ever God made—What Occasion'd Discontent ever betwixt us, is now no more—we have settled Acc^{ts} to each others Satisfaction & honour—& I am persuaded shall end our days with out one word of reproach or even incivility:

M^r Torriano made me happy in acquainting me that I was to dine with You on Friday: it shall be my Care as well as my Principle ever to behave so, That You may have no cause to repent of y^r goodness to me . I am Madam

with the truest Gratitude
y^r most obliged & aff^{te}
Kinsman Lau^r Sterne

XXIII.

UNPUBLISHED. Original letter, formerly in the Huth Library, addressed to Mr. Mills, a merchant in Philpot Lane, London. Mr. Oswald, mentioned in the letter, was a young man (presumably in the employ of Mr. Mills), with whom Sterne became acquainted at Montpellier. See chapter XIV of this biography.

Montpellier Nov. 24. 1763

My dear Sir, will you be so kind to me as to lend me fifty pounds till I get to England or rather give me leave to draw upon You to the extent of that Summ, in case I should find it needful upon winding up my bottoms on leaving this Country: now it seems a little paradoxical, when I have so many friends and well wishers I live with as Brothers, I should rather take this Liberty with a friend whose face I never yet saw—but the truth, upon running the List over in my mind, I found not

one, I could take such a Liberty with, wth less pain of heart—which is all the apology I will make.

ever Since I had last the pleasure of writing to You before my going to Bagniers, till six Weeks ago, that I settled here, I have never had one moments respite from ill health—the Thinness of the pyrenean Air brought on continual breaches of Vessels in my Lungs, & with them all the Tribe of evils incident to a pulmonary Consumption—there seem'd nothing left but gentle change of place & air; & accordingly, I put myself into motion, & with a cheary heart, having traversed the South of France so often that I ran a risk of being taken up for a Spy, I jogg'd myself out of all other dangers—& hope in 9 or 10 Weeks to bekiss y^r hands in perfect (i.e. in relative health. You may be assured dear Sir, my first Visit will be to Philpot Lane, to bring along wth me, (at least) the Interest in ten thousand thanks—& for the Capital, the whole Shandean family will stand bound—You shall be paid the very first Money God sends—May he send You my dear friend its Blessings. w^{ch} in my Computation, are comprehended in Health & peace of Mind—present my Resp^{ts} with my kindest Wishes to M^r Oswald—& believe me most truely Y^rs

L . Sterne

XXIV.

LETTER to M. Foley, Sterne's banker in Paris. First published, altered and mutilated, by Mrs. Medalle, in *Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne*. Printed from the manuscript by W. H. Arnold in *Ventures in Book Collecting*, 170-172. Address on the back.

The portrait that Sterne wishes to have copied was probably the water-color by Carmontelle. M. Pelletiere (Etienne Michel Le Pelletier de Saint-Fargeau), Avocat Général in the action against the Jesuits which led to their expulsion from France. See index for Holbach and Selwin.

York. Nov:11 · 1764

My dear friend

I sent ten days a go a bank bill of thirty pounds to M^r Becket and have this day sent him a Bill payable upon sight for fifty two pounds ten Shillings;—When I get to London w^{ch} will be in 5 weeks, you will rec^{ve} what shall always keep you in bank for M^rs Sterne—In the mean time, I have desired

Becket to remit you this 82 p^{ds}—& if M^{rs} Sterne, before I get to London, sh^d have Occasion for 50 Louis—be so kind as to honour her draught upon You; but I believe I shall have paid the Money I purpose into Becket's hands by the time She will want—but if otherwise a week or fortnight, I know, will break no squares with a good & worthy friend. I will contrive to send you these 2 new Vol^s of Tristram, as soon as ever I get them from the press—You will read as odd a Tour thro' France, as ever was projected or executed by traveller or travell Writer, since the world began—

—tis a laughing good temperd Satyr against Traveling (as puppies travel)—Panchaud will enjoy it—I am quite civil to the parisiens—et per Cosa—You know—tis likely I may see 'em again—& possibly this Spring . ——is it possible for you to get me over a Copy of my picture anyhow?—If so—I would write to M^{lle} Navarre to make as good a Copy from it as She possibly could—with a view to do her Service here—& I w^d remit her 5 Louis—I really believe, twil be the parent of a dozen portraits to her—if she executes it with the spirit of the Original in y^r hands—for it will be seen by half London—and as my Phyz is as remarkable as myself—if she preserves the character of both, 'twil do her honour & service too——

write me a Line ab^t this—& tel me you are well, & happy &c—

will you present my most grateful resp^{ts} to the worthy Baron D'Holbach——I want to send him one of the best Impressions of my Picture from Reynolds, & another to Mons^s Pelletiere——

My kind respects to M^r Selwin——tell Panchaude I greet him kindly

& for y^rself, believe me dear Foley

most faithfully & warmly

Y^{rs} L — Sterne

XXV.

ORIGINAL letter with original cover, addressed to "Messieurs Foley & Panchaude Banquiers Rue St Sauveur a Paris." First published, without postscript, by Mrs. Medalle in *Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne.*

Turin . Nov:15-1765

Dear Sir

After many difficulties I have got safe & sound—tho eight days in passing the Mountain's of Savoy. I am stop'd here for ten days by the whole Country betwixt here & Milan [being laid] under Water by continual rains—but I am very happy—and have found my Way into a dozen houses already—to morrow I am to be presented, to the King—and when that Ceremony is over, have my hands full of Engagements—no englisch here but S^r James Macdonald, who meets with much respect.—and M^r Ogilby—we are all together; and shall depart in peace together. my kind Services to all—& be so good as to forward the inclosed—

Y^{rs} most truely. L. Sterne

PS.

My Comp^s to Miss Panchaudé—

XXVI.

THESE "Memorandums" (two leaves measuring 12½ x 7⅞ inches), which Sterne left with Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu for his wife in case he should die abroad, were never delivered. They formed a part of the immense body of manuscript letters preserved by Mrs. Montagu, and were first published, with many mistakes, by her great-great-niece, Mrs. Emily J. Climenson in *Elizabeth Montagu*, Vol. II, 270-272. Subsequently the manuscript was acquired by the late William Harris Arnold, who reprinted it, with fewer mistakes, in *Ventures in Book Collecting*, 163-166. The manuscript was purchased by Mr. Morgan in November, 1924. Two round yellow stains on the manuscript are supposed to have come from tears that Sterne let fall when he saw near at hand his departure from the world. One tear he let fall over the name of Lydia; the other upon the open space just after he had written for his wife "we shall meet again." The manuscript is endorsed, in another hand, "Sternes letters."

Sterne is not quite accurate when he says that his *Political Romance* "was never published." It was published, but suppressed. A few copies have been discovered. His *Concio* (i.e. *Concio*) *ad Clerum* and his "long, pathetic letter" to Dean Fountayne have never come to light. "The Pictures of the Mountebank and his Macaroni" (i.e. Thomas Bridges and Laurence Sterne) have often

been reproduced. It is not known who was the lady in the case. A guess would be the Countess of Edgcumbe.

Dec : 28. 1761 Memorandums left with M^{rs} Montagu, In Case I should die abroad.

L. Sterne

my Sermons in a Trunk at my friend M^r Halls St John Street.—2 Vols, to be picked out of them—NB. There are enough for 3 Vol^s.—

My Letters, in my Bureau at Coxwold & a Bundle in the Trunk with my Sermons—

Note. The large piles of Letters in the Garrets at York, to be sifted over, in search for some either of Wit, or Humor—or what is better than both—of Humanity & good nature—these will make a couple of Vol^s more.—and as not one of 'em was ever wrote, like Popes or Voitures to be printed, they are more likely to be read—if there wants aught to serve the Completion of a 3^d Volume,—the Political Romance I wrote, w^{ch} was never publish'd—may be added to the fag end of the Vol^s . . . Tho I have 2 Reasons why I wish it may not be wanted—first, an undeserved Compliment to One, whom I have since found to be a very corrupt man—I knew him weak & ignorant—but thought him honest. The other reason is I have hung up D^r Topham, in the romance—in a ridiculous light—w^{ch}; upon my Soul I now doubt, whether he deserves it—so let the Romance go to sleep, not by itself—for twil have Company.

My *Concio ad Clerum* . in Latin w^{ch} I made for Founayne, to preach before the University, to enable him to take his Doctor's Degree—you will find, 2 Copies of it, with my sermons—

—He got Honour by it—what Got I?—nothing in my Life time. then Let me not (I charge you M^{rs} Sterne) be robb'd of it after my death. That long pathetic Letter to him of the hard measure I have rc^d—I charge you, to let it be printed——Tis equitable, You should derive that good from my Sufferings at least.

I have made my Will—but I leave all I have to You & my Lydia—You will not Quarrel ab^t it—but I advise You to sell

my Estate, w^{ch} will bring 1800 p^{ds} (or more after the war)—& what you can raise from my Works—& the Sale of the last Copy-right of y^e 5 & 6 Vol^s of Tristram—& the produce of this last work, all w^{ch} I have left (except 50 p^{ds}) in my Bookseller Becket's hands, & w^{ch} M^r Garrick will receive and lay out in Stocks for me—all these together, I w^d advise You to collect together—wth the Sale of my Library &c &c—& lay it out in Goverment Securities—If my Lydia sh^d Marry—I charge you,—I charge you over again, (that you may remember it y^e more and ballance it more)—That upon no Delusive prospect, or promise from any one, You leave Y^rself DEPENDENT; reserve enough for y^r comfort—or let her wait y^r Death.

I leave this in the hands of Our Cosin M^{rs} Montague—not because She is our Cosin—but because, I am sure she has a good heart.

· we shall meet again .

Mem^{dyn} Whenever I die—tis most probable, I shall have ab^t 200l due to me from my Livings—if Lydia sh^d dye before You: Leave my Sister, something worthy of y^rself—in Case you do not think it meet to purchase an annuity for your greater Comfort: if You chuse that—do it in God's name—

—The 2 Pictures of the Mountebank & his Macaroni—is in a Lady's hands, who upon seeing 'em—most cavallierly declared She would never part with them—And from an excesse of Civility—or rather Weakness, I could not summon up severity, to demand them:—If I dye. her Name &c is inclose[d] in a billet seal'd up & given with this—& then you must demand them—if refused—you have nothing to do, but send a 2^d Message importing—'tis not for her Interest to keep them.—

Laurence Sterne

Memorandums
left by
M^r Sterne in
M^{rs} Montagu's hands
before he left England

BIBLIOGRAPHY

I.

Published Works

THIS division of the bibliography has two purposes—perhaps of equal importance, though they are quite different.

One purpose is to describe the first editions of Sterne's separate works, and occasionally a second or a third edition if it has peculiar interest. The measurements, which vary in different copies, are by inches, height being given first. The abbreviation, p.l., stands for preliminary leaf or leaves. When obtainable, the exact date of publication is given for first editions; and where it appears necessary, there is added a certain amount of comment supplementary to the more general information which may be found in the biography itself. An attempt has been made, the comment will show, to settle several bibliographical questions long in controversy.

The other purpose is rather an aim towards a complete record of Sterne's writings, major and minor, that have ever been published. With this end in view, the contents of the first critical edition of Sterne's *Works* (1780) are given; and all of Sterne's writings that have since been discovered and published are listed in the order of their first appearance—whether in subsequent editions of his *Works*, in collections of his letters, in biographies of the humorist, in periodicals, or elsewhere.

The record is doubtless incomplete; and were it complete now it might not be complete a year hence, for there must be in existence many of Sterne's letters that have not yet come out into the light. There must be also several minor pieces hidden away in obscure places. Where, for instance, is the *Concio ad Clerum* that Sterne wrote for Dean Fountayne? And where is the *Comic Romance* with which he was amusing himself a fortnight before death?

1743

The Unknown World. / Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell. /
 By the Rev. Mr. St—n. / But what's beyond Death? —Who shall
 draw that / Veil? Hughes Siege of Damascus.

In *The Gentleman's Magazine*, XIII, 376, July, 1743. Reprinted in
The Scots Magazine, V, 318, July, 1743; *The Ladies Magazine*, II, xx,
 312, July 27-August 10, 1751.

This poem probably first appeared in a York or London newspaper,
 and was reprinted in these and other magazines. The curious symbols
 and abbreviations were first given by Thomas Gill, who published the
 poem from manuscript in his *Vallis Eboracensis*, pp. 199-200 (London,
 Easingwold, 1852), with the title: "The Unknown ⊖ / Verses occa-
 sion'd by hearing a Pass-Bell, / Bye ye Revd M^r St—n."

Reprinted by Fitzgerald (1864), Cross (1909), and Melville
 (1912), in their biographies of Sterne. First included in Sterne's *Works*
 (New York, 1904). Sterne's authorship hitherto regarded as doubtful.

1747

The Case of Elijah and the Widow / of Zerephath, consider'd: /
 — / A / Charity-Sermon, / Preach'd on / Good-Friday, April
 17, 1747. / In the Parish Church of / St. Michael-le-Belfrey, /
 Before / The Right Honourable the Lord-Mayor, / Aldermen,
 Sheriffs and Commoners of / the City of York, at the Annual /
 Collection for the Support of Two / Charity-Schools. / — / By
 Laurence Sterne, M.A. / Prebendary of York. / = / York: /
 Printed for J. Hildyard Bookseller in Stonegate: / And Sold by
 Mess. Knapton, in St. Paul's / Church-Yard; Mess. Longman and
 Shewell, / and M. Cooper, in Pater-noster-Row, London. /
 M.DCC.XLVII. / (Price Six-Pence.)

1 p.l. (Title); [iii]-iv (Dedication: "To the / Very Reverend /
 Richard Osbaldeston, D.D. / Dean of York."); 32 pp. (Printer's orna-
 ments at head of Dedication, p. iii, and text, p. 1.) 7½ x 4½.

Published in July, 1747 (*Gent. Mag.*, July, 1747, p. 348). Included
 in *The Sermons of Mr. Yorick* (1760), and in *The Practical Preacher*
 (London, 1762).

1745?

The York Journal, or the Protestant Courant.

Sterne apparently wrote for this and other newspapers. No copy is
 known to exist. See this biography, I, 71.

1750

The Abuses of Conscience: / — / set forth in a / Sermon, /
 preached in the / Cathedral Church / of / St. Peter's, York, / at

the / Summer Assizes, / before the / Hon. Mr. Baron Clive, / and the / Hon. Mr. Baron Smythe, / on Sunday, July 29, 1750. / — / By Laurence Sterne, A.M. / Prebendary of the said Church. / — / Published at the Request of the High Sheriff and Grand Jury. / — / York: / Printed by Cæsar Ward: / For John Hildyard, in Stonegate, 1750. / [Price Six-pence.]

1 p.l. (Title); [i]-iii (Dedication: "To Sir William Pennyman, Bart High Sheriff of the County of York," and to others); 26 pp. (Printer's ornaments at head of Dedication and text. On p. 26, Advertisement: "By the same Author, The Case of Elijah and the Widow of Zerephath, consider'd: A Charity Sermon, Preach'd on Good-Friday, April 17, 1747. For the Support of Two Charity-Schools in York. Printed for John Hildyard. Price 6d.") $7\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$.

Some copies differ in punctuation of title.

Published August 7, 1750 (*York Courant*, August 7, 1750). In *Tristram Shandy*, Book II (1760), and in *The Sermons of Mr. Yorick* (1766).

1759

A / Political Romance, / Addressed / To — — —, Esq; / of / York. / To which is subjoined a / Key. / — / Ridiculum acri / Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat Res. / — / [small ornament] / — / York: / Printed in the Year MDCCLIX. / [Price One Shilling.]

1 p.l. (Title); [1]-24 (A Political Romance &c., printer's ornament at head of caption title, tailpiece p. 24); 25-30 (Postscript, followed by printer's ornament, p. 30); 31-47 (The Key, followed by printer's ornament, p. 47); 49-52 (Letter "To — — —, Esq; of York.", signed Laurence Sterne); 53-60 (Letter "To Dr. Topham.", signed Laurence Sterne). $7\frac{11}{16} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$.

Published *circa* February 1, 1759 (The two letters forming a part of the pamphlet are dated "Sutton on the Forest, Jan. 20, 1759.").

Of this rare pamphlet, supposed to have been suppressed, four copies are known to exist: one in the Library of the Dean and Chapter of York; one in the Subscription Library at York; one in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, England; one in the collection of Mr. Harold Murdock, Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Murdock's copy ends with page 47.

Reprinted, October, 1914, from the copy in the Library of the Dean and Chapter of York, by Mr. Bruce Rogers, with an introduction by W. L. Cross, for The Club of Odd Volumes, Boston, Mass.

A Political Romance brought to a ludicrous close a hot controversy, in which three other pamphlets appeared. The first was by Dr. Francis Topham of the Prerogative Court of York; the second by Dr. John Fountayne, the Dean of York; and the third by Dr. Topham. Published anonymously, their titles ran:

A Letter Address'd to the Reverend the Dean of York; in which is

given a full Detail of some very extraordinary Behaviour of his, in relation to his Denial of a Promise made by him to Dr. Topham. York: Printed in the Year MDCCLVIII. [Price Six-Pence.]

An Answer to a Letter address'd to the Dean of York, in the Name of Dr. Topham. York: sold by Thomas Atkinson, Bookseller in the Minster-Yard. MDCCLVIII.

A Reply to the Answer to a Letter lately addressed to the Dean of York. York: printed in the Year MDCCLIX. [Price Six-Pence.]

The first of the three pamphlets is dated York, December 11, 1758; to the second is appended an attestation dated York, December 24, 1758; and to the third an attestation dated December 26, 1758. Sterne thus wrote his Romance during the first three weeks of January, 1759.

It was intimated by Dr. Topham that Sterne bore a hand in the second pamphlet (the one by Dean Fountayne). He probably helped the Dean put it together; his style is visible here and there; and an attestation, dated "York, Dec. 22, 1758," is signed by "Laurence Sterne" along with "Wm. Herring" and "Will. Berdmore." See Chapter VII of this biography.

1760

The / Life / and / Opinions / of / Tristram Shandy, / Gentleman. / [Greek quotation, two lines] / Vol. I. [II] / 1760.

Vol. I: 1 p.l. (Title); 179 pp. Vol. II: 1 p.l. (Title); 182 pp. 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 3 $\frac{7}{8}$.

Published in London, January 1, 1760 (*London Chronicle*, December 29-January 1, 1760). Copies were placed on sale at York a week or two earlier by John Hinxman, the bookseller; and by that time a few copies were in the hands of London book reviewers. The statement, often made, that there was an earlier edition than the one described here is quite erroneous. On questions concerning the first edition, see this biography, I, 176-178.

The / Life / and / Opinions / of / Tristram Shandy, / Gentleman. / [Greek quotation, two lines] / Vol. I. [II] / The Second Edition. / London: / Printed for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall-Mall. / M.DCC.LX.

Vol. I: Frontispiece (Trim reading the Sermon, Ravenet after Hogarth); 3 p.l. (Title, Dedication: "To the Right Honourable / Mr. Pitt."); 179 pp. Vol. II: 1 p.l. (Title); 182 pp. 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Published April 3, 1760 (*London Chronicle*, April 1-3, 1760). In paper, type, and pagination (except for preliminary pages of Vol. I.) identical with the first edition.

Twice re-issued by Dodsley in 1760 as The Third Edition and The Fourth Edition, and in 1761 as The Fifth Edition. The Sixth Edition appeared in 1767.

Some copies of The Second Edition (though not so named) have the imprint: "London Printed for D. Lynch, / MDCCLX." In the Pierpont Morgan Library and in the British Museum. Except for title-page the

T H E
L I F E
A N D
O P I N I O N S
O F
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Ταράσσει τὰς Ἀνθρώπους καὶ τὰ Πράγματα,
αλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δοξάτα.

V O L. I.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall Mall.
M.DCC.LX.

*Facsimile of Title Page to the Second Edition of
“Tristram Shandy”*

Morgan copy is identical in type, paper, and pagination with The Second Edition published by Dodsley. The British Museum copy, which lacks the frontispiece, bears Sterne's signature. Lynch seems to have purchased a number of copies of The Second Edition from Dodsley on the understanding that he might put his own name on the title-page. There is no indication of piracy.

The / Sermons / of / Mr. Yorick. / Vol. I. [II] / [Printer's ornament] / London: / Printed for R. and J. Dodsley in / Pall-Mall.

Vol. I: Frontispiece (Bust portrait of Sterne by Ravenet after Reynolds); 1 p.l. (Title); [v]-xi (Preface); 14 leaves (Subscribers 24 pp., Half title: "Sermons / by / Laurence Sterne, / A.M. Prebendary of York, and / Vicar of Sutton on the Forest, and / of Stillington near York. / Vol. I.") Special title: "Sermon I. / Inquiry after Happiness."); 176 [i.e., 178] pp. Each Sermon has special half title, verso of p. 23, and half title of Sermon II omitted in paging. [107] (Advertisement); [109-111] (Dedication: "To the Very Reverend Richard Osbaldeston, D.D. Dean of York"). Vol. II: 2 p.l. (Title, Half title, on verso: Half title of Sermon VII); 238 pp. 6 x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$.

No date on title-page. Published May 22, 1760 (*London Chronicle*, May 20-22, 1760). Four London Editions within a year. Fifth Edition, 1763. Ninth Edition, 1768. Eleventh Edition, 1769. First Dublin Edition, 1761.

Sermons X and XI, "Job's account of the shortness and troubles of life considered," Job xiv, 1, 2; "Of evil speaking," Jas. i, 26, appeared also in *The Practical Preacher*, Vols. IV and II (London, 1762). Sermons VII and XIII, "Vindication of human nature," Rom. xiv, 7; "Duty of setting bounds to our desires," 2 Kings iv, 13, appeared also in *The English Preacher*, Vol. VIII (London, 1773).

Dialogue. / Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Fromantel.

In A / Collection of new / Songs / Sung by / Mr. Beard, Miss Stevenson & Miss Fromantel / at Ranelagh / Composed by / Mr Joseph Baildon / — / London Printed for John Johnson opposite Bow Church in Cheapside. / Of whom may be had / [three column list of 21 song books]. [1760?], pp. 21-23.

Also in *The Laurel, A Collection of English Songs, composed by Mr. Joseph Baildon, for the Voice, Harpsichord, and Violin. Book II. London, Printed for Harrison and Co., No. 18, Pater noster Row. [1780?]*, 11-12.

On Sterne's authorship of this Dialogue, see this biography, I, 200-201, and Sterne's letter to "My Witty Widow, Mrs. F., Coxwould, August 3, 1760."

1761

The / Life / and / Opinions / of / Tristram Shandy, / Gentleman. / Multitudinis imperitae non formido judicia; meis /

tamen, rogo, parcant opusculis—in quibus / fuit propositi semper,
a jocis ad seria, a seriis / vicissim ad jocos transire. / Joan. Sares-
beriensis, / Episcopus Lugdun. / Vol. III. [IV] / London: /
Printed for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall-Mall, / M.DCC.LXI.

Vol. III: Frontispiece (The Christening, Ravenet after Hogarth);
1 p.l. (Title); [5]-202 pp. Vol. IV: 2 p.l. (Half title, Title); [2]-220
[i.e. 211] pp. (pp. 147-155 omitted in numbering). 5¹⁵/₁₆ x 3³/₄.

In the copy owned by the late Beverly Chew, the frontispiece is by
J. Ryland after Hogarth.

Published January 28, 1761 (*London Chronicle*, January 27-29,
1761). Probably a Second Edition, May 21, 1761 (*London Chronicle*,
May 19-21, 1761).

1762

The / Life / and / Opinions / of / Tristram Shandy, / Gentle-
man. / Dixero si quid fortè jocosius, hoc mihi juris / Cum venia
dabis.—Hor. / —Si quis calumnietur levius esse quam decet
theo- / logum, aut mordacius quam deceat Christia- / num—non
Ego, sed Democritus dixit.— / Erasmus. / Vol. V. [VI] / Lon-
don: / Printed for T. Becket and P. A. Dehondt, / in the Strand.
M DCC LXII.

Vol. V: 3 p.l. (Half title, Title, Dedication: "To the Right Honourable / John, / Lord Viscount Spencer."); 150 pp. Vol. VI: 2 p.l. (Half title, Title. Line divisions differ in quotation from Vol. V, and date is printed MDCCLXII); 155 pp. 5¹⁵/₁₆ x 3⁵/₈.

Sterne's signature usually appears at the head of the first chapter of
volume V.

Published December 21, 1761 (*London Chronicle*, December 19-22,
1761).

1765

The / Life / and / Opinions / of / Tristram Shandy, / Gentle-
man. / Non enim excursus hic ejus, sed opus ipsum est. / Plin.
Lib. quintus Epistola sexta. / Vol. VII. [VIII] / London: /
Printed for T. Becket and P. A. Dehont, / in the Strand.
M DCC LXV.

Vol. VII: 1 p.l. (Title, Errata on verso); 160 pp. Vol. VIII: 1 p.l.
(Title); 156 pp. 6 x 3³/₄.

Sterne's signature usually appears at the head of the first chapter of
volume VII.

Published January 22, 1765 (*London Chronicle*, January 21-23,
1765).

1766

The / Sermons / of / Mr. Yorick. / Vol. III. [IV] / [Printer's

ornament] / = / London: / Printed for T. Becket and P. A. De Hondt, / near Surry-Street, in the Strand. / M DCC LXVI.

Vol. III: 17 p.l. (Title; Contents of the Third Volume, 2 pp.; Contents of the Fourth Volume, 2 pp.; Half title; Subscribers, 24 pp.; Special title: "Sermon I. / The Character of / Shimei."); [3]-192 pp. Vol. IV: 3 p.l. (Title, Half title, Special title: "Sermon VII. / The History of Jacob, / considered."); [3]-207 pp.; [4] pp. (Books printed for T. Becket). 6 x 3 $\frac{5}{8}$.

Published January 22, 1766 (*London Chronicle*, January 22-23, 1766).

1767

The / Life / and / Opinions / of / Tristram Shandy, / Gentleman. / Si quid urbaniusculè lusum a nobis, per Musas et Charitas et omnium poetarum Numina, Oro te, ne me / malè capias. / Vol. IX. / London: / Printed for T. Becket and P. A. Dehondt, / in the Strand. MDCCCLXVII.

4 p.l. (Half title, Title, Dedication: "A / Dedication / to a / Great Man."); 145 pp. 6 x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Sterne's signature usually appears at the head of the first chapter.

Published January 30, 1761 (*London Chronicle*, January 29-31, 1767).

German translation of *Tristram Shandy*, complete, by Bode (Hamburg and Bremen, 1774); French translation, first two vols., by Frénais (Paris, 1776), complete by Frénais and De Bonnay (Paris, 1784-1785); Italian translation, consisting of selections (1829).

Illustrations by Thomas Stothard (London, 1781); by Thomas Rowlandson from original drawings by Newton (*Beauties of Sterne*, London, 1809); by Cruikshank (London, 1832); and by many others.

1768

A / Sentimental Journey / through / France and Italy. / By / Mr. Yorick. / — / Vol. I. [II] / = / London: / Printed for T. Becket and P. A. De Hondt, / in the Strand. MDCCCLXVIII.

Vol. I: 2 p.l. (Half title: "A / Sentimental Journey, / &c. &c. / Vol. I," Title); [v]-xx (Subscribers); 203 pp. Vol. II: 2 p.l. (Half title: "A / Sentimental Journey, / &c. &c. / Vol. II," Title); 208 pp.

In two styles: ordinary paper, 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$; and "imperial paper" with wide margins, 7 x 4 $\frac{1}{4}$. Printed 2500 copies on ordinary paper; 135 copies on "fine" or imperial paper (Printer's memorandum on manuscript in British Museum).

Published February 24 or 25, 1768 (*Lloyd's Evening Post*, February 24-26, 1768).

Subscribers for copies on imperial paper have a star after their names. In some copies appears an Advertisement promising that the work will be completed the next year. Being originally a loose sheet, to

be inserted in copies of either of the two styles, this Advertisement was rarely preserved. See this biography, II, 155.

Facsimile reprint by the De Vinne Press, 1885. Edition limited to 100 copies. Frontispiece, reproduction of Sterne's portrait from London edition of *Works* (1780). Copy in the Pierpont Morgan Library has original water-color drawings by Henriot, Paris, 1889.

A / Sentimental Journey / through / France and Italy. / By / Mr. Yorick. / — / Vol. I. [II] / — / The Second Edition. / = / London: / Printed for T. Becket and P. A. De Hondt, / in the Strand. MDCCCLXVIII.

Vol. I: 1 p.l. (Title); [v]-xx (Subscribers); 203 pp. Vol. II: 1 p.l. (Title); 208 pp. 6 $\frac{1}{16}$ x 3 $\frac{5}{8}$.

Published March 29, 1768 (*London Chronicle*, March 26-29, 1768). The Second Edition was followed in the same year by "A New Edition," having the same collation with the omission of the Subscribers, and by an unauthorized cheap edition without publisher's or printer's name in the title. Published the next year in four volumes with *Yorick's Sentimental Journey Continued by Eugenius* (i.e. John Hall-Stevenson) and the first part of *A Political Romance*.

Two Dublin editions, 1768. German translation by Bode (Hamburg and Bremen, 1768); French translation by Frénais (Amsterdam and Paris, 1769); Italian translation by Foscolo (Pisa, 1813); Polish translation (Warsaw, 1817); Spanish translation (Madrid, 1821); Russian translation (Lipsk, 1845).

Edition with engravings by Thomas Stothard (London, 1792); with caricatures by Thomas Rowlandson (London, 1809); with sketches from designs by Maurice Leloir (New York, 1884); and by many others.

1769

Sermons / by / The late Rev. Mr. Sterne. / Vol. V. [VI, VII] / [Printer's ornament] / = / London: / Printed for W. Strahan; T. Cadell, / Successor to Mr. Millar; and T. / Beckett and Co. in the Strand. / M DCC LXIX.

Vol. V: 15 p.l. (Title; Contents of the Fifth Volume, 2 pp.; Subscribers, 24 pp.; Special title: "Sermon I. / Temporal Advantages of Religion."); [3]-172 pp. Vol. VI: 3 p.l. (Title; Contents of the Sixth Volume, 2 pp.; Special Title: "Sermon VII. / Trust in God."); [3]-174 pp. Vol. VII: 3 p.l. (Title; Contents of the Seventh Volume, 2 pp.; Special title: "Sermon XIII. / Asa: a Thanksgiving Sermon."); [3]-160 pp. 6 $\frac{1}{16}$ x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Published June 10, 1769 (*London Chronicle*, June 10-13, 1769). Thereafter published in many editions with the earlier volumes.

German translation of Sterne's sermons began in 1766. There were several collections in German during the next ten years. French translation (Paris, 1786); Italian translation, selections (Milan, 1831).

A / Political / Romance, / Addressed / To — — — Esq. / of / York. / London / Printed, and sold by J. Murdoch, bookseller, / opposite the New Exchange Coffe-house / in the Strand. / MDCCLXIX.

1 p.l. (Title); [iv]-ix [i.e., viii, vii omitted in numbering] (Advertisement); 1 leaf (List of characters, verso blank); [1]-35 pp.; [37]-47 (Postscript). $7\frac{1}{16}$ x 4.

Published *circa* July, 1769.

This is a reprint, with numerous textual alterations, of the first half of *A Political Romance* as it appeared in 1759. The Key and the appended letters of the first edition are lacking. The Advertisement is mainly a re-working of a paragraph in the Preface to John Hall-Stevenson's *Yorick's Sentimental Journey Continued*, which had recently been published. The mutilated reprint was probably made from a copy of the 1759 edition which Sterne gave to Hall-Stevenson.

Reprinted with the title, *History of a Watch Coat*, in *Sterne's Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions* (London, 1775). Thence it passed into the edition of *Sterne's Works* (London, 1780), and into all subsequent editions of his *Works* claiming to be complete.

1773

Letters / from / Yorick to Eliza. / — / [Printer's ornament] / = / London: / Printed for W. Johnston, N^o. 16, / Ludgate-Street. / — / MDCCLXXIII.

3 p.l. (Title, Dedication: "To the Right Honourable / Lord Apsley, / Lord high Chancellor of England."); i-xviii (Preface); 64 pp. $6\frac{1}{2}$ x 4.

Ten letters from Sterne to Mrs. Draper. Unnumbered.

Exact date of publication not determined. So far as observed, the volume was not advertised in the newspapers or given to the magazines for review. It appears to have been a semi-private publication. Letters III and IX reprinted with some editing in *The Matrimonial Magazine*, February, 1775.

The editor (who calls himself "the publisher" also) says of the letters that "with Eliza's permission" he "faithfully copied them at Bom-bay." That they were published from copies of the manuscript letters, with slight editing, is evident; for they show in a marked degree Sterne's peculiarities in style, spelling, abbreviation, and punctuation. It is equally evident, however, that numerous mistakes were made in reading the manuscripts and that corrections in the proofs were left to the printer. For example, the first letter has *summons* for *sermons*; and in the eighth letter, *y^e*, Sterne's manner of writing *the* is printed *ye*. Still, the transcriber intended to be faithful to the manuscripts. Who he was is unknown. Three of Mrs. Draper's intimate friends had recently returned to England—Col. Donald Campbell, Mr. George Horsley, and a certain Mr. Gambier. For them see this biography. They had all, I daresay, "perused" the original letters.

Letters / from / Yorick to Eliza. / — / [Printer's ornament] / — / London, Printed: / Philadelphia, Re-printed, by John Dunlap, / in Market-street. / — / M, DCC, LXXIII.

1 p.l. (Title); [3]-4 (Dedication: "To the Right Honourable / Lord Apsley, / Lord High Chancellor of England."); 5-17 (Preface); 18-66 (Letters); 67-71 ("Mr. Sterne's acquaintance with Mrs. / Draper, is mentioned by him in the / following manner. Vide the 7th Vol. of / his works, page 113. / The Female Confucius."). 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{16}$. Letters unnumbered.

A reprint of the London edition of the same year with the addition of *The Female Confucius* from *The Posthumous Works of a Late Celebrated Genius*, better known by its second title, *The Koran* (London, 1770), a forgery by Richard Griffith, so clever as to deceive even Goethe. See Chapter XXXIX of *The Koran*.

1774

A Letter written by the late Reverend Mr. Sterne. / Never before printed.

No date or place given.

In *The London Magazine*, XLIII, 136-137, March, 1774. Reprinted, as Letter V, "To * * * * * * * * * *," in *Sterne's Letters to his Friends* (1775); and probably from the manuscript, by Mrs. Medalle, as Letter LVIII, in *Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne* (1775). Mrs. Medalle turns the ten stars into "To Mrs. M—d—s." [i.e., Meadows] and adds "Coxwold, July 21, 1765." Here and there the daughter corrected her father's idiomatic English.

An interesting letter concerning the loss of Sterne's house at Sutton by fire.

1775

Letters / from / Yorick to Eliza. / — / [Printer's ornament] / — / London: / Printed for T. Evans, / Near York-Buildings, Strand / MDCCCLXXV.

1 p.l. (Title); [i]-ii (Dedication: "To the Right Honourable Lord Apsley, Lord High Chancellor of England"); iii-xix (Preface); 21-80 pp. 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 3 $\frac{7}{8}$.

Second London edition, though not so named. Ten letters. Unnumbered. With minor variations, text follows the first edition (London, 1773). Published March, 1775 (*Gent. Mag.*, XLV, 141, March, 1775).

Letters / from / Yorick to Eliza. / — / [Printer's ornament] / — / London, / Printed for G. Kearsly, at No. 46, in / Fleet-street; and T. Evans, near York- / Buildings, Strand. 1775.

1 p.l. (Title); [v]-vi (Dedication: "To the Right Honourable Lord Apsley, Lord High Chancellor of England"); vii-xxiii (Preface); 80 pp. 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$.

L E T T E R S

F R O M

YORICK to ELIZA.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. JOHNSTON, No. 16,
LUDGATE-STREET.

M D C C L X X I I J.

*Facsimile of Title Page to the First Edition of
“Letters from Yorick to Eliza”*

Third edition, though not so named. Published April, 1775 (*London Magazine*, XLIV, 201, April, 1775).

Ten letters, numbered in this and later editions. Dedication and Preface of the preceding edition reprinted with a few corrections and alterations in the Preface. Seventh and eighth letters of the first and second editions arranged in reverse order. Text of letters varies from that of earlier editions in many details. The letters for this edition were probably set from another copy of the originals, perhaps supplied by Mrs. Draper. Though there is about the same number of obvious misreadings of the manuscripts in this edition, they are not always the same as in the two earlier London editions. Some changes in phrasing were made in the interest of a conventional style.

Letters / from / Yorick to Eliza. / A New Edition. / — / [Printer's ornament] / — / London, / Printed for G. Kearsly, at No. 46, in / Fleet-street; and T. Evans, near York- / Buildings, Strand. 1775.

2 p.l. (Half title: "Letters / from / Yorick to Eliza." Title); [v]-vi (Dedication: "To the Right Honourable Lord Apsley, Lord High Chancellor of England"); 7-23 (Preface); [25]-104 pp. $6\frac{3}{16} \times 3\frac{13}{16}$.

Fourth edition, though not so named. Preceding edition reset. This edition is described here because it has often been regarded as the first edition to appear in 1775. Dublin edition (1776). German translation by Bode (Hamburg, 1775); French translation by Frénais (Paris, 1776); Italian translation by Zambelli (Udine, 1836).

Sterne's Letters / to / His Friends / on / Various Occasions. / To which is added, his / History / of a / Watch Coat, / with / Explanatory Notes. / London, / Printed for G. Kearsly, at No. 46, opposite Fetter- / Lane, Fleet-Street; and J. Johnson, in / St. Paul's Church Yard. 1775.

1 p.l. (Title); [i]-vi (Introduction); 176 [i.e., 120] pp. (pp. 113-120 wrongly numbered 169-176). $6\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$.

Published July 12, 1775 (*London Chronicle*, July 11-13, 1775).

Thirteen letters, if we count the *Watch Coat* (a reprint of the abridged *Political Romance*), which is treated as a letter. Letters I-III comprise one of Sterne's letters to Garrick, Dr. John Eustace's letter to Sterne and Sterne's reply. Letters IV-V have generally been regarded as spurious, but they are, without much doubt, genuine. Letter V, which had appeared in *The London Magazine* for March, 1774, was to be published later in 1775 by Sterne's daughter from the original or a copy. Letter IX exists in Sterne's own hand; it is the letter to Mrs. Vesey dated "London June 20" in the Pierpont Morgan Library. (See this biography, II, 239.) Letter X, in which Sterne refers to rumors of his death, may be accepted. So, too, Letter XII, on his library and books. There may be some doubt about Letters VI, VII, VIII, and XI, but they are, I think, genuine, though they must have been printed from im-

perfect copies or tampered with. The editor was probably William Combe.

Dr. Eustace kept a copy of his letter to Sterne, and the original of Sterne's reply; of which the latter is given in this biography (II, 148) as printed by G. J. McRee in *The Life and Correspondence of James Iredell*, I, 28 (New York, 1857).

Sterne's Letters / to / His Friends / on Various Occasions. / To which is added, / His History / of a / Watch Coat, / with / Explanatory Notes. / A New Edition. / London: / Printed for G. Kearsly, at No. 46, opposite / Fetter-Lane, Fleet-Street; / J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; / And T. Evans, in the Strand. / M DCC LXXV.

This is the first edition, with a new title-page. German translation by Bode (Hamburg, 1775); French translation by La Baume (Paris, 1788).

Letters / of the late / Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne, / To his most intimate Friends. / With a / Fragment in the Manner of Rabelais. / To which are prefix'd, / Memoirs of his Life and Family. / Written by Himself. / And Published by his Daughter, Mrs. Medalle. / — / In Three Volumes. / — / Vol. I. [II, III] / — / London: / Printed for T. Becket, the Corner of the Adelphi, / in the Strand. 1775.

Vol. I: Frontispiece (Portrait of Lydia Sterne de Medalle engraved by Caldwall from a painting by West); 1 p.l. (Title); v-ix (Dedication: "To David Garrick, Esq."); xi (Epitaph); xiii-xiv (Preface); xv-xvi ("In Memory of Mr. Sterne, author of / The Sentimental Journey."); xvii-xx ("A Character, and Eulogium of Sterne, / and his Writings; in a familiar Epistle / from a Gentleman in Ireland to his / Friend.—Written in the Year 1769."); [1]-25 ("Memoirs / of the / Life and Family / of the late / Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne."); [27]-175 pp.; [1] p. (Advertisement). Vol. II: 1 p.l. (Title, the same as Vol. I, with the exception of the word "Prefixed" and a double rule after "Vol. II"); 192 pp. Vol. III: 1 p.l. (Title, same as Vol. II); [1]-163 pp.; [165]-179 (The Fragment). 6 $\frac{7}{32}$ x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Two letters are numbered XIV; a second letter appears as LXXVII with a star. All letters following LXXVII are misnumbered.

Published October 25, 1775 (*London Chronicle*, October 24-26, 1775). Preface dated "June 1775." At the same time Becket placed on sale a bronze bust of Sterne, "an exceeding good likeness."

This is the largest and best single collection of Sterne's letters as originally published. Of the 115 letters by Sterne brought together here, two (Nos. LVIII and LXXVI) had just been published from poor copies in *Sterne's Letters to his Friends*; but all the rest were new. Here also first appeared Sterne's brief *Memoirs of his Life and Family*, *An Impromptu*, and *The Fragment in the Manner of Rabelais*.

Reissued by Becket in 1776, without the frontispiece and with minor alterations and corrections.

Reprinted in Dublin, 1776, with the other collections of Sterne's letters of 1775. German translation (Leipzig, 1776); French translation (Paris, 1788).

1780

The / Works / of / Laurence Sterne. / In Ten Volumes Complete. / Containing, / I. The Life and Opinions of Tristram / Shandy, Gent. / II. A Sentimental Journey through / France and Italy. / III. Sermons.—IV. Letters. / With / A Life of the Author, / Written by Himself, / — / Volume the First. [-Tenth] / — / London: / Printed for W. Strahan, J. Rivington / and Sons, J. Dodsley, G. Kearsley, / T. Lowndes, G. Robinson, T. Cadell, / J. Murray, T. Becket, R. Baldwin, / and T. Evans. / M DCC LXXX.

Vol. I. The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. Frontispiece (Portrait of Sterne engraved by I. K. Sherwin); 1 p.l. (Title); [iii]-vi (Advertisement); [vii]-xx (Memoirs); [4], 296 pp. Illustration.

Vol. II. The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. 2 p.l. (Title, Half title); 307 pp. 2 illustrations.

Vol. III. The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. 3 p.l. (Title, Half title, Dedication); 288 pp. Illustration.

Vol. IV. The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. 4 p.l. (Title, Half title, Dedication); 264 pp. 2 illustrations.

Vol. V. A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. Frontispiece (Portrait of Lydia Sterne de Medalle, engraved by Caldwell after West); 2 p.l. (Title, Half title); 242 pp. 2 illustrations.

Vol. VI. The Sermons of Mr. Yorick. [I-XIV]. 7 p.l. (Title, Half title, Preface, Contents, Half title); [3]-284 pp.

Vol. VII. Sermons by Laurence Sterne [XV-XXIX]. 4 p.l. (Title, Half title, Contents); 276 pp.

Vol. VIII. Sermons by Laurence Sterne [XXX-XLV] 4 p.l. (Title, Half title, Contents); 280 pp.

Vol. IX. Letters of the late Laurence Sterne to his most intimate Friends. 2 p.l. (Title, Half title); [v]-vii (Dedication); [ix]-x (Preface); [xi]-xii (In Memory of Mr. Sterne); [xiii]-xv (A Character and Eulogium of Sterne); [xvii]-xx (Contents); 209 pp.

Vol. X. Letters of the late Laurence Sterne: with a Fragment, in the manner of Rabelais; and The History of a Watch-Coat. 2 p.l. (Title, Half title); [v]-vii (Contents); 147 pp. [149]-159 (The Fragment); [161]-191 (History of a Watch-Coat); 192-198 (Postscript).

$6\frac{11}{16} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$.

Though there had been several so-called editions of Sterne's *Works* (in London, Dublin, and on the Continent), this is the first attempt at a critical edition, under the auspices of a group of London publishers

including those who held the copyrights on the author's different publications. The portrait is a new engraving after Reynolds. In the Advertisement, the anonymous editor states the sound principles on which he proceeded. The Memoirs and the letters are briefly annotated, the letters are partially re-arranged and in some cases are given dates with other details that were absent in all earlier editions. The editor properly excluded *Yorick's Sentimental Journey Continued* (1769), which Hall-Stevenson claimed to have elaborated from Sterne's notes; *The Koran* (1770), a forgery by Richard Griffith; *Letters from Eliza to Yorick* (1775) and *Letters Supposed to have been Written by Yorick and Eliza* (1779), both of which were probably forgeries by William Combe. Of the 118 letters (115 by Sterne) in Mrs. Medalle's collection, the editor took 117, omitting, perhaps by mistake, Letter LVIII, to Mrs. Meadows. He took the ten letters of Yorick to Eliza, four other letters from the anonymous *Sterne's Letters to his Friends on Various Occasions* (Nos. II, III, XI, and XII in that collection), and from an unknown source Letter CXXXI, which Sterne wrote on January 1, 1760, on the indecorums of *Tristram Shandy*. Altogether the editor assembled 132 letters, of which only two are at all doubtful.

For translations of Sterne's works, genuine and spurious, into French, see F. B. Barton, *Etude sur l'Influence de Laurence Sterne en France* (Paris, 1911); into German, H. W. Thayer, *Laurence Sterne in Germany* (New York, 1905); into Italian, Giovanni Rabizzani, *Sterne in Italia* (Rome, 1920).

1788

Original Letters / of / The late Reverend / Mr. Laurence Sterne; / Never before published. / — / London: / Printed at the Logo-graphic Press, / and sold by / T. Longman, Pater-Noster Row; J. Robson, / and W. Clarke, New Bond Street; and / W. Richardson, under the Royal / Exchange. / 1788.

2 p.l. (Half title, Title); 216 pp. $7\frac{3}{8}$ x $4\frac{1}{2}$.

Thirty-nine letters from Sterne to various friends, of which thirty had appeared in *The European Magazine* (February, 1787–February, 1788) and two in *The County Magazine*, Salisbury (December, 1787, and January, 1788). Some of the letters are of doubtful authenticity, and others have certainly been tampered with; but most of them are in substance genuine beyond reasonable doubt. The persons to whom they were addressed have been only partially identified. "Mrs. V—" is Mrs. Vesey; "Lady C—H" is Lady Caroline Hervey; and "W.C.Esq." is probably William Combe, Esq., who appears to have been responsible for the publication.

Three of these letters Combe revamped for his periodical called *The Pic Nic* (February 19, March 5 and 26, 1803); and several of them have been reprinted by Lewis Melville in *The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne* (London, 1911). French trans. (The Hague, 1789).

1793

The so-called Hay letter.

In *The Gentleman's Magazine*, LXIII, Pt. II, 587-588, July, 1793. Reprinted in Sterne's *Works, Letters and Miscellanies*, I, 124-126 (New York, 1904), and in Lewis Melville's *The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne*, I, 92-93 (London, 1911). Supposed to have been addressed "to a neighboring clergyman soon after the publication of the early volumes of *Tristram Shandy*."

1806

Letter to Mr. Whatley [At Mr. Stratton's in Lothbury,] March 25, 1761.

In *The Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature*, I, 406-407, August, 1806. Reprinted in *Life and Times of Laurence Sterne*, 255 (New York, 1909). See this biography, I, 250.

1835

Facsimile of a letter to Garrick (January, 1762) with a view of the "Parsonage House Coxwold, Yorkshire. The Residence of Rev^d Laurence Sterne." (C. J. Smith, London, 1835.)

In Sterne's *Works, Letters and Miscellanies*, I, 208 (New York, 1904). Often reprinted. Reproduced in Walter Sichel's *Sterne, A Study* (London, 1910), and elsewhere.

1836

Letter to [Robert] Dodsley [October, 1759].

Concerning the publication of *Tristram Shandy*.

In T. F. Dibdin's *Reminiscences*, Pt. I, 207-208, note (London, 1836). Reprinted in Sterne's *Works, Letters and Miscellanies*, I, 127-129 (New York, 1904), and elsewhere, and again apparently from the original manuscript in Ralph Straus's *Robert Dodsley*, 261-263 (London, 1910).

1838

Letter to Mr. Pitt, "Friday, Mr. Dodsley's, Pall-Mall." [i.e., probably Friday, March 28, 1760].

In *Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, II, 12 (London, 1838).

1841

Letter to William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, dated "Coxwold, June 19, 1760."

In Francis Kilvert's *A Selection from Unpublished Papers of the Right Reverend William Warburton*, 242-245 (London, 1841), with Warburton's reply dated Prior Park, June 26, 1760, 245-246. Reprinted by John Selby Watson in *The Life of William Warburton*, 504-506, 506-507 (London, 1863).

1844

Seven / Letters / Written by / Sterne and His Friends, / Hitherto Unpublished. / — / Edited by / W. Durrant Cooper, F. S. A. / — / London: / Printed for Private Circulation, / By T. Richards, 100, St. Martin's Lane. / — / 1844.

1 p.l. (Title); [iii]-v (Dedication: "To John Thomas Wharton, Esq. of Skelton Castle."); [1] p. (Contents, verso blank); [1]-20 (Letters, etc.); [21]-23 (Notes). 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4 $\frac{9}{16}$.

Only two of the letters are by Sterne—to Hall-Stevenson. They are dated "Paris, May 19, 1764," and "Coxwold, Dec. 17, 1766."

1852

Letter to Mrs. Sterne at York, dated "Paris, March 15, 1762."

In *Notes and Queries*, first series, V, 254, March 13, 1852. Contributed by H.A.B. Reprinted in Sterne's *Works, Letters and Miscellanies*, I, 214-217 (New York, 1904), and Lewis Melville's *The Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne*, I, 301-304.

1856

Unpublished Letters of / Laurence Sterne. [In *Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society*, Vol. II. London, Printed for Charles Whittingham, 1855-56.]

[1] (Half title); [3]-7 (Introduction signed John Murray); 7-20 (XIII Letters). 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{16}$.

Thirteen letters—twelve from Sterne to Catherine de Fourmantelle, and one which he wrote for her to copy and send to Garrick. The Introduction by John Murray, the publisher (1808-1892), gives the history of the manuscripts so far as he knew it. Five of the letters had previously appeared in an article on Sterne by Isaac D'Israeli in his *Miscellanies of Literature* (London, 1840).

1857

Letter to Mr. Becket, "Coxwold, Sept. 3, '67."

In *Notes and Queries*, second series, IV, 126, August 15, 1857. Contributed by Edward Foss.

1864

The Life / of / Laurence Sterne. / By / Percy Fitzgerald, M.A.,
 M.R.I.A. / With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author /
 and Others. / In Two Volumes / Vol. I. [II] / London: / Chap-
 man & Hall, 193, Piccadilly. / 1864.

Includes from manuscript three letters (with parts of others) from Sterne to the Rev. John Blake (I, 318-325); three letters to Archbishop Drummond, Paris, May 10, 1762, Toulouse, May 7, 1763, Coxwold, October 30, 1764 (II, 192-194, 217-219, 239-241); and two letters to Lord Fauconberg, January, 1767 (II, 330-331).

1870

Fragment inédit / — / To Mr. Cook

In Paul Stapfer's *Laurence Sterne—Sa Personne et ses Ouvrages—Étude précédée d'un Fragment inédit de Sterne*, [xv]-xlix (Paris, 1870). (English and French on opposite pages.)

Reprinted as "The Dream, To Mr. Cook," in Sterne's *Works, Letters and Miscellanies*, II, 268-281 (New York, 1904).

1873

The / Works / of / Laurence Sterne, / In Four Volumes, / with /
 A Life of the Author, / Written by Himself. / — / A New Edi-
 tion, with Appendix, Containing Several Unpublished / Letters,
 &c. / — / Edited by / James P. Browne, M.D. / Vol. I [II, III,
 IV] / London: / Bickers and Son, 1, Leicester Square, W. C. /
 H. Sotheran and Co., 136, Strand. / — / 1873.

Some of the editions of Sterne's *Works* between 1780 and 1873 are interesting for a variety of engravings after the portrait by Reynolds or for many illustrations—notably by Stothard and Cruikshank. But none of these intervening editions contains any of the new material published after 1780. Dr. Browne, however, adds in an Appendix to his fourth volume the following: Sterne's letter to Warburton, Coxwold, June 19, 1760; Warburton's reply, June 26, 1760; the two letters from Sterne to Hall-Stevenson from Cooper's *Seven Letters*; the letters to Miss Fourmantel; the three Blake letters from Fitzgerald; and the Fragment addressed to Mr. Cook from Stapfer.

Letter to Becket, dated "Paris, Oct. 19, 1765."

In *Notes and Queries*, fourth series, XII, 244-245, September 27, 1873. Reprinted in Sterne's *Works, Letters and Miscellanies*, II, 96 (New York, 1904).

1892

Three letters of Sterne: To Mr. Becket, Toulouse, March 12,

1763; To Mr. Becket, Paris, March 20, 1764; and To M. Panchaud, Florence, December 18, 1765.

Catalogue of the Collection of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents formed between 1865 and 1882 by Alfred Morrison, VI, 182, & plate 153 (London, Printed for private circulation, 1892).

The second letter is reproduced in facsimile, plate 153.

Reprinted in Sterne's *Works, Letters and Miscellanies*, II, 21-22, 49, 100 (New York, 1904). The first and third also reprinted in Lewis Melville's *Life and Letters of Sterne*, II, 22-23, 95-96.

1894

"Two Unpublished Letters of Laurence Sterne."

In *The Archivist*, VII, No. 27, 40-41, September, 1894. Contributed by E. Barker.

The first is the letter published, in a mutilated form, in Sterne's *Works*, X, 138-141 (London, 1780). The second, To David Garrick, dated York, January 27, 1760, reprinted in Lewis Melville's *Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne*, I, 212-213.

1896

The Life / of / Laurence Sterne / by / Percy Fitzgerald / Author of 'The Life of Garrick,' / 'The Lives of the Kembles,' 'Bozland,' etc. / With a Portrait / In Two Volumes / Vol. I. [II] / Downey & Co. / 21 York St., Covent Garden, London / 1896

Adds quotations from Sterne's copy book used at school (I, 9-10); two letters to Archdeacon Blackburne, Sutton, November 3 and November 12, 1750, the second letter not quite complete (I, 59-66); letter to Jaques Sterne, April 5, 1751, incomplete (I, 68-79); eight more letters to Blake (I, 82-94); letter to a York chemist, probably his friend Henry Jubb (I, 95); letter to Mr. Berenger, March, 1760 (I, 160-161); extracts from the *Journal to Eliza* (II, 138-142, 207-210); and draft of a letter to Daniel Draper (II, 144-145). A part of this new material Fitzgerald had incorporated in an anonymous article entitled "Sterne at Home," which he contributed to *The Cornhill Magazine* (New Series, XIX, 482-492, November, 1892).

1903

Four letters to Earl Fauconberg: Paris, April 10, 1762; Montpelier, September 30, 1763; London, [January 9?, 1767]; Bond Street, January 16, 1767.

In Historical Manuscripts Commission. *Report on Manuscripts in Various Collections*, II, 189-192 (London, 1903). Reprinted in Sterne's *Works, Letters and Miscellanies*, I, 225-228; II, 37-40, 132-133, 134-135 (New York, 1904).

1904

The / Works and Life / of / Laurence Sterne. [With an Introduction by Wilbur L. Cross. J. F. Taylor & Company, New York, 1904.]

"York Edition. The Sutton Issue of the Life and Works of Laurence Sterne, printed at The Westminster Press, New York, is limited to Seven Hundred and Fifty Sets." ["The Stonegate Edition," limited to 150 sets.]

[V. 1-4] The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman. In four volumes.

[V. 5-6] The Sermons of Mr. Yorick. [I-XLV] In two volumes.

[V. 7] A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.

[V. 8-9] Letters and Miscellanies, I-II: Anecdotes; Letters of the Late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne to his Most Intimate Friends; Unpublished Letters; Miscellanies; The History of a Good Warm Watch-Coat, The Fragment; An Impromptu, A Dream, The Unknown World—Verses occasioned by hearing a Pass-Bell.

[V. 10] The Journal to Eliza and Various Letters taken from the Gibbs Manuscripts and other Sources, mostly published now for the first time.

[V. 11-12] The Life of Laurence Sterne by Percy Fitzgerald. [Revised by the Editor.] In two volumes.

Illustrations.

Re-issued in six volumes by "The Clonmel Society." New York and London. Edition limited to One Thousand sets.

Major and minor collections of Sterne's letters broken up and all letters placed, as nearly as could be determined, in chronological order. A few individual letters overlooked; and no letters taken from the volume of 1788, then believed to be spurious. Contains also, from the Gibbs Manuscripts in the British Museum, various letters of Mrs. Draper and *The Journal to Eliza* complete.

Two years later I found three of the four copies of the first edition of *A Political Romance* now known to exist, which, with a considerable body of unpublished letters, became available for *The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne* (1909). Still other letters appear for the first time in the new edition of this biography.

1906

Letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.

Undated, probably written in the spring of 1761.

In *Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue-Stockings*, by Emily J. Climenson, II, 175-176 (London, 1906). Reprinted in Lewis Melville's *Life and Letters of Laurence Sterne*, I, 282-283; also from the manuscript in this biography, II, 257-259.

"Memorandums left with Mrs. Montagu in case I should die abroad.
December 28, 1761."

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In *Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue-Stockings*, by Emily J. Climenson, II, 270-272.

Reprinted by Melville, I, 289-291, by William H. Arnold in *Ventures in Book Collecting, 163-166* (New York, 1923), and from the manuscript in this biography, II, 263-264.

1909

Letter to Mr. Hesselridge of London, dated "York, July 5," [1765].

In *The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne*, by Wilbur L. Cross, 349 (New York, 1909).

1914

A Political Romance / By / Laurence Sterne / [1759] / An Exact Reprint of the First Edition / With an Introduction by / Wilbur L. Cross / Author of "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne" / [Printer's mark] / = / Boston / The Club of Odd Volumes / 1914 /

2 p.l. (Half title: A Political Romance &c., Title); [i]-xv (Introduction); 1 leaf (Title); [1]-24 (A Political Romance, &c.); 25-30 (Postscript); 31-47 (Key); [48] (blank); 49-52 (Letter "To ——, Esq; of York."); 53-60 (Letter "To Dr. Topham."). 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 5.

On leaf at end: "One hundred and twenty-five copies printed for The Club of Odd Volumes, Boston, in the month of October, 1914. Bruce Rogers."

Printer's ornaments reproduced.

1915

Laurence Sterne's / Letter / to the / Rev. Mr. Blake / [Printer's ornament] / Privately printed from / original in possession of / William K. Bixby / St. Louis, Mo. / MCMXV

2 p.l. (1st: "Laurence Sterne," verso blank; Title, verso: "Two hundred copies of this edition were printed, of which this is number —." At bottom, right: The Torch Press Cedar Rapids, Iowa.); 5-6 (Letter with introductory paragraph); Folded leaf (Photographic reproduction). 9 x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$.

This letter to Blake had never been published entire.

1923

Three letters to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.

Undated, but assigned by Blunt to May, 1767, February, 1768, and March, 1768. "May, 1767" should probably be June, 1764 or 1765.

In *Mrs. Montagu, "Queen of the Blues." Her Letters and Friendships from 1762 to 1800*, edited by Reginald Blunt, I, 190-193 (London, 1923).

Letter to Sir William Hamilton, dated Rome, March 17, 1766.

In William H. Arnold's *Ventures in Book Collecting, 173-174* (New York, 1923).

II.

Manuscripts

IN this part of the bibliography the aim is to give a list of the existing Sterne manuscripts, so far as they are known to the writer, with the addition of other manuscripts which, though they may no longer exist, have been mentioned in various places since the beginning of the nineteenth century. Such a summary catalogue for 1925, though necessarily incomplete, should be welcome to all who are interested in the literary fortunes of Laurence Sterne. As time goes on, the miscellaneous manuscripts (which have a speculative value) will pass from one collector to another, and eventually, it is to be hoped, find a resting place in the great libraries of England and the United States. But that is a far-off event, and in the meantime it is well to know where the scattered manuscripts uneasily repose in this year of grace.

An exact description of the manuscripts has not been regarded as so important as a list of them. Still, some bibliographical details, where easily obtainable, are given. All measurements—height and width of leaves—are by inches. The leaves of the Letter Book in the Pierpont Morgan Library, to which frequent reference is made, measure $7\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

Unless otherwise expressly stated, the manuscripts are in Sterne's own hand.

1725-1728

Synopsis Communium Locorum ex Poetis Latinis Collecta.

A book Sterne used at the Halifax Grammar School, "scrawled over with writing, sketches, repetitions of his own name and those of his

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fellows."—Fitzgerald, *Life of Laurence Sterne*, I, 9-10 (London, 1896). Present ownership unknown.

1739-1747

The Parish Registry at Sutton-in-the-Forest.

A long narrow book, containing on inside of one cover and elsewhere a list of Sterne's ecclesiastical appointments, comment on the expense of making over the parsonage house, etc. Most of the entries of baptisms, marriages, and burials are in the hand of Sterne's curates. Those in Sterne's hand begin with Easter Tuesday, 1739, and close with the birth and baptism of his daughter Lydia, December 1, 1747. See this biography, I, 38, 49-50.

1743

The Unknown ⊖.

See this biography, I, 145-148. Present ownership unknown.

A Receipt, dated December 31, 1743.

Formerly in the collection of the late John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, New York. Sold at the Anderson Galleries, January 10, 1916. Present ownership unknown.

Circa 1743

A letter to Mr. Cook.

Describing a dream. Manuscript owned by a lady at York in 1868. Fate of the manuscript unknown. See this biography, I, 141-142.

1750

Penances. Sermon XXXVII in the printed collections.

Thirty leaves, versos usually blank except for corrections and additions. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, except last leaf, which measures $7\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$.

Near the end is the endorsement: "Preached April 8th 1750. Present Dr. Herring, Dr. Wanly, Mr. Berdmore." In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

Our Conversation in Heaven. Sermon XXIX in the printed collections.

Near the end is the endorsement: "Made for All Saints and preached on that Day 1750 for the Dean.—Present: 1 Bellows Blower, 3 Singing men, 1 Vicar & 1 Residentiary.—Memorandum: Dined with Duke Humphrey." Once seen by Isaac Reed (1742-1807). Present ownership unknown. See this biography, I, 222 and *note*.

Letter to Francis Blackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland.

Dated Sutton, November 3, 1750. Two leaves, address on back.
12 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{8}$. In British Museum (Egerton MSS. 2325, f.1).

Immediately following this letter in the Egerton MSS. is a letter of Dr. Jaques Sterne to Archbishop Blackburne, dated York, December 6, 1750. Two leaves. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$. It has in another hand the interlinear description: "Mr Jaques Sterne—reprobation of his nephew Yorick—& mention of the Papist nunnery at York.—" First published in *Letters and Miscellanies*, I, 85-88, in Sterne's *Works* (New York, 1904).

Letter, Sutton, November 12, 1750.

Two leaves, versos blank. No address, but written to the Rev. Francis Blackburne, Archdeacon of Cleveland. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$.

First published, in part, by Percy Fitzgerald in *Life of Laurence Sterne*, I, 64-66 (London, 1896). Never published entire. In the collection of Mr. R. B. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.

1751

Letter to Dr. Jaques Sterne.

Dated April 5, 1751. Written at Sutton. Six leaves. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 8 $\frac{1}{4}$. In the British Museum (Additional MSS. 25479, f.12).

This letter, which is not in Sterne's hand, is accompanied by the following note: "Copied by permission of Mr. Rob. Cole of Upper Norton Street from a copy carefully made by some person for Mr. Godfrey Bosville formerly of Gunthwaite and bought by Mr. Cole with many other papers of the Bosvilles, July 25, 1851."

The copy made for Mr. Godfrey Bosville (as he spelled his name) has recently come to light. It is owned by Mr. Lewis Perry Curtis, of New Haven, Conn., who purchased it of a York dealer. The copy, which forms a part of Mr. Bosville's Commonplace Book, was made towards the end of the eighteenth century. The fate of the original autograph letter is unknown.

1758

Letters to the Rev. John Blake, Master of the Grammar School at York.

Several written on foolscap, pages measuring 12 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$. Others on smaller paper. One measuring only 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 6 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches. Formerly belonged to Mr. A. H. Hudson of York, who received them from his father. Endorsed: "1756. Original Letters from the Rev^d L. Sterne to the Rev^d J. Blake. 16 in number." One of the letters is dated 1758; and most of them appear to have been written in that year. Broken up and sold for two pounds apiece, *circa* 1872.

Three in the Pierpont Morgan Library. One in the collection of Mr. R. B. Adam, Buffalo; one in the collection of H. H. Raphael (Sichel, 68); and one, long in the collection of Mr. W. K. Bixby of St. Louis,

recently purchased by the Brick Row Book Shop, New York. One formerly owned by Mr. A. H. Joline, New York; one by George T. Maxwell, New York; and another by Charles Scribner's Sons. One formerly in the Alfred Morrison Collection. Twelve published by Fitzgerald (1896) and Cross (1904), and one by Bixby (1915).

1759

Letter to Robert Dodsley.

Undated. Written *circa* October, 1759. Manuscript apparently used by Ralph Straus in his *Robert Dodsley*, 261 (London, 1910). Present ownership unknown.

1759-1760

Letters to Miss Catherine de Fourmantelle.

Twelve letters addressed to Miss Fourmantelle. Twenty-two leaves, varying in size. And one letter placed in her hands to copy and send to Garrick—one leaf written on both sides, $7\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{8}$. In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

A receipt shows that John Murray paid thirteen pounds and thirteen shillings for the copyright of these letters, March 16, 1818.

Ante 1760

Temporal Advantages of Religion. Sermon XXVIII in the printed collections.

Twenty-six leaves. Twenty-six pages written in full, the remainder for the most part consisting either of text references or interpolations, made with a view to publication. Formerly in the collection of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson, and later in that of Mr. W. K. Bixby. It is enclosed in a wrapper addressed to Rev. Dr. Clarke and bearing the autograph of Henry Fauntleroy, the banker and forger. Present ownership unknown.

The Ways of Providence Justified to Man. Sermon XLIV in the printed collections.

A perfunctory sermon, like the preceding, clearly belonging to the Sutton period, though its date cannot be precisely determined. Once seen by Isaac Reed (1742-1807). Present ownership unknown. See this biography, I, 222 and *note*.

Letter to a York Chemist.

Dated "Sutton, Wednesday". Probably addressed to Sterne's friend, Henry Jubb, a York apothecary. The manuscript of this letter, clearly belonging to the pre-Shandean period, was formerly in the possession of Percy Fitzgerald.—*Life of Laurence Sterne*, I, 95 (London, 1896). Present ownership unknown.

1760

Sterne's copy of a draft of a letter to some unknown person who had warned him against the indecorums of *Tristram Shandy*.

Dated "York, Jan. 1, 1760". Five pages of the Letter Book.

The manuscript of this letter as it passed through the post was formerly in the collection of Mr. E. Barker, 41 Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, by whom it was published in *The Archivist*, September, 1894 (Vol. VII, No. 27, p. 40). Present ownership unknown.

Letter to David Garrick.

Dated "York, Jan. 27, 1760". Two leaves, second leaf blank. $9\frac{1}{8}$ x $7\frac{3}{8}$. In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

Agreement with James Dodsley for the sale of the copyright of *Tristram Shandy*, Vols. I-IV, to the publisher.

Written by Sterne. "Dated Mar. 8, 1760". Signed: "L. Sterne, Jas^s Dodsley," and "Rich^d Berenger" as witness. One irregular sheet. *Circa* $6\frac{7}{8}$ x $7\frac{3}{4}$. For terms of the agreement see this biography, I, 191 note. In the collection of Mr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, Philadelphia, Pa.

Letter to Richard Berenger.

Dated "Saturday". Written in March, 1760. Two leaves. Address on back: "To M^r Berenger Suffolk Street". $8\frac{7}{8}$ x $7\frac{3}{8}$. Also Sterne's draft of this letter. Two pages of the Letter Book. Both in the Pierpont Morgan Library.

Letter to William Pitt, enclosing for the statesman's information (his approval being taken for granted) the Dedication of the Second Edition of the first instalment of *Tristram Shandy*: "To the Right Hon. Mr. Pitt".

Dated "Friday" [i.e., Friday, March 28, 1760]. Published from the manuscripts preserved by Pitt, in *Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, edited by Taylor and Pringle, II, 12-13 (London, 1838). Fate of these manuscripts unknown.

Letter to Bishop Warburton.

Dated Coxwold, June 19, 1760. Printed from the manuscript by Francis Kilvert in *A Selection from the Unpublished Papers of William Warburton*, 242-245 (London, 1841). This letter was afterwards cut into transverse strips, one of which is now owned by Dean Maxcy of Williams College. Width of MS. $7\frac{3}{8}$ inches.

Sterne's copy of a letter to Miss Mary Macartney.

Undated. Written at Coxwold in June, 1760. Four pages of the Letter Book.

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Sterne's copy of a letter from "M^r Brown to J. Hall Esq^{re}".

Dated Geneva, July 25, 1760. Three pages of the Letter Book.

Letter to "My Witty Widow," Mrs. F——.

Dated Coxwold, August 13, 1760. Supposed to have been addressed to Mrs. Ferguson. Two leaves. Last page blank. Sold by Sotheby, London, June 21, 1922. Present ownership unknown.

Sterne's copy of a letter to "M^r Brown of Geneva".

Dated "York Sept. 9, 1760". Four pages of the Letter Book.

Tristram Shandy. Book IV.

A copy of the first seventeen chapters was in the family of Turner of Kirkleatham, Yorkshire, in 1859. W. Durrant Cooper, who saw the manuscript, thought that it was not as a whole an autograph copy. The concluding sentences of the seventh and fifteenth chapters, however, were, in his opinion, in the hand of Sterne himself by way of corrections. Charles Turner, to whom the manuscript was given, is mentioned in this biography as one of Sterne's friends. See W. Durrant Cooper in *Notes and Queries*, January, 1859 (second series, VII, 15). The fate of this manuscript (which may be an autograph) is unknown. Its date should be October or November, 1760.

The Fragment in the Manner of Rabelais.

Twenty-five leaves, apparently the leaves of a book. First and last leaves blank. Written on one side except for minor alterations on two versos. $7\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$.

Manuscript differs considerably from the text as published by Mrs. Medalle in 1775 and all subsequent editors. In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

The Fragment, as originally written, was a mad piece of ribaldry, probably intended for the fourth book of *Tristram Shandy*, and discarded on the protest of Stephen Croft, who thought Sterne was going too far in this instalment of his book. See Sterne's letter to Croft from London on Christmas day, 1760, and compare *The Fragment* with the anecdote about Phutatorius in the fourth book of *Tristram Shandy*. The manuscript may be tentatively assigned to the autumn of 1760.

1761

Letter to George Whatley, Treasurer of the Foundling Hospital.

Dated London, March 25, 1761. Found among Whatley's papers and published by J. T. Rutt (*The Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature*, I, 406, August, 1806; and III, 9, January, 1808). Fate of this letter unknown.

Letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.

Undated. Probably written in the spring of 1761. Two leaves. Verso of second leaf blank. $9\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$. Formerly a part of the Montagu MSS. In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

Sterne's copy of a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Vesey.

Dated "London, June 20". Probably written in June, 1761. Three pages of the Letter Book.

An Agreement to pay the Rev. Marmaduke Collier sixteen pounds a year as curate of Sutton in the Forest.

Dated September 6, 1761. In the Library of the Dean and Chapter at York.—Sir Sidney Lee, article on Sterne in *Dict. Natl. Biog.* (LIV, 209).

Tristram Shandy. Book VI.

The story of Le Fever down to "As this letter came to hand" in the seventeenth chapter was long preserved at Spencer House, St. James's Place, London. Over the manuscript Lord Spencer wrote: "The Story of Le Fever, sent to me by Sterne before it was published."—*Appendix to Second Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission*, p. 20 (London, 1871). Apparently Sterne completed the Story of Le Fever by October, 1761. Manuscript, presumably an autograph, was sold *circa* 1898. Present ownership unknown.

Memorandums left with Mrs. Montagu.

Dated December 28, 1761. Two leaves. $12\frac{5}{8} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$. Formerly a part of the Montagu MSS. In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

1762

Letter to David Garrick, requesting the loan of twenty pounds.

Undated. Written in London early in January, 1762. One leaf, written on one side. $4\frac{3}{8} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. This "historic missive" was acquired many years ago by the late Adrian H. Joline, and after his death by the late William H. Arnold. Sold at the Anderson Galleries, November 11, 1924.

Letter to Mrs. Sterne at York.

Dated Paris, March 15, 1762. Contributed by H. A. B. [i.e., Henry Arthur Bright?] to *Notes and Queries*, March 13, 1852 (first series, V, 254). Present ownership unknown.

Letter to the Earl of Fauconberg.

Dated Paris, April 10, 1762. In the library of Sir Henry Herbert Wombwell, Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire.

Letter to Becket.

Dated "Paris, 12, 1762". The month is April. Two leaves. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$. In the British Museum (Egerton MSS. 1662, f.5).

Letter to Mr. Foley at Paris.

Dated Toulouse, Wednesday, December 8, 1762. In the Forster collection in the South Kensington Museum.

1763

Letter to Becket.

Dated Toulouse, March 12, 1763. The letter is endorsed: "Mr. Sterne Ans^d April 7th. 1763. The state of Shandy, viz: Sold 182, Remnant 991, Acc^d for before 2827, N^o printed 4000". Formerly in the Alfred Morrison Collection. Present owner, W. G. Tegg, Rothley, England.

Letter to Mr. Foley, Paris.

Dated Toulouse, March 29, 1763. Two leaves. Written on first leaf only. Address on back. Seal torn away. Formerly in the library of Mr. Robert Hoe, New York. Sold at the Anderson Galleries, May 4, 1911.

Letter to Becket.

Dated "Bagneres [i.e., Bagnères] de Bigorre, Gascoigne en France, July 15, 1763". Two leaves. Written on two pages. Address on back. Seal. $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{7}{8}$. In British Museum (Additional MSS. 21508, f.47).

Letter to the Earl of Fauconberg.

Dated Montpellier, September 30, 1763. In the library of Sir Henry Herbert Wombwell, Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire.

Letter to "Mr. Mills, Merchant, Philpot Lane, London, Angle-terre".

Dated "Montpellier Nov. 24. 1763". Two leaves. Written on two inside pages only. Address on back. $8\frac{7}{8} \times 7$. Formerly in the Huth Library. In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

1764

Letter to Becket.

Dated Paris, March 20, 1764. One leaf. Formerly in the Alfred Morrison Collection. Present owner, W. Marchbank, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Letter to John Hall-Stevenson.

Dated Paris, May 19, 1764. In 1844 the original was at Skelton Castle.—W. D. Cooper, *Seven Letters written by Sterne and his Friends*. Present ownership unknown.

Letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.

No superscription. Endorsed in another hand "Aug 1765." Probable date, June, 1764, or *circa* June 1, 1765. Written on journey from London to York. Four leaves. Written on three pages. 8 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 7. Elizabeth Montagu manuscripts. In the collection of Mr. A. S. W. Rosenbach.

Sterne's copy of a Letter to "Calypso."

Superscription, "York". No date. Probable date, June, 1764. "Calypso" may be a disguise for the Countess of Edgcumbe, daughter of John Gilbert, Archbishop of York. Four pages of the Letter Book.

Letter to Mr. Foley.

Dated York, August 26, 1764. Formerly in the collection of A. H. Joline. Sold at the Anderson Galleries, March 22, 1915.

Sterne's copy of a letter to Miss Sarah Tuting.

Dated Coxwold, August 27, 1764. Four pages of the Letter Book.

Letter to Mr. Foley.

Dated York, November 11, 1764. Two leaves. Written on three pages. Address on back: "A Mons^r Foley Banquier rue St Saveur a Paris". 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$. Formerly in the collection of the late W. H. Arnold. In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

1765

Sterne's copy of a letter to Mrs. F—.

No place or date in the superscription. Probably written in London, *circa* May 1, 1765, and addressed to a lady Sterne had recently met at Bath—perhaps a Mrs. Fenton. Six pages of the Letter Book.

Sterne's copy of a letter signed Jenny Shandy, Bath.

No date. Author was some unknown admirer at Bath. The letter appears to belong to the late spring or summer of 1765. One page of the Letter Book.

Letter to "— Hesselridge Esq^{re} at Lord Maynards".

Dated "York, July 5" [1765]. Two leaves. Fourth page blank. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 7 $\frac{3}{8}$. For Thomas Hesselridge and this letter, see this biography, II, 54-55. Formerly owned by Samuel Rogers, the poet. In the Widener Collection, Harvard University Library.

Letter or Letters to Lord Effingham.

Written in the summer of 1765 to Thomas Howard, third Earl of Effingham, then a young man in his nineteenth year. Quoted by Fitz-

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gerald, *Life of Laurence Sterne*, II, 72-73 (London, 1896). Present ownership unknown.

Sterne's copy of a letter to Lord Spencer.

Dated "Coxwold Oct. 1. 1765". Two pages of the Letter Book.

Letter to Becket.

Dated Paris, October 19, 1765. Contributed anonymously to *Notes and Queries*, September 27, 1873 (fourth series, XII, 244-245). Formerly (1904) owned by Percy Fitzgerald and later (1906) by Robson & Co., London. Present ownership unknown.

Letter to Mr. Foley.

Dated "Turin Nov: 15, 1765". Two leaves. Written on first page only. Address on back: "Messieurs Foley and Panchaud Banquiers Rue St Saveur a Paris". $8\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$. In the Pierpont Morgan Library.

Letter to Mr. Panchaud.

Dated "Florence, Dec 18, 1765". One leaf. Seal. Formerly in the Alfred Morrison Collection. Sold by Quaritch in 1924.

1766

Letter to Sir William Hamilton, British Envoy at Naples.

Dated "Rome March 17, 1766". Two leaves. Address on fourth page. $9\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$. Formerly in the collection of the late W. H. Arnold. Sold at the Anderson Galleries, November 11, 1924. Present owner, Miss Maud Motley, Rochester, New York.

Letter to Dr. Jemm [i.e., Dr. Richard Gem] at Paris.

Written in Rome and dated "Easter Sunday" [March 30, 1766]. Two leaves. Address on back and "N.B. To be given to Mr. Symonds when he pass'd by Rome". $9\frac{1}{8} \times 7\frac{3}{8}$. Formerly in the Great Album of Frederick Locker-Lampson. Present ownership unknown. See this biography, II, 86 and *note*.

Sterne's copy of a letter from John Hall-Stevenson.

Dated "Crasy Castle July 13 - 1766". One page of the Letter Book.

Sterne's copy of his reply to the preceding letter.

Dated "Coxwold July 15. 1766". Three pages of the Letter Book.

Sterne's copy of a letter from Ignatius Sancho.

Dated "July 21. 1766". Four pages of the Letter Book.

Sterne's copy of his reply to the preceding letter.

Dated "Coxwold July 27 - 1766". Three pages of the Letter Book.

Letter to John Hall-Stevenson.

Dated "Coxwold, Dec. 17, 1766". In 1844 original at Skelton Castle.—W. D. Cooper, *Seven Letters*. Present ownership unknown.

1767

Sterne's Copy of a letter to —— ——.

Dated "London Bond Street Jan - 6 - 1767". Evidently addressed to some young man, who may have been William Combe. Three pages of the Letter Book.

Letter to the Earl of Fauconberg.

Dated "Friday [Jan. 9], 1767". In the library of Sir Henry Herbert Wombwell, Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire.

Letter to the Earl of Fauconberg.

Dated "Bond Street [London], Jan. 16, 1767". In the library of Sir Henry Herbert Wombwell, Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire.

The first letter from Yorick to Eliza.

Copy in Mrs. Draper's hand. No date; but January, 1767. Printed from copy in this biography, II, 111. In the collection of Lord Basing at Hoddington, Odiham, Hants.

Letter to Mr. Panchaud.

Dated, "London Feb. 27" [1767]. Two leaves. Written on first page only. Address on the back. Endorsed. 9 x 7 $\frac{3}{8}$. In British Museum (Additional MSS. 33964, f.381).

Letter from Yorick to Eliza.

One sheet. Undated; but February or March, 1767. Inserted in a copy of *The Matrimonial Magazine* (1775).

Draft in Sterne's hand, from his Letter Book, of one of his letters to Mrs. Draper. 17 lines in ink and 12 lines in pencil. Manuscript varies from printed version. Memorandum on the back: "This page from Sterne's Letter-Book was given me by Miss Heard, the Gr. Grand Daughter of Mrs. Draper, who possessed the duplicate letter, with many others of the eccentric author, whose sentiment it appears was of that plodding character, that he wrote his love letters first in a book, and having bequeathed his papers to Eliza, her family possess both the copies and originals of all their correspondence." Sold by Robson & Co., London, circa 1906.

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Continuation of the Bramines Journal; i.e., The Journal to Eliza.

April 13, 1767—November 1, 1767. Forty leaves: 1-15, 13 x 7 $\frac{7}{8}$; 16-40, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 7 $\frac{7}{8}$.

The Journal to Eliza forms a part of the MSS. that came to the British Museum in 1894 under the bequest of Thomas Washbourne Gibbs, of Bath (Additional MSS. 34527, ff.1-40). For further details, see this biography, II, 118-119 and 190.

An Agreement, dated May 30, 1767, in Sterne's hand, between Sterne and the Rev. Mr. Walker, whereby the latter consents to act as curate at Stillington for forty pounds a year and the use of the vicarage house there.—*Appendix to the Sixth Report of the Hist. MSS. Commission*, 474 (London, 1877).

Sterne's draft or copy of a letter to Mrs. Draper.

Dated "Coxwold June 18". The year is 1767. Seven pages of the Letter Book.

Letter to Mr. and Mrs. James.

Dated Coxwold. "August 10, 1767". Text differs much from the letter as published by Mrs. Medalle. Addressed to "Mrs. James in Gerard Street, Soho, London". Lord Fauconberg's frank. Two leaves, 9 x 7 $\frac{7}{8}$. Among the Gibbs MSS. in the British Museum (Additional MSS. 34527, ff.41-42).

Draft of a letter to Daniel Draper.

Undated. Probably written in the summer of 1767. Two leaves. 11 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 8. Among the Gibbs MSS. in the British Museum (Additional MSS. 34527, ff.45-46).

This letter is followed in the Gibbs MSS. by a long letter from Mrs. Draper to "Mrs. Anne James," written on rice paper. Dated "Bombay 15th April, 1772," and signed "E. Draper". Twenty-three leaves. 11 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Letter to Becket.

Dated "Coxwold, Sept. 3, 1767". Published from manuscript in possession of Edward Foss in *Notes and Queries*, August 15, 1857. Present ownership unknown.

Letter to Hannah.

No date, no address. But in a mutilated version as printed by Mrs. Medalle, there is the superscription: "Coxwold, November 15, 1767". See letter LXXXIX in *Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne* (London, 1775). One leaf. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 7. In the collection of A. Edward Newton, Philadelphia.

A Sentimental Journey &c — — — &c — — —

Manuscript of the first volume, with numerous alterations as Sterne prepared it for the press, *circa* November or December, 1767. A clear copy in Sterne's hand. 174 leaves. 8 x 6. Versos blank except for corrections. Printer's memorandum at top of first leaf: "13 sheets, No 2500, 150 fine". A letter with the manuscript gives its history from Sterne's own time. In the British Museum (Egerton MSS. 1610).

Letter dated "York, Tuesday".

Two leaves. Written on first and third pages. No address. Endorsed.

This unpublished letter gives directions about sending subscription copies of the *Sentimental Journey* out to India in care of Mr. George Stratton at Fort St. George. Probably written in December, 1767, the week before Sterne set out for London, where he arrived about the first of January. Letter must have been addressed to Becket (or his agent Mr. Edmunds). In the library of Mr. R. B. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.

Letter to Mr. or Mrs. James.

Dated "December 28, 1767". Passages deleted by Mrs. Medalle in printed version. Two leaves. 8 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$. Original cover, with address "To Mr. or Mrs. James, Gerrard Street, Soho, London". Among the Gibbs MSS. in the British Museum (Additional MSS. 34527, ff.43-44).

1768

Letter of Dr. John Eustace to Sterne, and Sterne's reply, February 9, 1768.

A copy of Dr. Eustace's letter and the original of Sterne's reply discovered among the papers of James Iredell, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. The two letters were published by G. J. McRee in *Life and Correspondence of James Iredell*, I, 27-28 (New York, 1857). Sterne's letter reprinted from McRee in this biography, II, 148-149). Fate of these manuscripts unknown.

Letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.

Probable date, February, 1768. In the collection of Mr. A. M. Broadley—Melville, II, 310.

Letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.

No superscription. Written in London, *circa* February 15, 1768. Two leaves. Written on first page only. Address on back. 9 x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$. Elizabeth Montagu manuscripts. In the collection of Mr. A. S. W. Rosenbach.

Letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.

No superscription. Written during Sterne's last illness, probably in

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the first week of March, 1768. Two leaves. Written on three pages. Address on back. Seal. 9 x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$. Elizabeth Montagu manuscripts. In the collection of Mr. A. S. W. Rosenbach.

Sterne's Accomp't Book, covering the Sutton and Coxwold periods, showing what he received from his publishers, etc.—*The Whitefoord Papers*, edited by W. A. S. Hewins, 230 (Oxford, 1898). Fate of this book unknown.

Letters to the Rev. Daniel Watson.

According to Nichols (*Literary Anecdotes*, VIII, 343) there were extant in 1814 unpublished letters between Sterne and Daniel Watson, Vicar of Leake near Coxwold. Nothing has since been heard about them; but for Watson on Sterne, see this biography, I, 100, note.

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